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# ON A CERTAIN CELEBRATED ROADMAP

WHICH IS COMMONLY CALLED "THE SEVEN AGES OF MAN"

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T has somewhere been observed that the word "life" has two-distinct meanings, one of which emerges when we say, "Life is full of disappoinment," and the other when we say, "That man, or that tree, is dead, but this has life." For a man may become unconscious and still have "life," but unconscious "life" can not be "full of disappointment." In the sense of a measured reach of experience, then, the word points to a certain populous bit of highway, of which there are many roadmaps and descriptions, and which in length is some threescore and ten annular spaces. But in the sense of a something stirring in organic matter, sending the sap creeping and the blood throbbing, it is a word that looks to undated beginnings and geologic eras. Of these beginnings and eras your patient scholars have busily constructed a map, but it is an atlas for the library, and not a roadmap for a traveler. It has been under tentative construction a long time, though they have made better progress of late, opened many a Congo Basin, and corrected many an erring conjecture. It deals with biology and history; whereas the roadmap deals with remembered experiences along that footworn track which every man travels, generally companioned, and yet al-

ways alone. But, further, it is clear that even in the "life" of threescore and ten milestones there is a part which belongs to the atlas rather than to the roadmap; as your Augustus Cæsar is one thing as a bit of history—such were his wars, edicts, policies, and the countenance he wore to other men's eyes-and another more immediate thing in the reflex light of his last request for the testimony of the bystanders that he had played his part acceptably in the comedy, the "mummum vita." So far runs the distinction between that "life" which I observe as a motion in matter, and that "life" which steps forth in me from memory to hope.

It is a singular fact that, while interest centers in the roadmap and not in the atlas, and the atlas would be a dull thing except for its bearing on the roadmap, and while the atlas is being constantly bettered in size, detail, system and accuracy, the roadmap is not greatly altered from age to age. The findings and reports of the generations who succeed each other along the old highway, declare much the same broad features of landscape and harborage. They are colored by the temperament of the reporter, his condition and training, how he handled

himself, where he loitered and where he sped, what was his state at any point of courage or despondency, where he was weary and where he footed it still fit and trim. Much depends on the weather, touching his opinion, namely, of any stage. Childhood may have been wintry and old age green when he passed that way; or it may happen that he found heavy roads along a section commonly traveled with dry feet. Catastrophes are likely, as well as sudden rescues and happy meetings. They are the variable incidents of the road. But mainly the topography is well known. It seems to change little its broader features. The latest "atlas" is presumably the best, but the old roadmaps and guide books are among the most faithful. It is a great mistake to read only the latest issued.

There are no complete and handy Baedeckers, but every book is really a book of travels, the sum and gist of which is merely, "So and so the road and the countryside appeared to me as I traveled through;" but, on the whole, the most compact descriptive pocket map ever made of this highway is one commonly called "The Seven Ages," and occurs in that singular play of "As You Like It," which R. L. Stevenson once likened to a "birdhaunted lawn." It proceeds under a theatrical metaphor that all the men and women in the world are players. They play various parts, but normally, it says, every rôle appears in seven divisions,

Considering the map's compactness, it is curiously full, but two points may be noticed: first, where there is a remarkable omission; and second, where the normality

is more than doubtful.

acts, or stages.

First: that the representative type is masculine, and the part he plays is good for both sexes only in the first two stages and the last stage of the seven. The infant and the schoolboy might as well be the infant and the schoolgirl; and "second childishness and mere oblivion" have

no sex. For the third and sixth stages, where young love is melancholy and old age takes its slippered rest, the details are definitely masculine, but the feminine type would not, after all, be far aside. Maids sigh, and some of them write ballads. Old age will come to them, too, piping and wrinkled. But in the fourth and fifth stages, where the parts of man and woman most broadly divide, the map frankly follows the man, and leaves the woman untouched and unhinted at. While he has been soldiering and laying down dogmatic law, her business has been mainly with her motherhood and household, and she is notably omitted. This is an imperfection. The map is not what it starts out to be. It starts with "all the men and women," and where the paths run closely parallel it covers both, but where they run far apart it leaves the woman's uncharted.

Second: that the chosen type is not man in general, but a particular kind of man. He is a man of action, energetic, versatile and successful. He prospers. From birth to death he is well-to-do. His lot is better than the average. He does not travel along the middle line of fortune, but distinctly above it. He follows the line where probably the chances of satisfaction are best, above the mean, but not too far above it. Moreover, he lives longer than is common. His length of years is not typical. The seventh act is a rare experience. Few touch it at all, and fewer still pass a whole act in "mere oblivion." He is more fortunate than is normal, for his life is varied and prosperous; he is less fortunate in that he lives too long.

Indeed, in common speech the road is more apt to be divided into five than seven stages, the first two of Shakespeare's being reckoned one, and "mere oblivion" omitted as a stage too little frequented to pay for even a guide-book notice. The stages stand: Childhood, youth, early middle life, late middle life, and age. Each is something over fifteen years in length.

The best general roadmaps adopt this primary classification.

#### STAGE 1.

It is a noticeable thing that the old maps, guide books and travel articles have exceedingly little to say about this stage. One of the few distinct impressions one gains from them is that along here one is frequently and well whipped, as if most of the roadside shrubs are birches; and that the smart of the stripe is, or should be, salted and rubbed in by the comment that "a child spared is spoiled," a mystical and Gnostic dogma-that grace in the inward parts is produced by concussion on the outer-of unknown antiquity. That there may be something in it could be admitted without admitting it exhaustive, or even satisfactory. After all, the best old commentaries on the section are those fragments, of uncertain age, called "nursery rhymes," "rhymes for games," and "fairy tales" of the "Grimm" species.

The surveys made of late generations have perhaps added more to our knowledge of this than of any other stage. With the knowledge have come some new illusions. The older comment is meager in amount, harsh in feeling, and speaks coldly in retrospect. The later is voluminous, sympathetic, but still mainly in retrospect. "Happy childhood" is the expression of a sigh and contains an undiscriminative adjective. Mr. Kenneth Graham may call it "the golden age," but he knows better than to portray its sorrows as trifling. Moreover, he does not paint its real passion and bitterness. It is doubtful if its average is more agreeable than that of other stages. It is doubtful if in any stage one is more apt at times to feel existence as an all but intolerable thing. Its pleasures and its pains are both poignant. Much of it is laborious and with little zeal in the labor. The lesson-book weighs down its heavy hours. It was of good consideration that Shakespeare took for the type of it a schoolboy of voice remonstrant, steps unwilling and face like the expectant morning. Being the first, it is a stage when much has to be sacrificed to preparation. But the tendency of the latest advice, as against the earlier, is toward qualifying the sacrifice. There is a tendency to figure thoughtfully on the following bit of algebra:

"If happiness"—so runs the sum— "if happiness—happiness, and unhappiness—unhappiness, in a general sort of way; and if we let a—the earlier part of life, and b—the later part;

and if it follows from these that a happy childhood+a wretched age=a wretched childhood+a well-satisfied age; that is, a-b=b-a, or approximately;

then it seems to follow that there is no gain in the possession of b-a rather than a-b. Moreover, it happens that a comes first in the story, and b later, if at all. "Therefore," argues the humanist of the new school, "the relation of a to b is rather a proportion, and equals the relation of a bird in the hand to a bird in the bush, or

$$a:b=H\ B:B\ B,$$

and H (in hand) being unquestionably more convenient and determinate than B (in bush), it follows that

and therefore.

that is, more important; and therefore you should look to it above all things that a be plus and not minus, or, in other words, "rejoice while you are young;" that child-hood walk not heavily, but wear a morning face; that the new moralist be not satisfied even with kindergartens, but go carefully persuading all too-sober children to play hookey.

Indeed this first stage is still mysterious and little charted. There are "clouds of glory" trailing over it, but certainly the poet Gray, who thought that at that stage he had been "a stranger yet to

pain," was a purblind and forgetful commentator.

### STAGE 2.

It is to this stage that the weight of testimony points as the one where, on the whole, the outlooks are most entrancing, the acquaintances most cordial. Especially, it is said, the traveler should not fail to visit here a certain enchanted glade of purple flowers and irresponsible moonlight, which runs near and parallel to the highway. Indeed, hardly any one altogether misses it who travels the section at all; many are in and out of it more or less for the whole length; and some, having once entered, have the art thereafter to cover their sober highway distances and yet never really leave the glen. One should take warning that in the next stage it runs farther aside and is more difficult to get at. As to its peculiar beauties, inasmuch as more than half of all lyric poetry is given to their consideration, they are celebrated enough, and that with no very "woeful" balladry. The Shakespearean lover sighs not bitterly, but energetically, "like a furnace." More than half of all fiction, dramatic or narrative, runs its main line down the glen. It is probably due to this one natural feature chiefly that the second stage is so great a favorite.

Yet not altogether. Love is not the whole of youth's surprise, which is apt for wonder. There is no good reason for a man's ever losing his property in astonishment, seeing that the whole trip, and the fact that he ever takes it at all, are amazing; but it is in the second stage that his astonishment is most vivacious. He comes up breasting the hill-top. "O Wunder, einst!" What a prospect! He is like the Germans who broke from their dusky woods in the fifth century and saw the cities of Italy and the Flavian amphitheater, and became aware of the empire whose withered arms lay about the Mediterranean, still holding with fixed inertia her circle of provinces. Those Germans were fortunate men. They brought fresh

senses to a spectacle. For in this consists a pair of happy eyes: namely, to be hungry for seeing, and that the table be set forth with ancient and new splendors.

### STAGE 3.

The massive and cold Roman, where he had made a desert, called it peace. But a proper man at the third stage of the road, if he meets with peace, calls it a desert. He does not want peace. He wants employment. "Work is kind to its friends and harsh to its enemies," says the "Selfmade Merchant." It pays small wages and nothing thrown in to those who dislike it, and to those who love it larger wages and unnumbered gifts in the commodity of satisfaction. Moreover, this worker, this pard-bearded soldier of industry, this shoulderer of burdens not his own, this rejoicer in steep hills, this sudden quarreler with peril, is not such a bubble-seeker as Jacques the Melancholy would have us believe. What he seeks he finds, namely, employment. Reputation is not a bubble, but a tool, an opening to better employment; and at the cannon's mouth, at the place of hot charge and explosion, is where this man belongs.

## STAGE 4.

Shakespeare's type for this stage is a person well satisfied and sure of himself. His complacent waist line is noted, his emphatic opinions and conclusive maxims.

There is, indeed, a certain sense of settlement and finality that one meets with here. Mooted questions have found their answers, much has been overcome and left behind, and one seems to travel with firm

step and practiced judgment.

But in that very finality lies the reverse of the picture. He has come to a stage in his spiritual affairs where it dawns upon him that what he has done, or will do, or has in him to do, is of no great importance; that instead of the unique phenomenon which he once seemed to himself, he has been, after all, largely a repetition, a sort of machine output; and this thought

takes the zest out of the motions of his spirit, and the cup of life has no more its beady snap at the brim. He understands the cry of Elijah, "Oh, Lord, now take away my life, for I am not better than my fathers!" understanding why Elijah felt in the midst of this, the fourth stage of his pilgrimage, that, since he had not made that upward step which his eager youth had no doubt of making, life was meaningless. After all, he was a middleaged prophet with no real results in his hands. Since he was no better than his fathers, why trouble further with a hopeless business?

The hunger for progress is in the same category with the hunger of love. Each represents a command which the race lays on the individual. Salvation, says Tolstoi, is not the state of being good, but the state of becoming better. That is how the repentant sinner is saved, and the satisfied righteous man is stationary and lost. That is why the fourth stage is in some respects the most critical and dangerous, where one discovers that he has reached his limit and yet is no better than his fathers. What can he do about it?

Elijah was sitting under a juniper tree at the time. Presently there was some noise, and then a still small voice, which in effect told him to find another man to take his place. In effect it seemed to answer him: "Probably, then, you are no better than your fathers. What of it? Probably you have been of little use. Who gave you the right to complain of it?" This seemed a very Spartan consolation.

On the date, February 28, 1664, which fell on Sunday, Samuel Pepys went to church at the Inns of Court. He commented on the crowd of students, got irritated by the badness of the choir, and thought it very decent of the bishop to give the blessing from his pew, which was "made on purpose for him." Also he heard a sermon on the text, "But the wisdom from above is first pure, then peaceable."

When I first met with this text in

Pepys' bustling Diary it struck me like the shock of cool water on a dusty day, like a sudden stillness in the gossip and noise. The singular quality of Pepys' Diary is this incessancy of small detail. It is a vivacious canvas, a lively civilian's daily life marvelously represented, the little meannesses, little kindnesses, the clutter of business, opinions and acquaintances. By a trick of accident and a trick of Pepys' own nature his passing days became fixtures in minute photography, yet kept the quality of motion. They slip on their way, as our own days slip by, touched by an incident or two, and gone. "Vanitas vanitatum!" is the sigh that breathes over the book. But Pepys himself thought no such matter. One likes him, though he was neither pure nor peaceful—the meaning of "peaceable" in the text-nor gifted "with wisdom from above," but gifted with sufficient from round about. After church he went to dine with the Lieutenant of the Tower and his lady, "a very high carriaged, but comely big woman."

If a man has discovered that he can not be a victor, and personally has little meaning to the long course of events, if he is to find a cure for the despondency of this knowledge, it must be in something underlying both victory and defeat, indeed, underlying personality.

That there is such a thing as the static good of life, as distinguished from the dynamic good, is what Wordsworth implied in recommending a "wise passiveness." It is a good which one does not create by his virtuous activity. He seems to attain it merely by becoming aware of it. When he becomes aware of it, it is all through him like air. The first discovery of it is much like meeting with the quoted text in Pepys' Diary. It does not consist of "wise saws and modern instances," but is more like a still small voice, pure and peaceable.

The fourth stage, in fact, while subject to a peculiar peril, is open also to a discovery. It is more apt to be made here than elsewhere, and the test a man may put to himself at this stage is whether in his long wayside rests he can at need throw himself adrift on the mere "float of the sight of things;" for if so, he has the entry and password to as remarkable a series and organization of inns and refreshments as the whole road can furnish.

More and more, as one examines the maps, guide-books and travel articles, old and new, and collects and classifies, he is struck with the mass of testimony on this point. It is the same phenomenon, whether referred to or described as a "wisdom from above" or a "static good." There is no question of its actuality. It is one of the widest overlying phenomena of the road.

As to how this "wisdom" or "good" may be attained, nearly all the testimony agrees that it is by finding and getting through a certain rather difficult gateway called "self-surrender" or "self-forgetfulness," or the like, but as to the paths leading thither, there appear to be at least two such paths or methods. One path may be called "the Method of Discipline," and the other "the Method of Service;" and the different advocates of these paths or methods respectively fall into two systems or schools, which may be called, for lack of better terms, "the old or Asiatic school" and "the modern or European school." Three things may be pointed out respecting them: first, that the purely disciplinary school seems to have largely had its day, or does not appeal now to western peoples; second, that it is perfectly possible, and commonly enough attempted, to take some advantage of both paths; third, that, unless the "service path" takes one through the "gate of self-surrender," it no more leads to the "static good" than any other path; and that it is because this last signboard direction is overlooked that so many serviceable people like Pepys, or people far more entirely serviceable, have no mark about them of that peaceable and pure wisdom, and are as anxious and despondent as if they had never set foot in a path so named.

### STAGE 5.

Shakespeare's type here is drawn too entirely from the outside. It says nothing of the most important point, namely, what he of the slippers and spectacles thinks of his situation. If

"That age is best which is the first

When youth and blood are warmer," as respects most bodily conditions, yet as to the traveling spirit's opinion of its own sensations, the question remains. There has always been a large class to whom the great desideratum was an equable climate in the soul. After all, is not a memory as entertaining a companion as a hope? Is it not even better for intimacy and comfort? Reports have always differed on this comparison. One takes "a short walk across reality," and either end is rounded with a sleep, and whether at the waking and setting out, or a little before "the closing of the eyes in sleep," he is better satisfied, the witnesses differ.

"The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,

Lets in new life through chinks that time has made,"

wrote Edmund Waller,

"Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view

That stand upon the threshold of the new."

Waller is always under suspicion of saying things not because he thought so, but because they occurred to him to say. He was a shifty person, morally and mentally. Moreover, Wordsworth was of the contrary opinion that "Heaven lies about us in our infancy," and that the light dies away as we go on. There almost seemed to him more circumstantial evidence for a pre-natal than a post-mortem heaven, but he was not so Platonic as to base a doctrine on it.

The late Max O'Rell remarked that he disliked dying, and in fact "liked a hat better than a halo." So do most of us, if it comes to that. There is little justification for our hats. They are ill to look at and of small utility. But we are used to them.

There are not many prophecies or kinds of prophecy at which time has not laughed leisurely, but Catullus' to Lesbia—"When our short day is ended we shall sleep for ever"—is one of the prophecies, or kinds of prophecy, at which time neither laughs nor yet approves, but looks back upon always with the same mystical, pale eyes. His standard and labarum, which he carries before him, is an interrogation mark: "If a man die, shall he live?" and if so, in what sense of the word? And however

often and emphatically the question is answered, it is asked again, and remains.

But as one draws near the end of the last of stages and the solution of the last of questions, the balance of testimony seems to be to this effect: that he less and less feels an agitation about it; that he seems to come to a sense, or prevision, a sort of forewitness, that the solution is somehow going to be acceptable.

Probably Whitman's "When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloomed" contains the best description extant of the look of the landscape ahead toward the end of this stage; and, in the marvelous song there of the hermit thrush, as good a testimony as any that the last step one takes upon the road is perhaps as well worth taking as any that one has taken before.

## THE THOUGHTS OF YOUTH

By Anthony Radcliffe

[Suggested by the cover design]

"The thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

CHILD, in whose dreamy eyes the sombre light,
Fate-laden, of Life's promise gleams and glows,
Making you seem a witch, whose second-sight
Pictures the future joys and cares and woes
That wait upon your tender youth, to fight
Ruthlessly, ceaselessly—till your life shall close—
Against the Peace within you. Ah, who knows
Whether that Peace shall hold you in its might?
Or whether, torn and tempest-tossed and rent
By pain and pleasure, toil and woe and mirth,
You'll lose that gracious and benignant guest,
Spirit of Peace, who deigns to come and rest,
Immortal, in the fragile bit of earth
That serves your soul for its wayfaring tent?



AUTHOR OF "SUSAN CLEGG AND HER FRIEND MRS. LATHROP,"
"THE REJUVENATION OF AUNT MARY," ETC.

## PART I

RS. Lathrop, rocking placidly in her kitchen window, was conscious of a vague sense of worry as to her friend over the fence. It appeared to her that Susan was looking more thin and peaked than nature had intended. It is true that Miss Clegg was always of a bony and nervous outline, but it seemed slowly but surely borne in upon her older friend that of late she had been rapidly becoming sharper in every way. Mrs. Lathrop felt that she ought to speakthat she ought not to lead her next door neighbor into the false belief that her sufferings were unnoticed by the affectionate spectacles forever turned her way,-and vet,-Mrs. Lathrop being Mrs. Lathrop -it was only after several days of rocking and cogitation that the verbal die came to its casting.

That came to be upon a summer evening and it came to pass across the barrier-fence where Miss Clegg had come to lean wearily, her shoulders and the corners of her mouth following the same dejected angle, while her elderly friend stood facing her with a gaze that was at once earnest, penetrating, and commiserating, and a clover blossom in her mouth.

"Susan," said Mrs. Lathrop, in a voice mournful enough to have renovated Job; "Susan, I—"

Miss Clegg shut her eyes firmly and opened them sharply:

"I'm glad you have," she said, in a

voice whose tone was divided between relief and reproach,—"I certainly am glad you have. I try to be close-mouthed and never trouble any one with my affairs, Mrs. Lathrop, but I will say as I have often wondered at how you could sit and rock in the face of what I've been grinnin' and bearin' these last few weeks. Not that rockin' is any crime, and I always feel it must be fine exercise for the chair, but it's hard for one who has the wolf at their door, and not only at their door, but nigh to bu'stin' it in, to see their dearest friend rockin' away, like wolf or no wolf she'd go on forever."

Mrs. Lathrop looked aggrieved. "Why, Susan—" she protested.

"That ain't no excuse," the friend said, not harshly but with a cold distinctness, "you may talk yourself blind if you feel so inclined, and I don't say but what you really didn't mean nothin', but the fact remains, and always will remain, as you've took a deal of comfort rockin' while I've been kitin' broadcast tryin' to see if I could keep soul and body together or whether I'd have to let one or the other of 'em go."

Mrs. Lathrop opened her mouth and eyes widely.

"I never-" she gasped.

Susan hooked herself on to the fencerail with both her elbows preparatory to a lenghty debate; her eyes were bright, her expression one of unreserved exposition. Mrs. Lathrop continued to keep her eyes and mouth open, but reasons which will soon be known to the reader, prevented her making another remark for a long time.

"Mrs. Lathrop, I may as well begin by goin' 'way back to the beginnin' of everythin' and takin' you right in the hide and hair of my whole troubles. It ain't possible for you to realize what your

rockin's meant to me unless you understand to the full what I've been goin' through and crawlin' under these last weeks. I want to spare your feelin's all I can, for it ain't in me to be unkind to so much as a gooseberry, but I can't well see how you can keep from bein' some punched by remorse when you hear how I've been cleanin' house with a heavy heart and no new mop. That's what I've been doin', Mrs. Lathrop, and so help me Heaven, it's death or a new mop next year. The way that mop has skipped dirt and dripped water! -well, seein' is the

only believin' when it comes to mops, but all I can say is that you never looked more spotty than I have since that mop, and you know how lookin' spotty is mortal agony to me—me not bein' one who can be happy rockin' on top of dirt.

"Well, Mrs. Lathrop, I said I was goin' to begin at the beginnin' so I will, although the whole town knows as it was that fine scheme of Mr. Kimball's as set my ball bouncin' down hill. I wasn't the only one as got rolled over and throwed out feet up, but I don't know as bein' one of a number to lose money makes the money any more fun to lose. Mr. Dill was sayin' yesterday as he wouldn't have listened to nothin' but white for Lucy's weddin' dress if it hadn't been for Mr. Kimball and his little scheme, but I don't get any great comfort out of knowin' that Lucy Dill's got to try and get herself married in her Aunt Samantha Dill's blue

bengaline. The blue bengaline's very handsome and I never see a prettier arrangement of beads and fringe, but every one says too much of Lucy shows at the top and bottom to even be romantic. They can hook it, but Lucy can't stay hooked inside but five minutes at the outside. I'm sure I don't see how they'll ever fix it, and Gran'ma Mullins says she cries whenever she thinks that at Hiram's weddin' the bride won't have no weddin' dress. Polly Allen wanted Lucy to open the darts and let in puffs like Mary Stuart's husbands always was puffed, but

Lucy never see Mary Stuart and the only picture in town of any of her husbands has got him in bed with the sheet drawed up to his chin and his hands folded right on top of where they'd want to copy the darts. Such a picture ain't no help a-tall, so Lucy is still shakin' her head the same as at first. My idea would be to make no wish-bones about it and just be married in her travelin'-dress and then wear it when she goes away, but seems she wants her travelin'-dress for church, and



IT CAME TO PASS ACROSS THE BARRIER-FENCE

doesn't mean to wear it travelin' anyhow, because she and Hiram is just wild over the no-one-knowin'-they're-married idea, and Lucy is goin' to wear old gloves and some buttons off her shoes, and Hiram is goin' to wear his mother's spectacles and Mr. Shores' store umbrella. Gran'ma Mullins feels awful over Hiram's goin' away like that; she says she's brought him up so neat and always a vest on Sunday and only shirt-sleeves in summer, and now to think of him goin' off on his weddin' trip in Mr. Shores' umbrella !-but Lucy don't care-nor Hiram neitherand they're goin' to take along a piece of sand-paper and sand-paper the shine off the ring on the train. Polly Allen and the deacon is laughin' to fits over them. Everythin's very different with Polly and the deacon. The deacon says it ain't in reason as a man of sixty-two can look forward to many more weddin's, and he's goin' to sit with his arm around Polly, and he don't care who chooses to suspeck they're weddin'-trippin'. They're goin' to be all new clothes right through to their skins, and Polly's goin' to have a orange-blossom bunch on her hat. The deacon says he'll pay for all the rice folks are willin' to throw, and it's a open secret as he's goin' to give the minister a gold piece. The minister was smiling all over town about it until Mr. Kimball told him he see a gold quarter of a dollar once. He's hopin' for a five, Lut Mr. Shores says he knows positive as the deacon got two two-dollar-and-a-halfs at the bank when his wife died, and he gave one to the minister then an' probably he's been savin' the other to get married again with."

Susan paused for breath—a vital ne-

cessity—and then went on:

"But dear me, Mrs. Lathrop, all that ain't what I set out to tell you, and even if it's a pleasure to you to hear it, it ain't in reason as I should take my time to talk to you about other people's affairs. You may be interested in other people's affairs, but I ain't, and we start-

ed to talk about mine and what I set out to talk about I talk about or else I stay at home. It was my troubles as I was goin' to make a clean high breast of, Mrs. Lathrop, and I'll lay any odds as by the time I get through you'll have little feelin' to sleep in you. The Lord says 'To him who hath shall be given,' and I've been just achin' to give it to you for these many days. You've always been poor, but you've never seemed to mind; now I'm poor (yes, Mrs. Lathrop, jump if you like"-for Mrs. Lathrop had started in surprise—"but it's so) and I mind; I mind very much, I mind all up and down and kitty-cornered crossways, and if I keep on gettin' poor, Lord have mercy on you, for I shall certainly not be able to look on calmly at no great amount of rockin'."

Mrs. Lathrop stared widely — and gasped openly. Susan continued:

"It all began with Mr. Kimball and his gettin' the fever of speckilation. Mr. Kimball said he thought he'd rather get rich quick than not get rich at all. That was the way he put it and it sounded so sensible 't I felt to agree. Then he begin to unfold how (he had the newspaper in his hand), and as soon as he was unfolded I read the advertisement. You buy two rubber trees and then wait two years an' get fifty per cent. till you die. Well, Mrs. Lathrop, I went over that advertisement fifty times to try and see what to do and the more I studied it the less faith I had in it. The picture of the man who tended the trees was up on top and little pictures of him made a kind of pearl frame around the whole, and he was honest enough lookin', as far as I could judge, but-I told Mr. Kimball-what was to guarantee us as he'd stick to the same job steady, an' I certainly didn't have no longin' to buy a rubber tree in southeast Peru and then leave it to be hoed around by Tom, Dick and Harry. So I said 'no' in the end and then we looked up railway stocks. Mr. Kimball read me a list of millionaires and he asked me if I wouldn't like to be called 'Susan Clegg, queen of the Western Pacific'—but I'm too old to be caught by any such chaff, and I told him so to his face, and then it was that we come to his favorite scheme of the 'Little Flyer in Wheat.' That was what he called it, and I must say that I think it's a pretty good

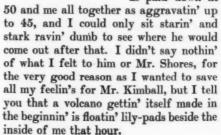
name, only if I know myself I'll buywheat as never sets down hereafter.

"Well, Mrs. Lathrop, it took a deal of talkin' and Mr. Kimball had to do a lot of figgerin' before my eyes afore I was ready to believe him when he said as five of us could go in together and double our money every few days for a month or so. He showed me as what he was figgerin' from was printed in plain letters and red ink in a city paper, and after a while I opened my mouth and swallowed the whole thing, red ink and all. Mr. Kimball, Mr. Dill, Mr. Shores, me, and me

over again, was the five, and we bought the share right off, fully believin' as we'd begin the wheat-flyin' the same way—" Susan paused and set her teeth a little vigorously for a moment,—then:

"Well, Mrs. Lathrop, that was the way it all begun and I can lay my hand anywhere and swear as all my bad luck is founded solid on Mr. Kimball in consequence. The very day after we begun with our fly instid of doublin' he halved in the mornin' paper and it seemed we'd got to buy him all over again or it was good-by Johnny. Me bein' the only one with money known to be ready and idle they brought the paper to me to save the share, and I can only say, Mrs. Lathrop, as I wish as you could have seen their

faces when they saw mine. I saw I was a lamb sittin' among the sharks, but I see, too, as I'd have to come to time and I got the money and then we set down -Mr. Dill. Mr. Shores and meto figger on how much of the share was mine on the new deal. It struck me, and it strikes me now, and it always will strike me, as any one as owns two-fifths of a thing and then buys the whole thing over again owns seven-fifths of it from then on. but Mr. Dill had the face to tell me to my face as it wa'n't so at all. He figgered the share at 100 and us paid down at





IT STRUCK ME THEN AND IT ALWAYS WILL STRIKE ME

"I went downtown that afternoon and I aired myself pretty thoroughly over the whole town, I can assure you. Mr. Allen said I'd better pocket my loss and give up dabblin' in stocks, but I didn't see no great sense in what he said. I didn't have nothin' to pocket, everything was gone,and so far as dabblin' goes I wa'n't dabblin', I was in up to my nose. But Mr. Kimball come out as brassy as a bassdrum and showed me a picture of wheat lavin' on his back in bed takin' a tonic with four doctors doin' up his room work for him. The doctors was all millionaires on that stock list of railroads, and I counted on their knowin' what they were givin' him, so I come home quite a little easier, and that night I slept like a ton of hay. But the next day !- my Lord alive, you remember the next day, don't you, Mrs. Lathrop, and it must have been arsenic as them four had put in his bottle, for I was up in the garret makin' a thistle-down pillow and there come Ed tearin' up on his bicycle to tell me as I must stick in ten dollars more on a margin. 'On a what?' I hollered from the window. 'On a margin,' he hollered from under the porch. Well, really, Mrs. Lathrop, I do believe if he hadn't been under the porch I would have throwed something down on him. My, but I was mad! I come down that garret-ladder like a greased pan and I tied my bonnet on and walked straight in on Mr. Kimball. That was one time as he did very little jokin', and in the end he put in five of the ten himself and then we both sat down and tried to figger out as to how much of that share we each owned. I will confess as takin' down stoves was lookin' out of the window beside that job, and in the end he made out as that if the share was worth the whole of itself I'd own half, but bein' worth only what had happened to it there wasn't the half in the whole. So I come home and dreamed nothin' but nightmares runnin' wildly up and down me."

"You know what happened next!-it

was the next mornin', and I was makin' bread with a very heavy dough when Ed come bouncin' in for three dollars more Well, I honestly thought I'd bu'st. I blazed up so quick and so sudden that Ed fell back agin the table, and then I shook till the window rattled. It was a good minute before I could speak and when I spoke, I may in truth remark, Mrs. Lathrop, that I never spoke plainer nor firmer in my life,- 'Edward Andrews' -I says-'Edward Andrews, you paddle yourself right back to Mr. Kimball and tell him that my patience is very short and is gettin' shorter each minute, and you may just casually mention that I ain't got no more money to margin with not now and not ever. If a thing as I've paid nigh to eight-fifths for is shrunk to less than half of itself Mr. Dill and Mr. Shores can margin for it now on-I'm done.' And I was done, too-but I never bargained on what came next!-Mr. Kimball traded that share in wheat for two in a Refrigerator Trust and never even so much as sneezed to me, and I will say, Mrs. Lathrop, as I consider that the Bible sayin' 'Honor among thieves' ought to apply to me just as much as to any one else. And there I went into the city as unsuspectin' as a can brimful of buttermilk and bought a paper to read comin' home on the cars, and what should I unfold but wheat runnin' up a ladder along with a bull to get out of the way of a lot of wild-lookin' lambs! The ladderrungs was numbered and I was sharp enough to see as these numbers was money and that wheat had one leg safe on 110; so I kited home to sell out-and it was then I learned about the Refrigerator!

"Well, Mrs. Lathrop!—well, Mrs. Lathrop, what do you think was my feelin's then?—I tell you boilin' lava and India's sunny strand wasn't hotter than me that minute. Me—the backbone of the whole thing and sold out like I was a mummy while I was in town buying darn-

in'-cotton !"

Miss Clegg shifted her weight to the other foot and drew a long, fresh breath.

"Mr. Kimball and me has never been the same since," she continued with warmth,—"we had enough to make us up toward spring, and the day it burnt wheat was sittin' on 140, kissin' his hand to the new crop."

"But Mr. Kim—" interposed Mrs. Lathrop.



DO YOU THINK ANY ONE BUT THE BLACKSMITH WOULD HAVE BLAMED ME?

different, Heaven knows, for from that day on misfortune has just dogged and rabbited me, I know. The winter was so cold that the only way the Refrigerator Trust could come out even was to burn "Oh, well, of course, havin' Mr. Shores fail right opposite brightened everything for him—I'd smile myself if any one was to fail right opposite me, and I said just that very thing to Mr. Shores the mornin' after. I says,—I says, 'Mr. Shores, you must consider that this is a world of ups and downs and that if you don't like to fail your failure is makin' Mr. Kimball happy and your loss will be his credit.' But Mr. Shores was too busy to talk, so I bought two skewers to encourage him and come out, and within a week I found to my sorrow as I was pretty unpleasantly near to a mark-down sale myself."

"It was-" observed Mrs. Lathrop

sadly.

"Yes," said her friend, "that's just when it was,—that very self-same week. I was in the square listenin' to Gran'ma Mullins everlastin' tale of woe over Hiram and Lucy and up come the blacksmith with a tale of woe for myself. Now, Mrs. Lathrop, you know me and you've known me a long time and you've heard me tell this a good many times and yet I want to ask you one time more,-do you think any one but the blacksmith and Mr. Dill would ever have blamed me for the crick's washing out back of the blacksmith's and lettin' the anvil and the hind legs of Mr. Dill's horse slide out sudden? Of course, I own the blacksmith shop and of course I rent it, but-as I told him and Mr. Dill both that very day-nobody can't rent common sense nor yet keep track of men's washouts and horses' hind legs. I knowed all the time I was walkin' towards the crick that it was goin' to be a bad business, but I never expected to see nothin' as looked like Mr. Dill's horse and I never again shall hope to see nothin' as 'll look like Mr. Dill's looks as he looked at the horse. Not as his horse wasn't worth lookin' at either. His legs had gone out behind so far and so unexpected that it seemed like he couldn't get them high enough and close enough to suit him, and he just stood there drawin' them up alternative for all the world like a fly on fly-paper. Mr. Dill said he felt like if his horse wasn't ever goin' to be able to hist his legs no quicker'n than that he'd have to have damages, and at that word I nigh to sat right down. I tell you what, Mrs. Lathrop, Mr. Weskin has bred this damage idea too deep into this town for any comfort. It's got to where it's better to hurt yourself most any way than to damage some one else only a little. I wouldn't take the chances of sayin' 'shoo' to a hen on a slippery mornin', and things has come to a pretty pass when you've got to consider a hen's backslidin's. Such bein' the case I felt more'n a little troubled when Mr. Dill said damages, but I tried to look on the bright side, and I told him that it seemed to me that a proper-minded horse would have hauled in his legs when he felt himself slippin' in half. Mr. Dill said his horse unfortunately couldn't see with his tail and was also brought up to consider anvils as solid. I answered as all I could say was as it was a great pity as his horse wasn't built enough like the rest of the world to have better hindsight than foresight,—and then I looked at the anvil in the crick-and then I come home."

"And that—" said Mrs. Lathrop,

sadly.

"Yes, that very night!-it was that very night that the lightnin' struck my house;"-Susan halted a moment to turn and look at the house-"I never will see why the lightnin' had to strike my house, Mrs. Lathrop, with yours so handy right next door; but it did strike it-and me inside sleepin' the sleep of the nigh to poverty-stricken and done-up, and never as much as dreamin' of bein' woke by a brick bouncin' out of my own flesh and blood stove-hole. My heavens alive, what a night that was, and even if nothin' catched fire everything in kingdom come rained in, and when mornin' come and I see what a small hole it was after all I wouldn't ever have believed it if you'd swore it till the week after doomsday."

"And then-" said Mrs. Lathrop, sym-

pathetically.

"Yes, and then come the roof-mendin'.

I never can feel to blame myself there because I didn't want to pay no carpenter, and you know yourself, Mrs. Lathrop, as it looked just as easy to get up on that roof as to fall off any other. I hung the shingles around my neck and put the

I thought I'd swal nails gaspin' afort saw me tryin' to Lathrop, and the get to the hamm somersettin' head of fished out and the to lay it down!

"Well, Mrs. La able to look back without a cold cottainly a awful time."

AND THEN YOU SAW ME TRYING TO GET TO THE HAMMER

nails in my mouth and the hammer down my back, and then I went up the lattice and got over the little window on to the ridge-pole. You know, Mrs. Lathrop, how simple it all seemed from the ground, and I was to just sit edgeways from the end of the peak right along up to the hole, but you've heard me remark afore

and I will now remark again as no one on the ground has any notion of ridge-poles as they really are. A ridge-pole from the ground, Mrs. Lathrop, looks like it couldn't be fell off, but from itself it feels like it couldn't be stuck on to, and I thought I'd swallow the last one of them nails gaspin' afore I got to the hole. You saw me tryin' to get to the hole, Mrs. Lathrop, and then you saw me tryin' to get to the hammer. I thought I'd go somersettin' head over heels afore I got it fished out and then there wasn't no place to lay it down!

"Well, Mrs. Lathrop, I never shall be able to look back on that day and hour without a cold conscience. It was certainly a awful time. I took a nail out of

my mouth and a shingle off my neck and made ready to begin. I took the hammer and—just then—I looked down—and if there wasn't the minister and his wife just turnin' in my gate!

"Well, of course, that came nigh to endin' me ever 'n' ever! No Christian would ever dream of answering her front door bell from her back ridge-pole, and I never was one to do nothin' as folks could talk of. I see it was do or die right then or there and I made a quick slide for the

porch roof. You know what happened, and I never have felt to forgive the minister, even if it wasn't him as drove that unexpected nail in my roof. Mrs. Lathrop, we've spoke of this afore, and I've said then, and I'll say now, that in spite of my likin' for you, no one as rocks forever on a cushion can be able to even sur-

mise what it is to slide quick over a unexpected nail, and so it was only natural that even in the first hour I never looked for anything from you but Pond's Extract. But I may remark further-for it's right you should know-that nothin' in my whole life ever rasped me worse the wrong way of my hair than to watch you rockin' that fortnight that I had my choice to stand up or go to bed, and even in bed I had to get up and get out if I wanted to turn over. Mr. Shores told Mrs. Macy as probably it was the sun as had drawed that nail, and all I can say is that I hope if it was the sun and he ever takes it into his head to draw another of my nails, that he'll either draw it completely out or leave it completely in, for I know as I never want to come down from another ridge-pole by way of another nail -not while I'm alive anyhow."

A short pause and a long sigh. Mrs.

Lathrop sighed, too.

"Then come the bill from the carpenter and from young Doctor Brown, and for raisin' the anvil, and I was hardly onto my legs before Mr. Dill's horse quit his hind ones. Mr. Weskin was up and doin' as usual and advised bringin' a joint suit with the blacksmith for the anvil and me for the crick, but even if I was helpless the blacksmith wa'n't goin' to be sued if he could do anything else, and he brung Mr. Dill up to see if we couldn't arbitrate ourselves. Mr. Dill's always been very nice to me, but that wheat-fly made him so mad to be paid something by somebody that it took the blacksmith and me and four glasses of root beer to bring him to reason. In the end he said if the blacksmith would shoe everything he owned till it died and if I would put up Lucy's currants till I died that he'd call them two legs straight. We wrote a paper and signed it and I went to bed, and seemed like my trials was certainly more than any mortal could stand under, particularly when you consider that a good deal of the time I hadn't been able to sit down.

"I don't see why any one should be surprised over me lookin' worried. It says in the Bible that if you and Mohamet ain't on the mountain you're bound to have the mountain and Mohamet both on you, and I must say I believe it's true. I've had to take the ten dollars as I never touch, and the ten as I never will touch, and the ten as I never will touch so help me heaven—and spend 'em all. And I don't know what I am goin' to do now, I'm sure. Bein' yourself, Mrs. Lathrop, you can't in reason be expected to understand what it is to me to have no one but you to turn to. You've got your good points, but you ain't no hand to have ideas nor yet to advise. I've been slow in comin' to that view of you, but I've got to it at last, and got over it, and I'm walkin' alone now on the further side."

Mrs. Lathrop looked apologetic, but remained tritely silent. Susan backed

away from the fence.

"It's gettin' damp," she said, "you've got rheumatism anyway, so you don't care if you take cold, but I ain't very anxious to, and so I think we'd ought to go in."

Mrs. Lathrop nodded, and turned to

m.

"I hope I haven't made you feel uneasy, Mrs. Lathrop," Susan said, as she also turned, "you know me well enough to know as if I come to starvation it would never be nothin' but a joy to me to see you starve with me."

Mrs. Lathrop nodded.

Susan nodded.

And thus they parted for the night.

(To be continued)



# **TUBERCULOSIS**

## CLIMATE AND THE GREAT SOUTHWEST

By Albert Hale

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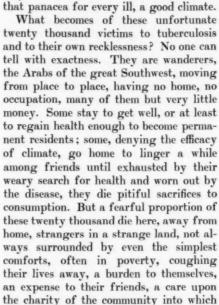


consumption come to the great Southwest every year. From all parts of the North, the East and the Middle West they begin, as soon as the mild days of autumn give place to frost and snow, to flock hitherward in the belief that the disease from which they suffer will yield, speedily or slowly, but surely, to the milder climate which they know awaits them here.

A few come well prepared, having been carefully examined by conscientious, skillful physicians, under whose care they had placed themselves when health was first attacked. These know what to expect; they hunt out immediately some equally skillful local physician, and on his advice they select the environment which is best suited for the individual case. Some have been led to come by the example of friends, or by the suggestion rather than the expert advice of the family doctor, and although trusting largely to their own judgment, they exercise a judicious watch over themselves and follow the dictates of reason and common sense. But the vast majority of those who come have had no accurate diagnosis made at home; they avoid or ignore advice of any kind; they know nothing of the place, nothing of the essentials of a cure; they disregard or discard all requirements of treatment, and throw themselves helter-skelter, willy-nilly upon poor, long-suffering nature, recklessly deluding themselves into the belief that all will be well within a few, or, at

most, a few more months, now that they have reached

that panages for every ill a good alimate



Twelve thousand of these twenty thousand consumptives die within the year. This is only a guess, but its accuracy can not be denied, and if it errs, it is on the side of moderation. Certainly it is not an exaggerated guess. But it is impossible to obtain or even to compile accurate statistics about them. They are free-will agents and do not enroll themselves easily in mortality reports. The boards of health have no means of keeping track of

fate has thrown them.



these immigrants; the hospitals have trustworthy records, but native inmates are not segregated from strangers, and "place of birth" conveys no hint of the length of time a patient may have been here. And, moreover, many of them have just strength enough to return home-North or East—so that death does not occur in the Southwest. Only by asking questions can the truth be found out. The sisters of charity at the doors of the hospital will tell of the distress and misery that it is their daily task to soften; nurses' stories will help to reach this result; even the Salvation Army lassies contribute from their fund of experience, but it is to the physicians on the spot that one instinctively turns to discover the true state of things.

I asked a thoughtful, conscientious man whether any of these consumptives died. "Die! did you say? They used to get well when they came in time, but now over sixty per cent. of them die sooner or later. They don't take care of themselves; they won't let us take care of them very long, and they are a burden to us, a harm to the community and often a discredit to the doctors who sent them here and who should

have known better."

"They are fools, fools," said another doctor of high standing and large experience. "Fools and crazy," he added. Then he walked the floor in his anger at the folly and ignorance of many of those who come, as well as of those who sent them. "Why do they leave home? Don't they know any better? Do they think that climate will cure everything, or that we have nothing to do but to look after them, give them advice which they will not follow, pay their bills when they have no money and bury them when they are dead? I'm getting so hard-hearted that I won't give my time to lungers any more; I don't collect two cents on the dollar of the charges I make. Yet they still come, and we can do nothing for most of them except to help them die."

"What is a lunger?" I asked of another physician in another city. "Don't you know yet," he answered, "and have been here two weeks? A lunger is a healthseeker," he continued; "the latter phrase is somewhat gentler than lunger, but it means the same thing. A lunger is a person who catches cold in the North and comes out here to get rid of it. It's generally tuberculosis, though, but at first the word frightens them. After a time they get accustomed to it and then are rather proud of it, and-haven't you noticed?on the train, in the street cars, at the hotel, in the bar-room and barber-shop people ask whether so and so is a lunger, and then they begin to discuss themselves and each other. Most of the strangers you meet are lungers, but they all have consumption and think they are going to get well on climate."

So from one source and another I gathered illuminating information to show how little attention has hitherto been given to the relationship between tuber-

culosis and climate.

But let me pause just a moment to give examples of what happens through ignorance, carelessness or design on the part of the Northern doctor. They are not unusual or extraordinary examples. I give only six. I could collect sixty. Nearly every person you may meet can duplicate the narrative, but one does not differ much from the other except as to the varying causes which hastened each sufferer into the unknown.

A young school teacher from Washington, D. C., was sent by her physician to spend the winter South. She might teach, perhaps, for three or four months, and then she could return home for the summer and retake her old place North when the winter came. She arrived South worn out; she lived four weeks and died a skeleton; surely not cured by climate.

A bright young lad from Illinois, whose father was very wealthy, was ordered by the best skill obtainable to hurry South so that the climate might cure him. He died within three weeks of his arrival, consumed by tuberculosis.

A boy from one of the big cities of Iowa was sent to the Southwest and died on a stretcher at the doctor's door. Of course he would have died at home, but why order him away, among strangers? Why shorten his life by the long, hard journey when death was inevitable?

A poor little German tailor from Indiana descended from the train at one of the smaller cities of the Southwest, carrying his emaciated and helpless wife in his arms. Hither he had brought her by the greatest sacrifice of everything he had, by borrowing from his friends, by help of every kind, promising himself and her the blessing of recovery if only they could reach "that climate." He said to his fellow passengers that he must find work soon to support them while his wife was getting well, and he added naïvely that he had only ten dollars in his pocket. She died. What became of him only heaven knows; ten dollars won't go far in this climate.

An ambitious young woman from Ohio rejoiced to feel that she was at last in the Southwest, where she could be cured immediately. She had been advised to exercise, to keep out of doors; so she at once started to run up hill—not to lose a moment's time. She died with hemorrhage within six hours of her arrival, a victim of the pursuit of climate.

The sister of a physician in Minnesota was sent to the Southwest. More from friendship than because of any supposed need for professional aid, he asked a doctor there to call on this sister and give an opinion, especially as to how soon she would recover. "Your sister is dying," telegraphed the local man. "You lie," came back the telegraphic answer. "Come and see for yourself," was the second message, to which the brother responded in person only just in time to find her in her last gasp, and then to carry her body in a cof-

fin back to the home she had left a few weeks before.

Isn't it about time for the general public to know what tuberculosis—consumption—really is?

The tubercle bacillus is the cause, and the disease is infectious; that is, can be conveyed directly or indirectly from one individual to another. It invades every organ and tissue of the body and can be acquired at any period of life. Infants are very susceptible to it, but in them the lungs usually escape while other parts succumb. Old persons are comparatively immune. Early adult life offers the greatest danger, but it is stated by investigators who have examined human dead bodies with modern methods, that each one of us has at some earlier age been attacked in some structure, although only a healed scar is left to bear witness to this universality of the disease. This healed scar also demonstrates that tuberculosis can be cured.

When the disease shows itself in the adult the lungs most frequently suffer, and then it is called consumption. Tuberculosis is the cause of over one-eighth of the deaths in the United States. In the East the proportion has been slowly increasing, keeping step with the growth and overcrowding of our large cities.

But still there is the lament that consumption runs in the family! This is not so! To be sure there may be a delicate constitution, yet the germ is not inherited; it is the iniquity of the environment that runs in the family. Far better have the tendency to consumption and live in the open than be of robust constitution and be obliged to absorb the impurities from the saturation of a tenement-house.

All the efforts of those who are heart and soul in the struggle against the inroads of tuberculosis are directed toward the suppression of the slums; toward the destruction of every old focus of disease in our cities; toward the replacement of them by clean, well-lighted and well-ventilated dwelling places; toward the spread of the idea that, before the requirements of nature are satisfied, there must be given to each person the proper and full amount of fresh air; toward preaching the gospel that every dark corner-whether in the tenement or in the farm-house or in the palace—every old blanket or carpet which catches dust and moisture, is a hidingplace for disease; and that until we clean or destroy the last, and let fresh air circulate freely into the first, we dare not say that any death was due directly to the will of God.

It must be here stated, and it is of vital importance to an understanding of the disease, that there are three stages of con-

sumption.

west.

Patients in the first stage do not show many or any signs of it; they have a cold which can not be got rid of, a cough which hangs on, a bronchitis which makes them short of breath, and they are so run down in health that they can't tell what is the matter! The germs may or may not be discovered, although they are surely there, but the lungs show no signs, and only the skill derived from experience will detect the true condition. And yet this is the most important stage of all, and to take it in time will, with reasonable certainty, lead to victory, so that the patient need devote only months to a cure.

Patients in the second stage do not necessarily look much worse or feel much worse than in the first, but by this time the lungs show physical signs, there is fever and there may have been some hemorrhage. These cases need great care; they may be cured, however, by patience, perseverance and the determination to remain away from the harsh North, which is the same as saying that they must stay permanently in the more salubrious South-

Patients in the third stage are almost bedfast. They betray their condition to every one. They should not leave home, or if they insist on doing so, it should be to go to a nearby sanitarium, where life may be prolonged; but a cure must not be ex-

pected nor ever promised.

How many million dollars' worth of drugs do you suppose have been swallowed in the vain hope of curing consumption? How many more million dollars' worth are to-day swallowed, in the endeavor to reach the tuberculosis nest through the stomach! Ask the doctor who still puts his trust in drugs, or who hopes against hope that some new chemical combination may reach the diseased spot; ask the patent medieine man himself-they will tell you.

And then ask the conscientious scientific student "What is the treatment for tuberculosis?" and he will say, "Rest, food,

pure dry air."

Drugs may do something, of course, for they often act as a whip, or they clean the system, or they induce needed sleep, but drugs are only temporary makeshifts for the individual, and no drug or prepared formula can ever substitute the absolute essentials of nature.

It is difficult to say which of this triad -rest, food, pure air-is the most important, as each is of such vital necessity in the treatment, in the effort to stop the encroachment of disease, and in the still harder task of reducing the virulence of the germ, to kill it so that the patient may be said to be free from infection—to be cured.

Rest is necessary to an inflamed lung (nothing is to be gained by discussing any form of tuberculosis outside the lung). Rest from exciting, exhausting effort. This does not mean in all cases absolute rest in bed with a trained nurse, but it does emphatically mean rest so that the lungs are not required to do more than they can properly do. It does not mean horseback riding, nor mountain climbing, nor late hours, nor social indulgence; but it does imply a calm, quiet, peaceable, regular day and night, so that the lungs may do their allotted duty in comfort, with the clinical thermometer standing guard as policeman to order more rest if the body temperature goes up, or to allow greater freedom of movement and occupation if the body temperature remains at normal the whole day through. The state of the body temperature is the best guide for the amount and character of the rest re-

quired.

Food is necessary—milk, eggs, bread, meat, fresh fruit and vegetables, fat and sugar-anything and everything that the individual patient can digest in comfort. But food does not mean whisky, nor anything to tempt a weary palate into getting provisions down the throat. Good food must be obtained; yet the only test of its efficacy toward cure is the body weight. If the weight decreases the patient is losing ground; if he or she gain in weight, the food is building such a resistance that -in a pleasant paradox-the germs find themselves starving!

And then we come to the great factor of fresh, pure, dry air. Two generations ago it was thought that this was nearly unattainable except in some far-away Eden described by a few explorers, reached only over a rocky way after untold hardships. No one dared suppose that pure fresh air could be found near at home, no matter where that home might be. One generation ago experience was supposed to have taught that the East had no pure air to spare for consumptives; that perhaps in Florida, or to a small extent along the Gulf coast, some extra, well-prepared air might be found, but that, after all, the genuine article could be obtained only in California or in the great Southwest! California at that time bid for consumptives. The Southwest boasted that consumption could not live within its borders, because the sufferer from it recovered always. The whole trans-Missouri area held out its pitying arms to the invalid and said: "Please come to us; this is the climate for consumptives; here you can get climate like manufactured ice, so much at your door each morning and guaranteed pure."

And so we have been long under the yoke of this thought that fresh air was synonymous with climate.

What is climate, anyway? Only the totality of the weather; nothing more. The weather for to-day may be rainy or clear, hot or cold, windy or calm; the climate may be wet or dry, full of sunshine or

clouds, noted for its rough or its regular winds, or it may be still, the atmosphere varied only by the transition from day to night. The weather of a certain climate may be more suitable the year round for out-of-door life, or it may be so damp (full of moisture) on occasions that the lungs and skin have harder work to dispose of the body's water through evaporation. There may be too much fog or too much dust, so that breathing is not easy; or an otherwise fine climate may be at too high an altitude or too close to the tropics for comfort. But climate does not necessarily mean pure air, nor is the purest air always to be obtained in the so-called best climate.

Therefore, we are to-day learning the truth that there is no particular climate for consumption. Wherever can be found pure air,—the less moisture in it the better,-there will the sufferer from tuberculosis be able to fight his disease-sometimes to a successful finish-if he can at the same time obtain the proper rest and food.

Two generations ago this doctrine would have been hooted at as the delusion of a madman, yet it is the truth. The mountain sanatoria of Switzerland, the pine woods of Prussia, of Canada and of New York, the ice fields of Alaska bear witness to it. Tuberculosis is stopped by the pure air of all these varied climates; and it has been accident far more than design, experience far more than theory, that found this out. One generation ago the whole Southwest would have been at the North with the picturesque Bowie or Colt, had any one dared openly to assert, much less to insist on, such a pernicious doctrine, but to-day those who are seriously

studying the facts feel compelled to acknowledge the truth of it, while the advocates of climate per se are beginning to say,-nay, are eager to have us understand,—that their climate is not everything, that it won't work miracles, and that there are some cases of consumption that their glorious climate will not cure; and,-what a change !- there are to be heard protests, here feeble, there vigorous, against the unhappy habit long ago planted by the Southwest, now firmly rooted in the North and East, of sending all sorts and conditions of tuberculous patients by tens, by thousands, by tens of thousands into that climate to be cured.

It is not implied that the rough, damp climate of Maine or Michigan is as good as the soft, balmy, dry, sunshiny climate of California or New Mexico. No, indeed; it means only that pure air is not restricted to the Rocky Mountains, and that merely to dump a disease into a climate is as bad as to drown the Duke of Clarence in his butt of Malmsey. Death follows just the same. Nor is it to be misunderstood that the uplands of the great Southwest have not as fine a climate as there is to be found anywhere. Surely no one can deny that there are more sunny days in the year here than in almost any similar area; less moisture in the air; greater freedom for out-of-door life. But the climate is not perfect; there are days of cloud and rain, wintry days of cold and damp; there is sometimes snow; there is occasionally a tempest of dust. Or the altitude in one place may compel the heart to work too hard. However examined, no spot will be found free from some defect. Old settlers may be met who declare that they came West fifteen or thirty years ago and are still alive, perhaps even well. This is a fact, of course. But they do not tell how many others who came here at the same time have since died, neither will they always be frank enough to add that they themselves—the cured ones—dare not go back home. Is it the climate that cured

them, or was it the possibility that they could and did live out of doors more days of the year there than they had before been able to do?

This is no attempt to belittle climate. Thank God, there are climates such as the great Southwest offers in various areas of our earth; but the time has come to put an end to the confusion of climate with pure air, to erase the error almost universally accepted that the health-seeker must always abandon his own home at great expense of time, money or business in order to find what he so fondly supposes will be a climate that by some mysterious quality can restore him completely to health, return to him his strength, and permit him, after a reasonable time, to journey back again better equipped for work than when

he began his-holiday.

And what is the Great Southwest? I made the mistake when I first entered the region of supposing that this was only a general term and that its boundaries were elastic, or rather adjustable to one's tastes and geographic imagination; but this is not at all in accordance with the facts. Southern California is not within its confines; that region is on the Pacific slope. Colorado is shut out; she belongs to the western area of our country. Neither may the Mexican Gulf portion nor the eastern section of Texas be included; these are nominally part of the Mississippi Valley. Oklahoma and Indian Territory do not partake of the same geologic or atmospheric conditions. Therefore, in speaking of the Great Southwest, over which there is a climate that for the purpose of our discussion presents the characteristics suitable for residence of the tuberculous, I mean that territory beginning at Laredo on the Rio Grande, bounded on the east by San Antonio, the Colorado and Red Rivers, on the north by the Texas and New Mexico state lines and on the west by the Rocky Mountains. It includes the western half of Texas, all of New Mexico and Arizona, a slice of Nevada, the eastern mountain slope of Southern California, and, I might add, the Rio Grande

drainage of Old Mexico.

All over the Great Southwest there are cities and towns, some of ten thousand or more inhabitants, some of three thousand or more, a few scarcely larger than hamlets. Some have a history running three hundred years back; some date to the invasion of the railroad in the eighties; the newest of them have been born within the last few years. The altitude varies from eight thousand feet to nearly sea level. Most of them have a good climate, relatively dry, with plenty of sunshine.

A table shows better, perhaps, the conditions of these places as compared with each other, and if the reader is enough interested, he may compare these with similar data concerning his own residence city

or neighborhood.

Here is to be found fresh pure air in plenty, enough to fill all the lungs of all the people in the United States. There is climate to spare, and each place is healthy; the contiguous and surrounding territory is healthy, whether of hill, mountain or plain.

given; in one city in the list thirty degrees below zero, Fahrenheit, has been touched, but the zero is not reached every year; it is but once or twice reached during any winter, and the thermometer will stay so low only a few minutes or hours, as a rule. Moreover, it is then a dry, bracing cold, and any one properly protected may go about in comfort, or may even sleep out of doors, under reasonable precautions. The normal temperature does not mean the average for any one year, but that estimated for a period of years; nor does it imply that there are so many days below this normal and so many above. As a rule the daytime temperature is about the normal the whole year through. But the climate in winter is seldom balmy, never tropical, and one must not imagine that ice and snow are unknown, nor that fires are unnecessary. Far otherwise; a fire is essential, unless the native habit is copied of shivering comfortless until el buen Dios gives the sun again. The maximum temperature is often touched during many afternoons in summer. The humidity should be noticed.

The wind, amount and velocity, must be

City	Population	Altitude Feet	Temperature, Fahr.			Rainfall	Humidity
	ropulation		Max.	Min.	Normal	Inches	Per cent.
Santa Fé	6,000	7,000	90	0	49	14.3	45.5
Las Vegas	7,000	6,400	95	-10	50	19.0	50.0
Albuquerque	10,000	4,950	100	0	55	7.5	40.0
Fort Bayard (Silver City)	3,000	6,040	95	5	55	14.0	44.0
El Paso	25,000	3,765	100	-10	63	9.5	39.0
San Antonio	60,000	701	98	-15	67	28.0	67.0
Tucson	10,000	2,390	110	-15	65	10.0	40.0
Flagstaff	3,000	6,907	90	-10	50	14.5	*

<sup>\*</sup> Not obtainable.

NOTE This is the first time such a table has been compiled, to show the relative climatic conditions of this large area. My thanks and gratitude are due to Mr. Charles E. Linney, at Santa Fé, New Mexico, Section Director of the Weather Bureau, Department of Agriculture, for his kindness and for the time he devoted to me.

It is necessary, however, to explain these figures, else there might be a misunderstanding concerning their significance. For example, the minimum temperature in certain instances may fall far below that studied. El Paso, San Antonio and Albuquerque have strong high winds; Santa Fé has little or no dust; El Paso and Albuquerque clouds of it.

There is certainly no intention here to

assert that the Great Southwest has no advantages over other sections of the United States, or that we have made a mistake in sending or allowing tuberculous patients to come hither. On the contrary, it is at once conceded that this area possesses advantages of which the rest of the world may well be envious. And not only shall I show how we have abused these advantages, why results have been so meager that scarcely fifteen to twenty per cent. are cured when there ought to be a joyous fifty to sixty per cent. of recoveries; but I shall prove that the fault lies not at all with nature, but with man. If we once interpret conditions properly, and wisely adjust ourselves to them, the reward will be a salvation of human life, the upbuilding of a prosperous new country and incalculable happiness for many and many a heart.

It has been necessary to state these preceding facts because, when known, they will help us to understand the mistakes into which we have fallen and the errors which we are even now continuing to make. We must learn fearlessly to overcome the confusion and to acknowledge our criminal carelessness of the last ten years, so that in the future we may turn to our own profit the blessings which have too frequently seemed a curse.

The Great Southwest can well accept twenty thousand cases of tuberculosis a year if they come with due warrant. There is no need to record a death-roll of twelve thousand human beings a year. The climate will work miracles if we make the best of it, but we must study tuberculosis, we must study climate, and we must study under what conditions climate will aid in the cure.

(The concluding chapter of "Tuberculosis, Climate and the Great Southwest" will appear in The Reader for February.)



# A GORDIAN KNOT

By Harriet Gaylord

WITH his head bent forward to protect his face from the fierce blasts of wind which seemed to come from every possible direction, Ralph Holme plowed through the drifting snow to the small cottage whose lights were to him the promise of warmth, welcome, a good dinner, and hearty fellowship. He stood stamping and scraping the snow from his feet after he had rung the bell. Inside he heard the swish of skirts and suppressed laughter; then the door opened, and a slender, light-haired woman held out her hand.

"Welcome, Dr. Holme! I'm so sorry I kept you waiting, but I had to lay aside my personality as cook and mix just the right proportions of waitress and hostess for my greeting. Are you well? It was so good of you to come in this fearful storm."

"Very well, Mrs. Eliot, thank you. Has your cook struck, or eloped, or what?"

"It's what! Robert is nearly desperate about it, but I insisted. It will keep the wolf from the door a while longer, and really, servants are so hopeless here. If he would think more of my happiness in sharing hard times with him, and less of the cold, empty splendor he fancies I used to love and still need as a background to my vanities, we'd be the happiest household in Minnesota."

"I think you are that already," said Holme, hanging his overcoat on the tree. "Why, the instant I turn the corner I begin to feel warmed and cheered, and ashamed of my own growling, and when I get inside I can't realize that life isn't all a holiday."

"How dear that is of you! And you always dress for us, though we are so in-

formal. You deserve the Victoria Cross. Actually, Robert threatened to pawn his evening clothes the other day,—Robert! He's upstairs getting into them now. Ruth's train was three hours late, but she's here at last. There's a wood fire in the library. Come, and I'll leave you with her while I go back to my roast."

Holme followed the supple, slender woman, the poise of whose bare shoulders and head lent to her simple cotton frock a distinction more subtly suggestive of Parisian modistes than the struggling economies of the wife of a physician whose first case as independent practitioner lay somewhere in hazy futurity. In a moment he was bowing to her counterpart in beauty and grace of outline, but brunette where she was blonde, arrayed in rich chiffons and lace where her sister wore dimity. Mrs. Eliot said:

"Ruth, dear, this is Dr. Holme, our very good friend. You must make him forget my bad cooking and all the other woes of life. My sister, Miss Wallis, Dr. Holme."

"Dr. Holme hasn't any woes, surely," smiled the girl, as she extended her hand with frank cordiality. "He looks superior to buffets and scorns."

"What did I tell you, Mrs. Eliot? You see the effect of this atmosphere on a starving devil of a doctor. Miss Wallis, I am superior to everything, oblivious to everything, when I bask in the contentment of this household."

His claim did not seem extravagant as he smiled down from his six feet of healthy blonde manhood into the merry dark eyes of the girl. Then he turned to Mrs. Eliot.

"I mustn't forget to tell you a great

piece of news," he said. "Has Eliot heard that Dr. Ross dropped dead of heart dis-

ease an hour ago?"

The look which flashed out from Esther Eliot's eyes to greet this announcement was unmistakably exultant, selfish greed,—the look one sees in the eyes of a tabby as she watches her kitten worrying its first mouse. An instant later she recovered herself and said:

"Really? How shocking and awfully

sad!"

Holme threw back his head and laughed ringingly. Ruth Wallis smiled her appreciation of her sister's discomfiture.

"It's too late, Esther. Out of the abundance of the heart the eye speaketh. Don't play the hypocrite. Say you're

glad."

"Glad, dear, yes," she owned; "very glad if it means a chance for Robert, and you, too, Dr. Holme. But I am heartily ashamed that that was my first thought. His poor wife! I must go and tell Robert at once. I'm afraid," she hesitated, with a deprecating smile, "I'm afraid I'm a selfish creature. Some day I shall be sorry, but why shouldn't Robert come first? We all must die. Robert hasn't lived yet. Now is his chance,—perhaps. And he is great, and strong, and noble. Fate hasn't been kind to him, and perhaps at last we are at the turn of the long lane. You don't blame me, do you?" She looked appealingly at Dr. Holme.

"Not in the least, Mrs. Eliot. I've been building castles in Spain to burn this last hour. It's only human. And to-night we are in the house of our friends. By to-morrow we shall have recovered our artificialities and assumed the 'how-shocking-and-awfully-sad' attitude before a cen-

sorious world."

"You are laughing at me. I'll go and pour unlimited pepper in your soup. It will be ready for you very soon."

Ruth Wallis's eyes followed Dr. Holme with approval as he held aside the portières for her sister to pass and returned to draw a large arm-chair to the fire.

"You will find this comfortable, I am sure," he said.

"Evidently he practised his manners as a child," she decided. The lean, nervous energy of the irregular face appealed to her. Like many other easterners, she had expected to find little but crudity in this small western city.

"What is the trouble?" she asked. "Is no one ever ill? Do only physicians die? Esther tells me Robert hasn't yet found one single grateful patient, and you are almost in the same forlorn condition."

"Not quite," he laughed. "My mother and I came here four months ago because her lungs needed just this air. I have 'doctored' her up in great shape; cured a few headaches for a neighbor who has been kind to us; put a servant's ankle in a plaster cast, and assisted this same Dr. Ross at the little local hospital in several emergencies."

"Has Robert as good a record?"

"I'm afraid we'll have to leave out the mother and the hospital from his practice, but I had nearly two months' advantage, you see. Your brother is a wonderful man, Miss Wallis. He is bound to succeed some day."

"I'm so glad you believe that. I am very fond of Robert. Esther displeased father by the marriage, and he has disinherited her. She is very proud, and will not accept favors even from my brother and me. She wants only Robert and what he can give. So we are very anxious for them to be beyond petty financial worries, even if he is never able to give her all she had at home."

"Now Ross is dead, I fancy he will soon look up. I don't know any man more worthy to step into a good practice. Langham wrote me the most glowing eulogy,—it fairly aroused my antagonism for the paragon he described, but when I called I forgave the rhetoric."

"Do you know Ned Langham? How strange!"

"We were chums at Harvard. Yes, he sent me to your brother, and for that I

owe him a sizeable debt. I was beginning to feel discouraged, but Eliot's cheerfulness and steadfastness in the face of suspense and poverty knocked the demon out of me. He's really great, Miss Wallis. He has such capacity for thinking straight and leaving curves to lesser men. Then he has the courage of his convictions, while most of us have the discourage of other people's lack of conviction. I've never known a more generous fellow. Just because I am younger and his friend, I believe he would turn his first case over to me unhesitatingly and go to his wife and say: 'In spite of you and your need, I had to do it. I couldn't take a chance from Holme."

"Wouldn't that be rather too Quix-

"Yes, but I'm not sure that Quixotic doesn't spell Eliot. In his profession he is cool-headed, judicious, wholly admirable; but in chivalry of thought he is living centuries too late; and in charm of personality you surely know where Shakespeare has depicted your brother?"

Miss Wallis looked puzzled for a moment, then said:

"He was taken for Forbes Robertson several times in England. Do you mean Hamlet? How analytical you are!"

"I know it. I can't help it, though it's an awful bore at times. Yes, to me Eliot is in many ways a twentieth century Hamlet, and if anything keeps him from the top rank it will be that."

"But surely Hamlet didn't think straight or have the courage of his convictions."

"Hamlet is all things to all men, isn't he? My Hamlet thought straight, though he lacquered his first conviction over a bit with processes afterward—more than Eliot usually does, I admit."

"Who is this Dr. Ross?"

"The Grand Mogul of medicine for miles around. He is,—or has been, rest his soul!—frequently called to Saint Paul and Minneapolis for consultation. He founded the hospital, and has the wealthy practice of the town, as well as that of the schools and public institutions you must have noticed up on the bluffs. Scudmore School is the biggest gold mine. Many of the boys are sons of the rich ranchmen, mine owners and railroad magnates of Dakota and Montana."

"How many doctors will come in competition for his practice besides you and Robert?"

"About three."

"He had no partner whom they would choose for sentimental reasons?"

"No. His young assistant left two months ago, after buying out a good practice in Oklahoma. He won't come back. That is why I had the opportunity to assist Dr. Ross at the hospital. Ah, Eliot," he continued, springing to his feet as the other man entered, "we have been tearing your reputation to shreds. How are you?"

"Glad to see you, Holme. Beastly night out, isn't it?"

"Rather. How does the world strike you now?"

"Straight in the face from the shoulder outward, thank you. No false pretenses any longer." Eliot smiled whimsically down on the other two as he stood leaning one arm on the mantel-shelf. He was taller than Holme, loosely framed, with broad shoulders and long legs. Closely cropped brown hair waved back from the high forehead; the nose was strong; the gray eyes now piercing, now the eyes of a dreamer. Ruth Wallis looked at him critically in the light of Holme's classification.

"I believe you are right," she said. "Robert, do you feel like Hamlet? Dr. Holme looks on you as a reincarnation of that over-thoughtful Dane."

Eliot laughed.

"I did Hamlet once at some private theatricals, and in the closet scene my stagemother fainted away on my hands. She said afterward she thought it better to remove herself from my sphere of activity while I left her the volition. Perhaps I am the reincarnation. I've certainly found my world out of joint. You must be my Horatio, Holme." He reached his hand out to the younger man's shoulder.

"'No revenue but my good spirits to feed and clothe me,'

eh? That's true enough, surely."
"No, not that, but

'one in suffering all, that suffers nothing,

A man that fortune's buffets and rewards Hath ta'en with equal thanks.'

I could go on, but I don't want you to faint, Ruthie. What else have you and Holme been talking about?"

"Do you need to ask, Robert? Hasn't Esther told you the news? I've quite

caught the contagion."

"About Ross, you mean? You and my wife are vultures, Holme. Really, you might just as well be decent, for the Lord only knows to whom the spoils will go. Ross seemed to fancy you, and he may have mentioned you to his patients. Ah, little woman," as Mrs. Eliot entered, flushed and prettier than ever as a result of wrestling with the kitchen range, "is dinner served? Holme, on this august occasion I shall yield to you the honor of taking in the cook while I follow with our guest. Ruth, allow me."

"Vaitress, not guest, by permission of the cook, kind sir," answered Ruth gaily,

as she took her brother's arm.

What the dinner lacked in formality it gained in cheer. The room was dainty with the expedients of a clever woman, whose claim to the artistic temperament meant something more than sitting around among sofa pillows and crêpe paper lamp shades. Ruth Wallis, tucking her fluffy skirts under one arm, deftly changed the plates and served the courses. The atmosphere was one of excitement, almost of expectation. The hostess herself, under-

neath her bright exterior, was plainly at high tension. When the telephone suddenly rang, all four started like guilty conspirators.

"Oh, Robert," cried Esther; "if it should be!" Then all laughed while Dr. Eliot hurried into the office, mercifully leaving the door ajar. They held their breath to listen.

"Yes. I am he."

"Certainly. Who is this speaking, please?"

"What seems to be the trouble, Mr. Denton?"

"Oh, indeed. That's bad."

"Did Dr. Ross suggest an operation?"

"Have you nurses?"

"Oh, you could assist. That's good. Is he very weak?"

"You have strychnine?"

"You'd better give him a hypodermic and keep up his strength with brandy till I can get there."

"I shall leave immediately. Good-by."
"Central, give me Riley's livery stable,

"Is that you, Mr. Riley?"

"This is Dr. Eliot. Please send your quickest rig around at once to drive me to Scudmore School."

"Very well. Good-by."

Dr. Eliot looked alert, serious, almost solemn when he returned.

"You heard?" he asked hurriedly. "It's a boy at Scudmore School. Dr. Ross saw him this afternoon and feared appendicitis. Dr. Duffield's nephew, a medical student from Chicago, is there and can assist in case I have to operate. Esther, please see that there are two sterile gowns in my emergency bag. I'll run up and get out of this coat."

Holme gripped him by the hand.

"Congratulations, Eliot. I'm glad you have first innings."

"I believe you are. And I could almost find it in my heart to wish you had the luck, Holme."

"Some of these days I may get the

crumbs which fall from your banquet," answered Holme, his eyes following the older man affectionately into the hall and up the stairs. Then he went back to his seat opposite Miss Wallis.

"What did I prophesy?" he asked. "Aren't you glad to be here to-night?

Eliot has struck ore at last."

"But this isn't natural," she protested. "You men simply can't be sincere in this Quixotic behavior. Aren't you in the least sorry it isn't you?"

"Not yet." His eyes met hers steadfastly. "No, not in the least. I should be a cur if I were, for I know at heart Eliot is sorry I have missed my chance."

The jingle of sleigh-bells sounded outside. Eliot ran down the stairs and into the office, where Esther met him with the emergency bag, her eyes shining glad-

"I'm so sure! so sure!" she whispered.

He took her in his arms for an instant. "We'll win the race yet, little woman," he said tenderly, as he kissed her quivering face. Then he selected one or two instruments from a cabinet; thrust them, together with a chloroform bottle, into the bag, and hurried to the door.

"Good luck! good luck!" called the others from the dining-room, and in another moment he was out in the night.

"Make your quickest time to Scudmore School, please," he said to the driver, as he jumped into the sleigh and wrapped the fur robes closely around him. They had the drifted streets almost to themselves. Eliot thought first of what lay before him, reviewing hastily his preparations, anticipating all possible contingencies. It seemed to him that his whole future was staked on the issue of that night, -his and Esther's. All that had come to him in life had not come easily. At thirteen his boyhood had ended with his father's death. The support of his mother the next eight years had taxed all of his energies. When she died they were diverted to the uphill task of securing a belated education, and to the cold, grinding experiences of early practice in hospitals where, fortunately for him, nothing was won by influence, all by steady

pluck and unquestioned merit.

It was during his three months in a London hospital that he had met Esther. As interne he had assisted a famous English surgeon in an operation which detained her brother as a patient for several weeks. She had given up home, family, wealth, everything for him, and now, as he drove through the blinding snow, his heart beat with a fierce joy to realize that his chance had come at last to prove she had not erred when she chose to sacrifice all for love of him.

The horses plunged steadily through the deep snow, down to the river, across the bridge, and then began the climb through a dark, narrow gorge. Occasional clumps of trees, and the bluffs, gaunt and black where the wind had swept the snow from their jagged sides, stood out in relief against the gray whiteness of the night. From time to time the tinkle of sleigh-bells sounded in the city streets below, and beneath their swift passage the persistent crunch of hoof and runner. In his impatient mood it seemed hours before they reached the top of the hill and swung into the grounds of Scudmore School. It was the holiday season, and only one of the large gray stone buildings was brightly lighted.

Eliot sprang out.

"You're not to wait," he said to the man. "I'll telephone when I want you to come back for me."

A servant was already opening the door as Eliot ran quickly up the steps, and a stately gray-bearded man, whom he recognized as the principal, Dr. Duffield, met him in the hall.

"You made better time than I dared expect, Doctor," he said. "It is forty minutes since my nephew got you on the telephone. Take off your coat here, please, and we will go to the room at once. We have been greatly broken up by the news of Dr. Ross's death," he continued, as they began climbing the stairs. "He had only just reached home after his visit here when it occurred. He has spoken of you to us, and I think had his eye on you as a possible assistant in his own practice. Naturally we sent for you at once in our distress."

"I am very glad to be of help," said Eliot, crushing down his exultation at the vista opening out before him in Dr. Duffield's words; "but I am sorry for the need. Dr. Ross felt hopeful that an oper-

ation could be avoided?"

"Yes, but the boy has grown desperately ill since then. You will find with him the school nurse, Miss Brown, a hospital nurse, Miss Freeman, and my nephew, a medical student, who very fortunately is spending his holiday here."

"How old is the boy?"

"Sixteen. His name is Henry Stanton. Hal, we all call him. He is a great athlete, and I believe has never had a day's illness in his life, so it is all the harder for him to bear the suffering now, poor boy." Dr. Duffield paused as they reached the door and said earnestly:

"He has everything to live for, and I can't lose him when his parents have trusted him to our keeping. You must

save him for us, Doctor."

"I will try." The resolute tone promised more than the words. Dr. Duffield looked searchingly at the young physician; then, saying:

"You give one every confidence in your power to accomplish even the impossible;" he opened the door and led the way into

the room.

The two nurses stood aside to make room for the doctor and a young man rose from a chair to join him by the bedside while he made his examination. The boy lay in a state of collapse, moaning feebly, and watching every expression of the doctor's face through dazed, half-open eyes.

"How long has he been like this?" he

asked Mr. Denton.

"About half an hour."

"Has he been stronger since you gave him the strychnine and brandy?"

"I think so, a little."

"There, my boy," said the doctor cheerfully, as the nurse drew up the covers; "I know all about you now and will come back in a moment to see what I can do."

With a sign to the others to follow, he

returned to the hall.

"I must operate immediately," he said.
"There is great danger of perforation.
Have you a large room near at hand?"

"The infirmary is just across the hall,"

answered Dr. Duffield.

"Good." He turned to the nurses. "Will you make it ready at once, please. Have some one bring in a large kitchen table. Get things out of the way, and do all the sterilizing you can on such short notice. You will find everything that is needed here, I think," he added, passing Miss Freeman his bag, after he had removed the chloroform and inhaler. "We must be very expeditious. I am sure Dr. Duffield will see that you have all the necessary help, and I will come back to you shortly. Mr. Denton, we will look after the boy."

Hal caught sight of the bottle when the doctor returned to the bedside, and held up his hands, gasping:

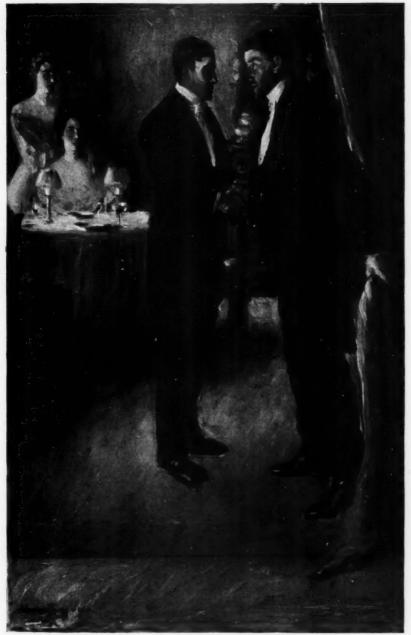
"No! no!"

"Yes, yes, my boy!" Eliot answered. "I know all about it, and I am going to make you well. You'll be playing football again before you know it. There, that's all right. I'm going to give you something to make you forget the pain. Just shut your eyes a little while, and when you wake, you'll be better."

The voice was rich and full and comforting, and the boy obeyed. He struggled feebly when the first inhalation reached him; then all was still. As soon as he was entirely unconscious, the doctor

said:

"I'll leave this to you now, Mr. Denton. Watch the pulse closely, won't you? It's pretty grave business."



Drawing by Warren Y. Cluft Coppright 1905, The Bobbs-Merrill Company "CONGRATULATIONS, ELIOT; YOU HAVE FIRST INNINGS"

"Yes, he grew worse rapidly after I tel-

ephoned."

Across the hall Dr. Eliot found the school nurse scrubbing the table, while a man-of-all-work performed the same office for the floor. Two maids were bringing in pitchers of boiling water and pouring it out to cool in large basins. On a small table Miss Freeman was arranging the instruments, the sutures, and sterile dressing with a practised hand. At the doctor's entrance she hastened to get a quilt and rubber sheeting on the table.

"Good," he said. "It's a light room, too. You are ready now, I see. Just keep this for Mr. Denton, won't you?" He passed Miss Freeman one of the sterile gowns, slipping on the other himself. "Now if you will help me," he said to the

man, "we'll bring in the boy."

When they had placed Hal on the table, Dr. Eliot chose a small, sharp scalpel, while the nurse made ready for the incision. Alarmed at the hemorrhage, he asked, as he adjusted forceps and retractors:

"How is the pulse?"

"Very weak," replied Mr. Denton.

"Will you give him a hypodermic of nitro-glycerine, 1-100 grain in the arm? You'll find some tablets in that little case.

"Yes, that's right," he added, as he watched the operation. "Now inject a quart of normal salt solution into the tissue under the breasts."

"Is that better?" he asked afterward.

"A little."

Meanwhile the doctor, to his great relief, had found that he had been just in time to ward off perforation, and had removed the offending member.

"I am ready for the carbolic and alcohol," he said.

After searing the stump and closing the wound, the dressing and bandages were applied, and the boy was returned to his bed.

The entire operation had lasted but

half an hour, and his assistants had felt the inspiration of Dr. Eliot's alert, quick-fingered skill. The boy's return to consciousness came quietly. There was pathos in his solemn eyes as he dumbly watched and wondered. The pulse sank lower and lower and resort was had to hypodermics and intravenous transfusion. After an hour or so, as strength began to return, he threw his arms about and begged piteously for water. It required all Dr. Eliot's skill to quiet him. Mr. Denton had left the room. When he returned, he asked:

"Can you speak with my uncle in the hall for a moment?"

"Yes, I think so, if you will moisten his lips with ice. I'm sorry, my boy, but we can't give you water yet if we are going to cure you. You shall have it the first moment it will be safe. Lie just that way without turning and see if you can't go to sleep. Be brave, Hal, that's a man!"

Outside of the door Dr. Duffield grasped

his hand.

"What are his chances?" he asked, his voice betraying deep emotion.

"Better now, I think. We were none too soon, but I hope to pull him through, please God."

"If any one can, you will. I can't find words to tell what we owe you for your marvelous dispatch and skill to-night, but I can promise you the practice of this school. I shall never cease to be thankful that Dr. Ross mentioned you to me casually, Dr. Holme. He himself could not have met the emergency more efficiently."

It was characteristic of Dr. Eliot that where another man would pass through graduated processes of thought before seeing the outcome, in the first step toward a misfortune he always read clearly the total evolution and consequences. For him the end of enlightenment came simultaneously with the beginning. Before realizing or seeking to realize how the mistake had been made or where the blame lay, he knew instantly that he had stolen

the one great opportunity from his friend, whose unselfish devotion called for all his loyalty, and had gained moreover a personal advantage from which it would be almost impossible to retreat. In the same flash he saw clearly the two courses of conduct open to him, and their difficulties. But clearer than all else was the face of the sweet woman who had given her life into his keeping. Even while his mind flashed forward to the results of the lamentable mistake he had made, with no appreciable pause after Dr. Duffield's words of praise, he heard himself say in curiously dull and constrained tones:

"Is it possible you think I am Dr. Holme? There is some strange mistake. My name is Eliot, but your nephew telephoned to me. Dr. Holme is my friend."

"You are not Dr. Holme!" exclaimed Dr. Duffield in bewilderment. "That's strange. John must have blundered, for I certainly told him Dr. Holme, whom Dr. Ross had mentioned to me. Let's have him out and get to the bottom of this. Can he come?"

Dr. Eliot was pale and his lips were tightly compressed when he stepped back from the bedroom with Mr. Denton.

"John, who is this physician?" asked Dr. Duffield.

"Dr. Holme," answered Mr. Denton, smiling. "You told me to telephone for him, didn't you?"

"Where did you send your message?" broke in Dr. Eliot.

"I looked you up in the directory, but at your number a woman's voice gave me another—"

"106 Seventh?" asked Dr. Eliot.

"Yes."

"Dr. Holme was dining with me."

"You are not Dr. Holme!" exclaimed Mr. Denton in his turn.

"I certainly am not. Do you remember what you said first?"

"Let me see,—yes, I said, 'Is this Dr. Holme?'"

"And I heard, 'Is the doctor home?'" said Dr. Eliot grimly.

In spite of the strain through which the men had passed that night,—perhaps because of it,—they broke into spontaneous laughter at the trick played them by a capricious fate. Then Dr. Duffield waved the matter aside as of no consequence, saying heartily:

"It was a case of intervention of Providence. You are just the man we want. Dr. Holme would have to be an Æsculapius to suit us half so well. Dr. Eliot, I am delighted that my nephew has the good sense not to be explicit when he telephones. All's well that ends well, and Dr. Holme need not know he has missed what otherwise might have fallen into his less worthy hands."

"Thank you. This is very good of you." Dr. Eliot, in spite of his effort at self-control, was deeply moved. Such words as these made a world of happiness possible for him and Esther. "But there's Holme, you see. He is quite as efficient as I, perhaps more efficient. He is my friend. I can't let it stand."

"But, man, you have no choice. You won't refuse to come when we send, will you? You've got to see this boy through now. We can't have him change hands. Besides we've got to have you. You're one in a thousand."

At this moment Miss Freeman stepped into the hall, and Dr. Eliot saw he was needed. It was a welcome interruption, for he could thus gain a respite from an immediate solution of this strange dilemma. For a time there was no opportunity to wrestle with mental problems. Every effort was needed for the fierce struggle to hold the boy back from passing out through death's door. At about four o'clock in the morning the victory seemed assured. Hal had fallen into a troubled sleep, and Dr. Eliot signed to the others to leave him alone. Mr. Denton threw himself on a divan, and the nurses withdrew to an adjoining room.

Outwardly calm and contained as he watched by his patient's bedside, Robert Eliot tried to master the situation in

which he found himself. He felt as if he had reached a deadlock; his mind was dull and inert from the blow which he had received. As the elation in feeling himself the man selected and sufficient to meet a crisis had been succeeded by the keen zest of the skilled surgeon in his chosen work, Eliot, with his capacity for swift thought, had risen to heights and certainty hitherto unattained in his struggling career. Now that this crucial opportunity was endangered, and honor whispered to him that he must deliberately choose to go back to the uncertainty, to the dread of impending failure, which involved the shattering of Esther's trust, black despair entered his soul. Life owed him the right to embrace this great good. He had earned it by years of hard work, of just dealing, of courage, when the very powers of the earth seemed antagonistic to his success. No man could keep up that sort of thing forever, even with Esther as inspiration. It seemed to him that he had reached the fag-end of his nerve. Why should he not accept his due? Coming in his disheartenment, it would give back his confidence that somehow the world must be good after all: it would infuse new mettle for the struggle, hard at best; above all, it would restore his belief in himself. God! but he had earned it! Why must he consider Holme? He, not Holme, had saved this life; they wanted him, not Holme, for this great opening. Why was he so quixotic that he should hesitate? After a little he could make it up to Holme. He smiled cynically as he recalled his friend's own words: "The crumbs which fall from your banquet." Holme need never know that the banquet was his own, and only the crumbs belonged to the man who had stolen Holme's first case and kept the plunder. Stolen,-no, that was too harsh. It had not been deliberate so far, -only a mistake. The theft would lie in the aftersilence, and in appropriating the spoils. God! but he would do it and dare the world and the devil! What was any other man to him that he should hesitate? Holme was younger; he had no wife. What did he know of struggle? What kindness would there be in sending him on to easy victory before he had even won his spurs? No, by right the success belonged to the jaded, battle-worn man; the struggle to the young undaunted soul whose life-work lay before him. Why should he make this free gift to the other man when he was the choice of those who had seen his work? He could not think of himself alone. There was always Esther. He was bound to make up to her for all she had lost. What was it she had said?

"I am so sure, so sure!"

"Ah!" he gasped, and sat straight and rigid, gripping the sides of his chair. Mr. Denton sprang up and was at his side in a moment.

"What is it? Is there any change?"

"No, no!" Dr. Eliot answered. "It was a sudden thought I had. I'm sorry I startled you."

"Do let me take your place, Doctor,

while you try to rest a bit."

"No, thank you. I feel better here. Go back to your forty winks." He felt the boy's pulse. "It's much stronger. He's doing famously."

When Mr. Denton returned to the

divan, Eliot sank back in his chair.

Why, by all the powers that be, had he been floundering so in his thoughts? It must have been the uncanny hour and the reaction from the strain of the night. Esther had been "so sure." Sure of what, in heaven's name? That her husband was a scoundrel who would mulct his best friend of his golden opportunity, and retreat whining behind the fact that he had been whipped once too often in the race not to sneak into a vantage-ground offered through a mistake, but after all not his own? No, that was not how Esther was sure of him, thank God! It was not to such a cur that Holme had given his entire confidence. Was his sword-hand to fail at the outset of his career? Had he

worked and wrested his manhood out of hard conditions only to be vanquished at last? Had he kept before him an ideal, only to trample it under foot? Had he tried to right the wrong, only in the end to wrong the right? What higher than truth could a man gain or keep? How, unless he held hard by truth could he live out the duty of his life so as to be worthy of the tender glamour which covered all his short-comings for the woman who walked by his side? If he should choose otherwise, little by little their lives would become separate silences, for her white soul could never follow him down into the dark land of untruth. Please God, he would not go there to walk alone, no matter how hard the conditions he must meet; no matter if in the eyes of the world his life should prove a failure, and he must live it out with all that he might have been, dead within him. Esther would still understand.

Several hours later he sought Dr. Duffield in the office. As he started to speak

the older man interrupted:

"Wait, Dr. Eliot. Hear me first, I beg. I know from John how everything has gone, and I am delighted. No words could express what Mrs. Duffield and I feel about the way in which you have saved the boy's life, or the joy his parents will feel and their gratitude to you. But I have been very uneasy since I spoke with you last night. You gave me a bad fright. You must not refuse through professional scruples to see Hal out of the woods, and you must not refuse to give us your care in the future. I know something of men. You are the one above all others I should have chosen for this work had I known of you. Not every one can deal with boys as my instinct teaches me you are capable of doing. What is a mere professional courtesy in comparison with the noble work waiting your hand and brain? Dr. Ross's mantle could fall on no shoulders more worthy. I ask you in the name of your devotion to medical science not to refuse

me your healing power. Need I say more?"

Dr. Eliot's face was pale and resolute; his head thrown back.

"Dr. Duffield," he said, "it seems the devil is more sure of me than I thought. After giving me perhaps the keenest battle I have ever known during the night, he returns in broad daylight to tempt me through your most reasonable appeal. Believe me, I appreciate, more than I can say, your kindness. Nothing but the winning of my wife has ever given me deeper pleasure. But won't you understand that I can not do what you ask? Perhaps success came easily to you,-to me it has never come. We are almost at our last resource, my wife and I, and it has been a weary watching for that first case which was to be the turn in our long lane. You see how it has come. Perhaps you will believe me now when I assure you I have no choice but to decline all that you offer, and give my friend what belonged first to him. His need, too, is great; who can say that it is not in excess of mine? But at any rate you will see that nothing but stern necessity could compel a man to walk back deliberately out of the land of promise,-mere 'professional scruple' is not so strong. Even if you call me quixotic, you know a man must be true to the promptings of his soul. My relationship with Dr. Holme is such that I can not do as you ask and retain my honor. I am sure you understand now, and will not urge me further."

Dr. Duffield looked at the young man thoughtfully for a moment before answering. Then he extended his hand.

"Perhaps the greatest debt I shall have to owe you will be the knowledge that chivalry is not dead. All you have said only convinces me the more that you are the man created for the occasion. But I can not urge you further since you have given me your confidence."

"You do not yet know Dr. Holme. He will very shortly banish all regret," an-

swered Eliot, flashing one of his rare smiles.

"And I have every hope he may succeed where I have failed in convincing you that responsibility assumed through mistake is none the less responsibility," smiled Dr. Duffield in return.

"Ah, but I shall take good care to state the case to my friend in the best light for his own interests, and I bespeak for him only the open-heartedness which you know so well how to accord to strange physi-

cians,-even interlopers."

"You could never be anything but a welcome guest in this home, Doctor," answered Dr. Duffield, warmly grasping Eliot's hand as they both arose. "Is the sleigh outside?"

"I think so. Yes, surely."

"You will at least return with Dr. Holme?"

"I will see. Thank you heartily for your goodness. I have left full directions with the nurse. Good-by."

"Only good morning, I hope," answered Dr. Duffield with another confident

smile.

Eliot ran down the steps and sprang into the sleigh, saying to the driver:

"Take me first to Dr. Holme's office, 96 West Fifth Street."

Then he settled back among the robes, and all other considerations sank into nothingness as he thought of Esther. It seemed as if her disappointment would be the one drop which would cause his bitter cup to overflow. He drearily wrestled with a lump rising in his throat.

"Yes! Oh, yes!" he muttered; "she's got to endure me for some years yet. I think I can bear her pity, but I know I couldn't

bear her scorn."

## ON LITTLE TRAVERSE BAY

By Brand Whitlock

THE sparkle of the North was in the air And never lake so blue, or sky so fair As when I saw the little yachts at play Upon the dancing waters of the bay.

They raced away, and from the farther shore Whose hills rise green above Petoskey, bore Beyond the Point; then paused, afraid to brave The menace of the great lake's larger wave.

They turned, their white sails leaning in the sun, And homeward fled, and when the day was done They fired their little guns, and lay at rest, Safe on the inner harbor's peaceful breast.

With evening rose the storm's portentous dirge Above the dark and melancholy surge; The harbor's warning light burned round and red Against the black night's thickly gathering dread.

And then a schooner, old, and scarred, and slow, Its heavy hull with lumber laden low, Went out into the lake, its sails unfurled, To do the honest labor of the world.

## AS YOU FIND IT

### A MONOLOGUE IN ONE ACT

### By Richard Mansfield

#### CHARACTERS:

Sir Algernon Alwyn of Alwyn on Alwyn, Bart.; a man with a Manor and a Park.

HENRY ALWYN, his brother.

LADY DOROTHY NEWMAN (commonly called Lady Banjo).

LUCY NEWMAN, her sister.

THE REV. DR. PARSIFAL PENRYCK (commonly called "Pen and Ink").

MAJOR THE HON. MARENGO MARJORIBANKS (commonly called "Stubbles"), uncle to Sir Algernon. LADY MARJORY MARJORIBANES, aunt to Sir Algernon.

ROBERT DOOLITTLE MARJORIBANKS, son of Major and Lady Marjoribanks.

GUILLAUME PERSEVERANCE POYNTER (commonly called "Pressed Beef").

MESSRS. FUDGE AND McPhenson, family lawyers. HARRIET McPhenson, wife of the junior partner. Frazer, a butler.

Messengers, servants, etc.

The period is 1886. The place is a country house near Oxford in England.

Scene—The library at Alwyn Hall.

LGERNON (outside): On no account, Fraser, let me be disturbed -(entering-stands by table)-I must realize my position,-letters-accounts!-Since father died, I have been in a dream, a bad dream-everything has gone to the dogs-bills unpaid-steward postponed-even Harry-my little brother Harry-at Oxford-neglected.-That reminds me-two letters from him here in the last postbag.—What is it that makes a man hate to open letters? Is it cowardice? or is it laziness? or is it a torpid liver?-No,-a chap who takes as much active exercise as I do, can't have a liver. Laziness? Remarkable what a lot of physical labor I can accomplish with joy, but when it comes to using the brain! That's it. Brain work decidedly distasteful,-why? I have a brain-a kind of brain,—what kind of a brain? (Going to door) Fraser, don't let me be disturbed-I'm out to everybody.—No! don't come to me until it's time to change my coat. How many to dinner? Oh, yes-let me see?-(To himself) First dinner since poor Dad died. (Aloud) Yes—There's Lady Banjo-confound it-I mean Lady New-

man-that comes of calling people by their nicknames. Serves her right for driving everybody to distraction with that banjo of hers.-Always brings it with her-last time she came, she blacked up.-Eh? Oh, yes-How many? Lady Ban--confound it-Lady Newman-old Pen and Ink-there I'm at it again-our worthy pastor, Dr. Penryck,-Stubbles -bah-Major the Hon. Marengo Marjoribanks-my gallant Uncle,-Cousin Bobbie-good chap, Bobbie,—Robert Doolittle Marjoribanks, best fellow in the world,-Yes, yes, Fraser, in a minute!-I'm in a contemplative, analytical mood this day,—where was I? Oh, Bobbie Marjoribanks,—everybody loves chap, lucky dog-wish I were as popular -might be, I suppose, -popularity can be achieved!-You can have anything in this world if you'll pay the price for it, but I hate grinning and I hate-well, I was going to say I hate telling lies-some kind of lies-but why?-pure selfishness, -why not? If it makes people comfortable?-Now there's Bobbie, he'll actually pretend he dotes on the banjo,-All right, Fraser, Bobbie-that's four-Auntie Munch-five-Lucy and her motherseven-Pressed Beef,-I mean Poynter, eight, and I'm nine-Yes, nine, Frasernine-(shuts the door, sings:)

O nein, O nein, O nein, O nein! Das Vaterland muss groesser sein! I don't know-It's quite large enough

for me.

(Going to window) "All mine as far as eye can see! All this is mine! He said to Egypt's king,"-Tush, I'm quoting, -Polycrates, bad luck! Poor Dad died and I in my turn became Sir Algernon Marjoribanks Alwyn, seventh baronet, of Alwyn on Alwyn-with an income derived from railroad stocks-principally American-according to Fudge and McPherson, our family lawyers, of nearly ten thousand pounds a year.—Fudge says, to be exact, nine thousand eight hundred and sixty-eight pounds, nine shillings and six pence, after deducting commissions-who draws the commissions? Fudge, I suppose, and McPherson?-Let me see. I must remember precisely what Fudge explained the morning after reading the will,-detestable ceremony-reading the will!-this very room-Aunt Munch there (points to a chair), with her pocket handkerchief, black silk gown and stuffy crape,-and a sniff!-Uncle Stubblesplethoric - scarlet - mustache rampant (same -warlike-there business) wheezing-asthmatic cough-danger of apoplexy any moment.—Bobbie—capital chap Bobbie !- Gay-debonnaire-smiling-making everybody feel as if it was a jolly party and Fudge were about to open a prize package with a present for each of us in it,-Old Pen and Ink there (same business) absolutely non-committal -no interest in the world-eyes nearly closed—evidently lost in prayer,—Lucy's mother-just a wee bit too alert,-but, then, she can be anything she pleases as long as she happens to be Lucy's mother —I wonder how she happened?—marriage de convenance, I suppose?-never knew Lucy's father,-he must have been a brick,—and last but not least—Lucydear old girl-there; how pretty she looked in her black gown—her face rather pale—her hair with that furtive glimmer of gold. All the time that Fudge was droning out the will, I was looking at Lucy and I forgot to listen to Fudge. Result, utter ignorance as to the terms of poor Dad's disposition of the property. However, Fudge was the embodiment of patience. After I had put Lucy in the carriage and said good-by half a dozen times,-Fudge beguiled me in here and

explained.

Let me see, what did he explain? In the first place he demonstrated, quite unnecessarily, that I was sole heir to the title and the estate. Estate consists of fifteen hundred acres of park land. Dad had a row with his tenants some years ago and evicted the lot—turned every inch of ground into park and garden and paddock-ornamental lakes, and so on. Result very charming, but without pecuniary advantages. Moreover, Alwyn Hall and Park, etc., etc., entailed and can't be sold or rented, and, according to terms of Dad's will, there are to be no farms and no tenants. The chap that happens to be baronet must live on his income of ten thousand pounds derived from railroad stock, bonds, etc.-he must keep up the hounds, the chapel, the conservatories, the nursery, etc., etc. So if it were not for the railroads Sir Algernon Alwyn, Bart., would be Sir Algernon Alwyn, Beggar. However, the bonds are there, safe enough in a tin box, at the law office of Messrs. Fudge and McPherson. Let us hope sincerely that nothing will happen to the American railroads—and since I am communing,—since I have determined to take stock,—I believe that's what these merchant chaps do annually or semi-annually, -let me have a clear understanding, not only of the state of my exchequer, but the state of what I am pleased to call my mind, in short, cross-examine myself. Ah —the mirror. I will draw up a chair, so -(places a chair before the mirror) and sits down—(does so). No, I'll stand up

and sit down after I have introduced my-

Sir, or rather the late Mr. Algernon Alwyn of Magdalen College, Oxford (he bows), this is Sir Algernon Alwyn, of Alwyn Hall, Oxford, who wishes to ask you a few questions.

Permission granted and you may sit down.

Thank you.

Now, Mr. Alwyn-I believe not very long ago you were rather a bit of a scamp or a bit of a fool or both?

No, I wasn't a scamp, but certainly a

good deal of a fool.

Good, I'm glad to perceive that you are going to be quite frank. Is it not a fact that you are in love?

I believe it to be so.

Do you mean to say that you are not sure?

I am certain, yes,—as sure of it as one can be of anything.

Do you mean to say that there is a doubt?

No-but-

But, you thought upon a previous occasion that you were in love?

Ah, that was so different.

Explain! In what manner was it differ-

At present I am possessed of a worthy love, the former object of my-of my, of my-

Well, sir, why do you hesitate?

The fact is I do not like to call my previous sentiment by the name of love, it seems to me a pollution of the pure and crystalline flood of \* \* \*

That'll do. May I inquire who the lady was upon whom you bestowed your somewhat verdant regard?

She was a damozel who presided over

the bottles at the Criterion.

You mean to say that she was a barmaid?

Yes, sir.

And pray, how did you come to encounter this Hebe?

Oh—a lot of us were in London for the day. Who goes to London goes to the Criterion. Who goes to the Criterion sees Hebe-that's it-several Hebes. This particular Hebe was adored by all the fellows. I set myself the task of cutting them out. The young lady was beautiful. When I first saw her she dawned upon my enchanted vision like a goddess. She was pink and white and golden and plump and lovely! I spent the greater part of that day drinking brandies and sodas and sherry and eating stale cake and sandwiches that were curled up at the corners.

Patty, that was her name. Some of the fellows, I found out afterward, called her "Patty de foie gras"; permitted me to walk home with her sometimes in the evening. She completely enslaved my youthful affections. I promised to marry her. I told Dad about it. Not all, no, I assured him I was in love with the fairest woman in London. I refused to divulge her name. He should behold her first. I felt sure that her beauty would conquer him. I escorted Dad to the Criterion. I said quite simply, in a Napoleonic sort of a way: "There she stands!" I thought it would be like showing the pyramids to the soldiers.

Not a bit. Dad smashed every glass and decanter on the bar and there was a heavy bill for damages. Dad assured Patty in the most ungentlemanly language that the match was broken off as well as the bottles. Patty was about to commence suit for breach of promise when she changed her mind and married a gentleman in a very short red coat and very long black trousers with a stripe. I met her the other day up Finchley way wheeling a perambulator. The gent in the red coat and the black trousers was walking on ahead twirling a small cane and looking about with "I don't belong to the party behind me" sort of an air.

I think, Sir Algernon, you are to be heartily congratulated upon a very narrow escape.

Thank you-I think so, too.

And now, sir—you are really seriously in love? A real love?

I adore her. She is before me always—I dream of her—my first thought in the morning is of her—I must be near her always.—When I am away from her I have an uneasy feeling that I have lost something, until I find her.—My heart gallops when I see her—when I leave her, it crawls.—I am an idiot and a madman—when—when (takes her picture—and kisses it)—when I look at her picture—even her writing—I can't stay away from her another minute!—I'll go to her now—no, I mustn't make a fool of myself—she's coming to dinner—

There are Harry's letters—drat the boy—he never writes unless he wants something (sitting down and taking up letters).—Immediate! urgent!—very urgent! deliver immediately!—forward at once!—well, he's certainly in a hurry—I'd better open the last one—no use reading the lot.—The devil!—what's this?

"Algie—This is simply to say that if the money is not here by nine o'clock on Tuesday, I shall blow out my worthless

brains-"

Tuesday — why to-day's Tuesday! — and it's five o'clock!—let's see the first let-

ter (opens and reads):

"Played with Lord Rook, Sir Winslow Sharper—oh, of course—got up—five hundred and sixty pounds in debt to Rook and Sharper,—honor!—family honor!—will repay all from small income,—you must send at once, etc."

Of course—of course, and I'll send for Master Harry to keep him out of the clutches of my Lord Rook in future,—college life!—nice place for innocent boys—brandies and sodas—cigars—cards—phew!—Well, here goes—telegraph

"Will honor your draft Fudge and McPherson—six hundred pounds.

ALGERNON ALWYN."

Fraser—Fraser—(rings bell) tell Foster to gallop like the dickens to the village and send this telegram—tell him to tell that blear-eyed operator to stir his thumbs—that telegram's got to be delivered within the hour—hurry now!—(goes outside).

What? Oh, a note? Just come? All right. Be off with the telegram. Oh—Fudge and McPherson? Business, I suppose? A woman's hand? Fudge and McPherson always typewrite. (Opens let-

ter.) What's this?

"My Dear Sir Algernon-I am addressing myself to you in the hope that dreadful as this communication must necessarily be,-and-believe me, no less dreadful for you to receive than for me to write,—it will come less harshly from one whom you have known so long and who was once your dear mother's devoted companion and friend.-My poor husband is so stricken by the blow which has suddenly blasted our happiness, that he has fallen into a stupor from which, I fear, nothing but a miracle can rouse him. Dear Sir Algernon, I will not keep you in suspense but tell you briefly—and perhaps you will say brutally, that our senior partner, Mr. Fudge, to whom my husband looked up with such childlike confidence and pride, left suddenly last week for Australia,-yesterday my husband found it necessary to go to your box for some papers, the interest being due on several of your investments, when he discovered that the box was empty!every security of yours which had been in the hands of Fudge and McPherson had disappeared! Hoping against hope my husband searched everywhere but no trace of your papers could be found,—he came home in the evening-pale, distraught, confessed his trouble to me and then sank into the stupor from which nothing can rouse him. My heart is bleeding for my husband,—my heart is bleeding for you; -I am hoping, hoping

still that there may be some mistake. But Mr. Fudge's sudden departure,—the disappearance of all your securities, so easily converted into cash, and the fact that Mr. Fudge drew nearly every penny standing to our credit in the bank, can, I fear, point at but one conclusion:—Mr. Fudge, whom we so honored and revered in this community, is a thief!—With tears of sorrow and shame, I am your most distressed servant,

HARRIET McPHERSON."

(Rises.) Ruined! gone! everything gone!-not a penny left!-cleaned out! Impossible!—I can't realize it! How do I feel?—a beggar! A few moments ago I was rich-or thought I was-now I'm a beggar—with a mansion and a park a beggar with a mansion and a park—a beggar with a mansion and a park-Confound it, stop saying that.—Let's think -think-oh, yes, think?-Heavens!-Harry's letter!-my telegram!-I've authorized him to draw on me for six hundred pounds and I haven't a copper coin! -Yes, I have—(feels in his pocket) five sov'—six shillings and a half-penny! -six hundred pounds!-and he's got to have it !- got to have it !- can't let him blow out his brains,—even if they're no good-Pawn something, there's the family silver!—I wonder if, under the will, I could pawn that?—Fraser!—Fraser!— (goes to the door)—how many silver spoons have we?—tie up all the family silver in a sheet and take it to,—no, the deuce, I've got a dinner party!-dinner party?—but I must have that six hundred.-What an ass I am!-I'll ask Uncle Marjoribanks to let me have a thou' -he'll do it in a minute—that is: It'll take Tom five minutes to run over and five minutes for Nunkey to sign the cheque, and five minutes for Tom to get back,unless he meets Matilda Ann by the way -Here goes:-(writes):

"Dear Old Nunkey—Can you let me have a cheque for a thou' by bearer—

Looking forward to seeing you all at dinner this evening!

"Your affectionate nephew,
ALGIE."

There. Fraser!—Tell Tom to run across to Uncle Marjoribanks with this note and hurry back!—If he stops to talk to Matilda Ann, I'll take his scalp.

There, that's settled—that'll be six hundred for Harry and four for me and it'll give me time to turn round. Wonderful thing, youth and health !- I don't feel a bit hipped—not a bit like a pauper! - a pauper?-Great heavens.-But Lucy !-Lucy ?-Lucy won't want to be a pauper with a mansion and a park,—I won't tell her,-I'll keep it a secret and write books or plays,—they tell me plays are the most profitable things in the world,—you write a play in a few hours and it brings in a tremendously big income—I'll choose a nom-de-plume—one with a jolly good alliteration—Severance Seers-or something like that-and Lucy'll never know—what a lark it'll be -take her to the theater and see her laughing like mad at my jokes-mine!or the tears trickling down her pretty cheeks at my pathos. Still, I think I ought to let her know that I'm poor? Perhaps it would be behaving like a cad to snatch her from the lap of luxury to share the vicissitudes, no matter how brilliant, of a dramatic author.—I'll write to her just for the sake of getting her answer. I know what it will be:-Nothing will change me-Rich or poor, I am yours, Lucy.—Dear old girl (writes):

"My darling Lucy—I have just had an awful shock—Mrs. McPherson writes to say that old Fudge has left for Australia and taken my little 'all' with him,—I love you and shall never love any one but you in all my life, but of course you won't want to marry a beggar (even with a mansion and a park), and so, dear, you are free, unless it is your choice to wait until I shall have recovered by hard work

my lost fortune. As for me, I am yours until death, only I thought it right to let you know, and even if you give me up, I am, your devoted slave. ALGERNON."

But she won't give me up,-I know she won't-my little Lucy-(folds letter and addresses envelope, rising) Fraser-(rings bell)—Fraser—(goes to door)— He'll notice my agitation-(opens door cautiously and stands behind it and holds his hand with letter so that his face can not be seen-speaks through the crack of the door)-Fraser, send this note at once to Miss Lucy,—at once!—do you hear? and ask if there is any answer-be sure to ask if there is an answer!-tell the man to give it to Miss Lucy herself-do you understand?-all right-oh, a telegram-very well,-now hurry-(comes down, opens telegram):

"Have you sent the money? Harry."

Have I sent the money?—Good gracious—He'll get my telegram and he'll draw on Fudge and McPherson—why doesn't Uncle Stubbles send the cheque?—a knock at the door—(goes to door)—Ah, here it is!—(comes down with letter), all right, Harry, my boy—I'll indorse the cheque and rush it over to Fudge and McPherson and we'll be all hunky-dory—(he has opened the letter—looks inside the envelope—unfolds it)—What—what's this? no cheque—a letter from Auntie and a long letter from Uncle.

"Algernon—I am, I may say, fatally wounded—(Good heavens—has he shot himself?)—treacherously shot, mortally injured by a member of my family.—The gun that fired the shot is no other than the letter I have just received from you,—no Martini-Henry could have done its work better. This morning while on a reconnoitering expedition in the village I ran across Mrs. McPherson. As she was flying signals of distress, I halted on my march to question her and I drew from her the information that her husband's partner, Fudge, had absconded with your

funds.—The blow was so severe that I was obliged to abandon my position and retire upon the nearest Public House, which happened to be the Alwyn Arms. Here I fortified and entrenched myself and it was not until the afternoon that I felt sufficiently strengthened to continue the advance on Marengo House. You can imagine my horror on opening your despatch to discover the treachery of one, upon whose loyalty I would have staked the campaign. Had it not been for the reconnoisance this morning I should have been under the impression, that, still amply endowed with the fortune your father bequeathed to you, and which you have so recklessly squandered,-(squandered?recklessly!)—you required a momentary loan of a thousand pounds and with the motto of my house "noblesse oblige" ever before my eyes, I should have instantly complied-I, an old soldier, would have marched unsuspectingly into the ambush your cunning had prepared for my destruction!—Heaven is aware that I am ready to fall for my king, my country and a friend, but I have no right to sacrifice my troops, my wife, my son and all those who are dependent upon me,-for a spy who steals treacherously into my tent and bayonets me in my sleep! Had you freely confessed your condition and requested the humble loan of a few pounds, I should perhaps, with the impulsive generosity, that has unfortunately always been a characteristic habit of the Marjoribanks, have advanced all the loose change I might have had about my person at the time!—But, now, sir, it becomes a business necessity, as well as a moral duty, to deny your request, and to deny it with the emphatic expression of my stern disapproval of the course you have thought fit to pursue! Were you other than a relative I should not hesitate, out of regard for the welfare of the community, to hand you over to the tender mercies of the law you have so wantonly outraged-to obtain money under false pretenses is an offense punishable by law,

and of that offense, I blush, sir, to say, you, a nephew of mine, have been guilty! I enclose a few lines from your heart-broken aunt.

MARENGO MARJORIBANES,
Late Major Her Majesty's Dragoon
Guards."

"N. B.—I need not say that it will be out of the question for me or any member of my family to accept your invitation to dinner this evening."

The old—the old—no, I won't—I won't abuse him behind his back, but when I see him I'll let him know!--obtain money under false pretenses!—the law! -the old-the old-humbug-well, it's no use swearing-Harry has got to have the money-thank goodness if Uncle Stubbles is a—is a—well, what he is,—I have a few real friends-old "Pen and Ink" won't refuse me and he has loads of ducats,-bachelor-no family ties-has told me over and over again "Algie-my dear boy-if you ever need a friend, come to me! When I die, my dear boy, you will know who has loved you!"-Yes, he's said it every time he has been here when I've decanted a bottle of that '74 port. If he means to make me his heir-he may as well let me have a little money now-He's not using it-So here goes:-(Sits down - gets up again) I'm worrying about Lucy,-I must help Harry-But just for half an hour with Lucy!-Only to know it is all right !-- (Sits down again -takes up photograph)-Lucy, my girl, say that you love me and I won't mind anything. (Sighs), (writes):

"My Dear Doctor, and My Dear Old Friend—A calamity has overtaken me,—to be brief,—Fudge has disappeared with all my money—I am, of course, temporarily embarrassed. Remembering your many expressions of good will and your oft repeated request that I should apply to you when in trouble, I do not hesitate now to ask you to aid me by giving bearer your cheque for a thousand pounds, for

which I enclose my I. O. U.—I hope that in spite of my misfortune you will not fail to come to dinner this evening and we'll uncork a bottle of '74 to drown our sorrow.

Always your affectionate friend, ALGERNON ALWYN."

(Encloses letter—addresses envelope—rises—rings bell—goes to door), Fraser, as soon as Tom returns send him to the Vicarage with this note and tell him to wait for an answer. If the Doctor is out tell him to wait. Oh, Fraser, we'll only be six to dinner. (Goes back to seat at desk)—only six to dinner—(lights his pipe)—Ah, let's see what Auntie Munch has to say (opens letter, reads):

"My Dear Algernon-Your Uncle has just, with the greatest delicacy and with all possible consideration for my feeble condition, broken to me the fearful crash that has enveloped our house in its awful pall!—To think that only a few moments ago I was a happy woman watering my beloved roses in a sunlit garden, when out of a clear sky the bolt fell and ravaged in an instant, like a pack of cards, the beautiful placid sea on which we were sailing so peacefully. To think, Algernon, that you, in whom I have always had such mistaken faith, should have been the serpent to gnaw away with one blow the foundations of our confidence in humanity!—Your poor Uncle says that by your act you have placed yourself within the power of the police and without the pale of society. You will know, of course, why it would have been impossible for us to comply with your attempt to rob us, by yielding up a thousand pounds: We have your Cousin Robert to consider! and it is, as you are aware, compounding a felony to rob Peter to pay Paul! I am with every expression of sorrow and horror, your completely collapsed aunt,

MARJORY MARJORIBANES."

"P. S.—And oh, Algernon, I was looking forward with so much pleasure to our

first dinner this evening, that is another sad blow!—P. S. P. S.—you will have to discharge that expensive cook!"

This is getting worse and worse!—Why—oh why doesn't Tom come back with a word from Lucy—then I wouldn't mind that abusive nonsense!—Six to dinner—three friends gone—No, that's not fair to Bobbie—he's got to do as Nunkey says—Bobbie is a thorough good fellow—just the chap to go to when you are down in your luck—By Jove—I'll write to him—Pen and Ink may be out and it's just as well to have two strings to your bow—(writes):

"Dear Old Bobbie—I suppose you've heard by now of my smash?—all gone—nothing left but the house and the park.—Have you any dollars to spare? If so, bring them around at dinner time, if you can get out without a row—We'll have one more good dinner and laugh and chaff and drink brown sherry!—never mind about the dollars if you're hard up, but come! From your old fag,

ALGIE."

Gad, I fagged for Bobbie, I did—he wasn't very gentle, either, but he's a good sort all the same. Here, Fraser, send somebody with this note to Master Robert—By Jove—Fraser must think I've turned myself into a post-office—what's that?—(at door)—oh, a letter? yes, oh—from Miss Lucy—hurry up—(takes letter—shuts door quickly)—No, it isn't—it's from Lady Newman—Lucy must have been out—I hope she didn't—she didn't read my letter—she's so different to Lucy—(tears letter open):

"My Dear-Sir Algernon"—Oh—formal—I think I'll sit down (sits)—"My Dear Sir Algernon—Lucy being particularly engaged,—Mr. Robert Marjoribanks is visiting us this afternoon,"—damn Robert Marjoribanks—"I am taking it upon myself to answer your letter. As soon as the

dear child read what you had to say she was greatly distressed, and came to confide in me. My Dear Sir Algernon, I am forced to admire your honesty in at once apprising my poor girl of your changed position and the correct and sensible view you take of the situation. To marry upon nothing a year would be absurd and it would take you years to retrieve your fortune. My daughter quite agrees with me in believing that when poverty walks in at the door love flies out at the window. You must not imagine from this that Lucy is not deeply moved and DREAD-FULLY upset. She extends to you all her heartfelt sympathy! She would write to you herself but she is on the very verge of a break-down and the necessity to entertain her guests forces her to present a brave front to the world!—and since the engagement has to be broken off it is better to do it now and at once, rather than to prolong the suffering by senseless shilly-shallying. Judging by your own most sensible letter, I have every reason to believe that you will coincide with me in this. With sincere regard from us both and every expression of good will and sympathy, believe me to be, dear Sir Algernon, Yours faithfully,

"P. S.—I think it would be better for us not to come to your dinner this evening, so will you please accept our thanks and regrets?

"P. S.—I suppose you will now go into the army or the church? What a pity that there is no living attached to Alwyn. Will you rent Alwyn? If so, I think I know of some one who would be glad to take it."

I don't believe it—I can't believe it—Lucy—to throw me over like that! Lucy a heartless woman of the world? Lucy to love,—to pretend to love me for my income! No, I'll not believe it! If my faith in her is lost there is indeed nothing left. I know I'm only an ordinary, commonplace, everyday bit of humanity and there

are shekels of the same kind sprinkled all over the English Dominions. But she!—she elected to love me and I won't resign her, no, not for all the Lady Newmans in Europe! I'll see her!—I'll have it from her own lips—where's my coat? Fraser! (Knock at door) Letters, eh? Bring me my coat, Fraser—not my dinner jacket,—my dress coat—and Fraser, we'll be four to dinner—(comes down with letter) Oh, from Bobbie—(opens letter):

"Awfully sorry, old chappie, it's a damned shame! Wish I could help you! Was just coming over to ask you for a pony. I'm stony broke. Can't come to dinner—Wish I could!—Governor to stormy! Swore like a trooper!—Says he disowns you. The Newmans have corralled me for dinner. If you want to get rid of your nags I think I can make a trade. Keep your hair on—you're not the first codger that has come to grief. Speculation's the devil, but I never thought you were a plunger?— Here's how!

Вовые."

Speculation! Plunger! Very soon they'll accuse me of robbing a bank! And shortly they'll have me arrested for murder! What was that game we used to play? You place a lot of people in a line and you say something innocent to the party at one end, and by the time it's been passed to the other end it isn't fit for publication. So that's what they've told Lucy. Plunger! No wonder she doesn't want to marry an idiot. (Sits down.) There doesn't seem anything for me to do but to blow my brains out. That's what poor old Harry's going to do if I can't help him-well, there will be two of us.-No, I'll be hanged if there will! I'm not a coward whatever else I may be,-it's only a coward that runs away from the fight-and it's such an obvious and easy way to get out of a difficulty. It's seven o'clock! Poor Harry-he must have the money by nine.-My first dinner party is at eight-dinner party! Only four to

dinner!-Five gone already-and one of them is Lucy-one of them Lucy!-(takes up photograph)—Lucy, you don't look like that, my dear, no, not a bit-(bangs down picture-takes it up again and puts it down softly)-Brace up! Pile of letters! I suppose I ought to read them-well, I will; by and by-There'll be nothing else to do then—(rings bell)— -Fraser, did I tell you there would be only four to dinner?—no, three—I don't think Master Harry can come-Harry can't come-but he shall-I swear he shall. He can drive here in half an hour and I'll keep my eye on him, and by Jove, I'll pay his bills. Yes, I'll pay his debts before he starts—there's Pressed Beef!— Dad used to say Pressed Beef could be relied upon-He's not-not showy but he's safe, and that's the horse to put your money on.-Why didn't I think of it before?-Pen and Ink, too, to be heard from yet. But I can't wait. If I know anything of the world, William Perseverance Poynter is the most likely man to help me and for Harry's sake I shall have to take a mean advantage of an American's partiality for a titled Englishman. Writes:

"My Dear Mr. Poynter—Bad news travels fast and therefore no doubt you have heard by now of the serious financial loss I have sustained. I am in immediate need of (I won't ask for a thou' this time, only enough to save Harry), of six hundred pounds and I venture to ask you if you will assist me? If yes, will you please send me your cheque by bearer? I should not write if I had not known you all my life as an old and valued friend of my father and of, Yours very truly, and with many thanks in advance,

ALGERNON ALWYN."

(Addresses envelope) I don't see how he can refuse—Thanks in advance— (Rings bell.) Fraser, send somebody with this to Mr. Poynter and have him wait for an answer—Reply from Dr. Penryck?—All right—(comes down)—I hope it is all right! It must be? Pen and Ink, my old tutor—my father's most intimate friend—He can't have refused me—Just wait a minute, Fraser, it may not be necessary to send that letter to Pressed—I mean to Mr. Poynter—I'll let you know in a jiffy—(Tears open letter)—long letter—no cheque—(Sits down—then in a dejected voice to Fraser): You can send that letter, Fraser. (Reads):

"The Rectory, Tuesday.

"This is no time, my poor boy, to preach a homily or to point a lesson. By now, I imagine, your spirit is sufficiently chastened not to need from my lips any word of reproof, reproach, criticism, or condemnation. Your money was your own, but I must say that if my beloved friend's fortune was to be scattered to the four winds in so brief a space of time, I would have prayed heaven to direct its flow into a course more worthy of his hallowed memory? Think, too, what suffering you entail on him who has known and loved you since you were an infant; who held you in these old arms and whose now palsied fingers first guided your baby eyes across the Animal Alphabet!-I can not feel that I am to blame. Had you listened to my precepts early in life and later benefited by my counsel, had you taken full advantage of my still more recent after-dinner talks, when, with a light and playful touch I none the less earnestly endeavored to sow in your mind the seeds of wisdom, you would not now be seated upon the stool of repentance, contemplating the crumbling ruins of an erstwhile regal fortune!-Alas, your life at Oxford was but the prelude to your present fall:-Let him that is without sin cast the first stone, but still I must decline to become particeps criminis by lending you money. No, it may be that what appears to be now a great affliction may become the cornerstone of your salvation! Perhaps, my dear Algernon, the loss of your wealth may make a man of you!

Take your knapsack and your wanderstaff and sail for America!—Would I were young enough to accompany you! Heaven forbid that I should deny you consolation or advice, and I will come at eight and take a parting glass with you and wish you Godspeed and a better life! "Your true friend,

PARSIFAL PENRYCK."

So! this morning I was a worthy and respectable member of society-welcomed everywhere,-highly regarded,-prominent and influential.-This evening I am without a friend, shunned by every one, cold-shouldered and jilted: I am avoided as if there were scarlet fever or the whooping cough in the house, and I have finally become a criminal to whom the parish priest will this evening administer the consolations of the church!—(A knock at the door. He goes to doorcomes down with letter)-Answer from Pressed Beef-All right-It's hardly worth while opening it-I know by now, -Je connais mes gens. Wait a minute, Fraser (opens the letters). To be sure:

"Dear Sir—I am in receipt of your favor of this date. I shall be happy to advance the amount named providing the collateral or security you propose to offer is first-class. I regret to say an important business engagement will prevent me from accepting your invitation to dinner this evening. Yours faithfully, Guillaume Perseverance Poynter."

There!—that is the last straw. Fraser, we'll be three to dinner, that is, if I can get Master Harry here in time—I'll have to become the unscrupulous villain I am painted,—by hook or crook, I must bring him here!—wait a minute, Fraser,—(writes rapidly):

"Dear Hal—I'm sending William with the dog cart for you. Leave a note for Messrs. Rook and Sharper to come on here after dinner and I'll satisfy them. I enclose a line for them. Don't fail to be here by eight o'clock for dinner.

"Your Algie."

So! And

"Sir Algernon Alwyn presents his compliments to Lord Rook and Sir Winslow Sharper, and he will be glad to see them at Alwyn Hall this evening when he will satisfy any claims against his brother to the full extent of his, Sir Algernon's, fortune."

There—(folds both letters—puts them in one envelope)—Fraser, tell William to put Spinning Top in the dog-cart and to drive like the devil and bring Master Harry here in time for dinner. Tell him to give Master Harry this note. Fly! Spinning Top can do it if it's within equine possibility. So far so good! What to do with that gentry when they are here remains to be seen !- We won't attempt to cross the bridge until we come to it-at all events Harry isn't going to shoot himself if I can help it—poor chap -what will he say? He'll have to leave college-I wonder if he'll round on me, too? Things are about as black as they can be-and I don't see a streak of light -if only, if only Lucy hadn't thrown me over-I'm glad I didn't go to her!-She'd despise me for crawling-no, I'll shut up the hall and live alone—I suppose I could grow vegetables and hens and eggs enough to keep me alive?-But I won't give a sign-I won't hang out any flag of distress—I may be a pauper, but I'll be hanged if I'll be a beggar-I suppose some day I'll hear Lucy's marriage bells ringing and I'll sit here all alone,but I've got her picture and she can't take back her kisses,-no, she can't take back her kisses—! (a tap at the window) -what's that?-(tap is repeated)somebody at the window,—burglar,—well he's welcome!—policeman perhaps!— (tap repeated — goes to window, leans out)-

Lucy! S'sh! (A pair of arms are seen encircling his neck for an instant.)

Lucy! Lucy, don't go!—Lucy! She's gone—but oh—oh—oh—(comes down with a note in his hand)—Reads,

"My Dear, Dear Old Darling—I wonder if you believe what the *mater* wrote you? How could you? She's just told me.—My poor, poor darling—I'm going to rush across as soon as I'm dressed, when everybody will be in their rooms, and give you one kiss—and, dearest, that is to tell you that rich or poor, I am yours to death.

Now, fall walls!-come, earthquake! torture me!-hang me!-what do I care? -Lucy loves me!-Lucy's true to me.-All the world may go against me, but my Lucy's my Lucy and she's my Lucy still. Why it was worth it-worth losing all my money-all my friends-just to know this-and if hereafter we should be parted and I'm alone, poor, broken down, in some far-off country - this moment, when her arms were about my neck and her dear lips to mine,—this moment will come back to me and fill my heart with sunshine-(knock at the door-goes to door)—Letter?—from whom?—I've had all my answers—and the last was the best -what?-waiting?-from Mr. Honeyman?—why he's the man at the county bank—have I overdrawn?—Tell him it's after banking hours,—tell him I'll settle it to-morrow,—tell him I'm in bed,—tell him I'm drunk,—tell him I'm dead,—tell him anything—(Opens door)—Go away! Fraser—go away! I want to be left alone -very important, eh? Well, I'll open it -I don't care a something for anything —(whistles a tune—opens letter)—

"Dear Sir—Not hearing from you up to closing time, I venture to remind you that I sent you a most important communication yesterday. Thinking that the letter may have escaped your notice I venture now to call your attention to it and to request the honor of your commands. I am, dear sir,

"Your obedient servant, "George Henry Honeyman."

Well, just wait a minute, Fraser, and I'll see what it is—(Looks over letters on table)—Oh, yes, here's a letter to be sure,—County Bank—(opens letter).

"Dear Sir-I have the honor to inform you that before leaving for Australia, Mr. Fudge, of the firm of Messrs. Fudge & McPherson, deposited with us, for safekeeping, securities, etc., standing in your name and of which Messrs. Fudge & Mc-Pherson had charge."-What! What!-"Mr. Fudge desires us to inform you of this and to say that Mr. McPherson being in very delicate health, he thought it wiser, subject to your consent, to put your affairs for the present in our hands. Mr. Fudge was obliged to leave in great haste for Sidney by yesterday's steamer, to attend your Uncle, Mr. Mortimer Alwyn, the great brewer"-(hm, I've never seen him)-"whom we understand to be suffering from an incurable disease and whose heir we believe you are. We are sending you cheque book under separate cover, and awaiting your instructions, we have the honor to be, dear sir,

"Your obedient servants,
"London & County Bank, Ltd.,
"Per G. H. Honeyman."

Good Lord! Fraser, bring me a whisky and soda.—This has been too much,—and Fraser, tell the messenger I'll call at the bank to-morrow morning and see Mr. Honeyman—bring me a whisky and soda if you want to save my life?—Hurrah—what larks! This all comes of not attending to business!—But how on earth is it that—that Fudge didn't tell Mc-Pherson before he left? There's something queer there, I'll wager? I suppose McPherson was non compos mentis and Fudge told him and McPherson forgot. Let's look at the letters again—Ah, here's

one from old Ryan,—old sawbones Ryan, —(opens letter)—

"Dear Sir—Mr. Fudge wishes me to inform you before leaving to wind up the affairs of your Uncle in Australia that I have been called in by him in consultation with Drs. Clark & Sorrywait, and that we have come to the conclusion that Mr. McPherson will not be able to attend to business for some time, his memory being so severely affected that it is almost certain that he is suffering from a serious disease of the brain,"—hm, hm—etc., etc.

Poor old beggar—so that's the reason -Algernon Alwyn, you are a first-class idiot! And yet what a lesson your mistake has taught you!—(Knock at door) -All right-I'll take it-(goes to door and takes tray with whisky and soda to table)-Who's to blame?-I am!-I'm a careless, hairbrained imbecile and I deserved to lose my fortune !- I never looked after it and it came very near running away, and then I expected everybody to lend a beggar money;—shall I turn my back on the world and become a misanthrope, or shall I in future take the world as I find it? Why, you owe every one of those old fogies an apology for upsetting their everyday methodical, run-in-a-rut apple-carts. By Jove, they shall come to dinner after all!-every mother's son-and daughter-(rings bell)—Fraser, tell Tom and Wiggins and that little monkey, Spotter, to get ready to take some messages for me-tell them to come here at once and I'll write the notes—(sits down)—Lucy first (writes):

"Dearest, Dearest Lucy— It's all right—we've found all the money and more. My apologies to your mother, —tell her to leave everything—I mean, leave dinner and come and dine with me and to bring all her guests—and not to forget YOU—more anon.

"Your Algie." (Takes another sheet of paper):

"Dear Old Nunkey—It was a false alarm—the money is all here—every penny and more in sight—bring Aunty here to dinner at once or never speak again to your affectionate nephew,

"ALGIE."

(Now for the American!)

"Dear Mr. Poynter—I'm sorry to have troubled you—it was all a mistake—I am still in possession of my fortune and I hear that it is to be shortly much increased. Put off that important business engagement and join,

"Yours very truly, with many apologies, ALGERNON ALWYN."

(Folds letters up and addresses them—knock at door—goes to door—leaves door open,—stands outside)—

Here, rush these off—one to Miss Lucy one to Uncle-one to Mr. Poynterhurry, you imps, and the first one that gets back shall have a sovereign.-Fraser, we'll be nine to dinner-what, chef going to leave?-Let him! but not until he's cooked the dinner or I'll have the hounds after him-Eh? Master Harry arrived? In his room?—(shouts)—How are you, All right!-everything's old chap? hunky-dory-(comes in room, sings)-"The flowers that bloom in the Spring, tra la, have nothing to do with the case"-I'll write a cheque for a thou' for Harry and he'll have something in hand-only I really must frighten him first-yes-I'll frighten him first-badly-no, I won't-I'll tell him about what I've suffered for him—and I fancy it'll sober him up a bit, -no more gambling, Harry, my boy,and Algernon (shaking his fist at himself in the glass)-we'll have to attend to business! (Knock at door.) Ah, yes, thank you, Fraser-(goes to door, brings in coat)-I'd forgotten my coat-I'll change here—(takes off smoking jacket —puts on dress coat—goes out)—Here Fraser, just chuck this upstairs—(comes in)—and oh, give this to Master Harry before dinner,-it'll ease his mind-bully cocktail—(puts cheque in envelope—goes to door, stands outside)—Here come those imps!—I thought so—Spotter's first and he's the littlest—Bravo, Spotter—there's your sov.—(comes in with letter):

"Dear Old Boy—I'm so glad—for your sake—we're coming and we're bringing Bobbie and old Lord Belvidere"—whew—Lady Newman didn't lose any time—"He's a bach! and as rich as Croesus—and he's eighty if he's a day—"

(Goes to door.) Fraser, we're ten!— The cook will shoot himself—Ah, there you are, Tommy—(Stands at wide open door—brings in letter)—

"My Dear Boy—Your Uncle is so overcome with joy he can hardly speak, much less write.—My dear, dear, noble nephew,—we are so glad—how well you deserved this turn of fortune only those can appreciate who know you as well as your fond Aunt,

"MARJORY MARENGO MARJORIBANKS."
That's sweet—how I have changed in the last half-hour.

"P. S.—We had commenced dinner, but we'll leave it to hurry across and fold you in our arms."

Well, now, where's that other young scamp?—(Opens door)—Oh, there you are—(comes in, opens letter)—

"Dear Sir—I have dismissed my business friend and will join you immediately—accept my congratulations—should you require a loan I shall be happy to oblige you. Faithfully yours, etc., etc.,

"POYNTER."

Hm—So here we all are again! as we were, only a little wiser. No, we won't be cynical—we'll take the world as we find it and we'll thank God for Lucy—(pours out whisky and soda)—Here's to Lucy! (Drinks.) Ah, there they come—(great noise heard on staircase—goes to door—opens it wide)—Come up!—Come up, every one of you and welcome! Lucy!

(Quick curtain.)



## THE DOOR

By Elia W. Peattie

AUTHOR OF "THE SHAPE OF FEAR," ETC.

E'S asleep, isn't he?" asks the man.
"I can't be sure. I never could be sure! With his eyes always closed as they are, and with that odd habit he has of lying so still, I can't make out half the time whether he's sleeping or waking."

"You haven't told him anything yet, I suppose?"

"Told him? No. Oh, no, I haven't told him!"

The woman shivers perceptibly, and draws closer to the leaping fire on the hearth.

"Of course," continues the man, speaking cautiously still, "you may as well explain the situation to him. He's too young to take it to heart, and I know you agree with me that it's going to be the best thing for him in the end. Those

childless people, shut in as they are, will be perfectly devoted to the child. His misfortune is going to be a direct appeal to their sympathies. He'll be the great factor of their lives-you know that, Madeline? While in our lives he would be but an incident, and a disturbing one at that. It isn't that I dislike the little fellow. He couldn't help being born, and he couldn't help being blind. He couldn't help having Alexander Cameron for his father. But I can help having him in my home, Madeline, to remind me of things I want to forget. You understand, don't you? I'm a jealous man. I was made that way. I'd give ten years of my life to have had you fresh from your mother's arms-to make you see me and no one else; to live in your heart and in your mind alone. The sight of the boy would be a perpetual irritation. I couldn't endure it, Madeline. It would make a sort of monster out of me!"

He leans forward to draw her into his arms, but she evades him and steals to the door of an inner room.

"Donald! Donald!" she calls softly.

There is no movement in the little bed by the wall. A child's slight form is visible there, well-covered with its blue quilt. The light catches his reddish-gold curls and displays a portion of a delicate pro-

The woman comes back to the fire.

"It's wonderful," she says moodily, "how like and how unlike his father he

The man's large jowl gives a grotesque movement as if his teeth ground hard upon each other.

"But how am I to help all that?" cries the woman, spreading out her hands. "There's no use, Henry, in denying my past! We can't have things as we want them in this world. We have to take them as we find them. That's the sensible wav!"

The man comes close to her.

"But I tell you," he cries, "that I am going to make you forget it! The thought of you fills my heart, and I mean to make you forget everything except the present. And that's to be made up of love! Can't you feel as I do, Madeline, that there's nothing else in the world but that? Why, it's the beginning and end of my days. The thought wakes up with me, walks with me, breathes with me, sleeps with me!"

The face of the woman flushes deeply. She leans forward till the laces droop from her white throat, on which the man fixes his eyes greedily.

"Well," she whispers, "I think I ought to be forgiven if I go looking for happiness for a while! If people knew the whole truth, they'd forgive me, Henry, wouldn't they?"

"People do as they please, Madeline!

They take joy when they can get it. Do you suppose any other man would have waited as I have; you've been free four years. I've known for one year, and I've loved you from the moment my eyes fell on you. It never occurred to me then that you were anything but a girl! I tell you, Madeline, I'll never forget the torture of that discovery—the discovery that you were a widow and that Donald-"

"Oh, Donald!" There is poignancy in the cry. "If it were not for Donald-"

"Now that's foolish, Madeline! Consider a moment. The boy is a tyrant in his way-"

"He's so helpless! That's why, Henry

-so helpless."

"Well, he's been encouraged to be helpless. And he's a petulant, ungrateful little fellow. In the life we will probably lead it would be out of the question for you to give him personal care. He'd have to be turned over to servants; and it's a thousand times better for him, as you can see, to go to the Brandenbergs out there at the farm. But, to be perfectly frank, whether it's better for him or not, it's got to be, Madeline. If the boy's with you he'll be first—sooner or later he'll be first. And then I'll hate him."

"It comes to this," says the woman, "that I choose between you?"

The man shows no capitulation. His eyes are glowing, his lips parted, and the strong pulse shows in his throat.

"Precisely," he nods.

"Oh!" breathes the woman staring at

"Well," he expostulates. "Be reasonable, Madeline! Haven't I seen you look at the boy with positive aversion? More than once, in my presence, you've drawn away from him involuntarily when he came putting his arms about your neck."

"It was in your presence!" she murmurs with a subtle insinuation. But he does not observe that, and urges his point.

"He's the picture of his father! That's the core of the matter. You shrank from the father, and you shrink from the son. The chances are, as he grows older, the resemblance will become more marked and your repugnance will increase. Nervous, irritable, with a sort of disease of pride—don't you recognize the traits you have told me of in your—in your husband?"

The woman twists her fingers in and out. There is a silence, and the two have the effect of combating each other with their thoughts. There is at once a repulsion and an attraction between them, and when by chance their eyes meet, they hold each other with a look at once ecstatic and apprehensive.

At last the silence is broken. It is the woman who speaks.

"I began wrong!" she cries. "I began wrong! Maybe I'm destined to go wrong to the end!"

"You are right for me," Stonehurst interrupts. "You are perfect for me."

But Madeline does not heed him.

"My childhood was pitiable," she says, as much to herself as to her companion. "It was worse—it was grotesque. I had extravagant dreams, and I was surrounded with the ugliest realities. There was the boarding-house that poor mother kept, and where she worked like a slave. The kitchen was dark and had a moldy smell, and there were rats in the pantries. She had brother John and Aunt Ann and me, all to feed and clothe. She thought for us all, and hung over that old burned-out range, with the cross-bars sagging in the middle. Her face got as hard as granite, and her eyes-lovely eyes-got dim. I was full of fine dreams, and always trying to pretend that things were beautiful and that we were happy. I had a great deal of belief in myself. I was always going to do something wonderful. But after all, I couldn't get ahead of the mere work of the house, and my dreams boiled in me! Nothing could have been more ridiculous than I was-a great gangling girl all choked up with grief and pride and revolt and passion and love and pity and hate!"

"Poor child!" murmurs Stonehurst.

"I am trying to excuse myself to you," she explains, drawing nearer. "Donald's sleeping now. Can't you hear his breathing? We needn't be so cautious in what we are saying. Oh, that's one of the things that has always annoyed me so in him—his habit of listening! I suppose that, as he couldn't use his eyes, all the inquisitiveness of childhood has gone into his ears." She sits staring at the fire for a moment or two while the man looks at her.

"You never have told me," he says under his breath, "how it came about that you married Alexander Cameron."

The woman clings to him with her look, her face scarlet with a curious shame.

"But I feel," she cries, "as if it were a dream! When you are here with me it seems as if I must sweep the facts away and cry out 'But I never belonged to any one but you—but you, Henry! Why, it's as if I had always held a vision of you in my heart and as if you had come now to fulfil it in the flesh!"

The man slips from his chair upon his knees and presses her hands to his lips. They are silent for a time, and only his deep breathing is audible. Then he arises.

"After all," he says with a smile which strangely illuminates his somber face. "Facts are of little consequence compared with our inner knowledge. Tell me—I must know some time—tell me about Cameron."

Suddenly she laughs, and there is a

witchery in her glance.

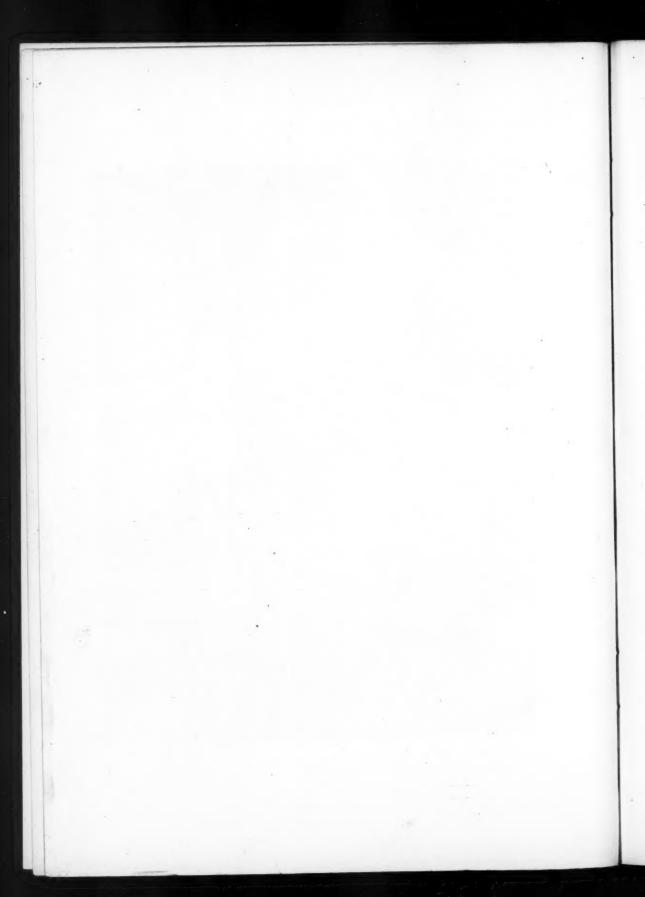
"Silence is a little glass ball!" she cries. "There is nothing durable about it. Sooner or later it has to be broken." She makes as though she ground something between her glowing palms. "See, I shatter it now! Stir the fire, Henry. Thank you. Well—well—he boarded with my mother, don't you see, whenever he stopped in the village on his way to town to sell his fruit or stock or wheat. He—he saw me. I always waited on the table. He—brought me presents from the farm, and



wing by Herman C. Wall

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"IT COMES TO THIS," SAYS THE WOMAN, "THAT I CHOOSE BETWEEN YOU?"



took me riding now and then. I thought he was kind, and I was glad he did not talk. I liked my own thoughts better than anything he could say. One day he drove mother and me out to his farm-Cameron Meadows, it is called. We went in May when everything was in blossom. I felt like singing or shouting, and I couldn't see how he and mother could speak so low. We saw his woods and orchards, his pasture lands and hay fields, his wheat lands and his garden places. He showed us his sheep, his cattle, his horses, his very hogs and chickens. There were order and plenty everywhere. And in the midst of a hundred beeches stood the old house. His grandfather built it, you know. It is a beautiful house, Henry-seven windows in the upper part, looking from the trees with a wise expression; and below, flanked with windows to the left and right, the great door."

She pauses for a moment and lifts her hand with a curious gesture.

"I shall never forget what an impression that door made on me when I looked at it first!"

"And why, Madeline?"

"Oh, it was such a benignant door! You may laugh, but actually, if it had not been for the door, I believe I should never have consented to be mistress of Cameron Meadows at all! It was a single door, but wide, with good brass hinges and cross bands and locks. Above it was a fan light, with delicate yellowing old lace plaited in it. It was as we were about to enter the door that Mr. Cameron said to me: 'I want you to cross this threshold as my promised wife.' At first I was astonished—and afraid. I hardly had been thinking of him at all. I had been wishing I had a companion that beautiful day while mother and Mr. Cameron talked together. I stood for a moment saving nothing, and thoughts went racing through my head as memories do through the brain of a drowning man. And then I happened to look up at the dooreverything swimming before me-and a curious idea came to me. The old door looked so rich in experience, and seemed so fitted to watch the generations of men and women come and go that I fell into step, so to speak. I thought of the brides that had crossed that threshold, and something irresistible compelled me to make myself one of them. And I said 'yes.' At least, they say I said yes. I know Mr. Cameron drew me into the house looking more pleased than I had supposed he knew how to look; but I could hardly see him for a strange vision that I had of the people who had finished with their lives and been carried out of that door! Actually I seemed to see a procession there with the long black box-like thing with its fringed pall! But I was not afraid. It was majestic—the vision—I fancied how I would be carried out of there, too, and I liked even that thought. I liked anything that was not poverty-stricken and semi-vagrant and mean! Mother was there all the time smiling at me in that curious patient way of hers. I had never before noticed how terribly thin she looked. Perhaps it was partly her trailing black dress, or the little bonnet on her white hair-but anyway, she seemed to be appealing to me to save her from drudgery in her pathetic old age. I put out my hands to her, and it was she-not Mr. Cameron-into whose arms I fell. And I wept there a long, long time."

Stonehurst gnaws his lip and says

nothing.

"We were married in a month. I took mother home with me, and Aunt Ann was boarded at a farmer's near by and brother John sent away to school. Mr. Cameron did everything as he had agreed. And then mother—mother died. She was tired out, and when she felt we no longer needed her, she gave up the will to live. And the old door had seen a new processional and another recessional, as I had seen in my vision that first day. Then I settled down to my life. There were the

workpeople to see to; and there were Mr. Cameron's friends to entertain; and there were church duties and visits to make. Everything was laid out for me. Every day was filled up with things I ought to do. I was so busy that even my dreams were crowded out."

"No, no! Your dreams are the most substantial part of you, Madeline. That's what is so marvelous about you. There they are always, so familiar and immemorial! You say they are your dreams, but I believe they are mine! Or they are everybody's! You got them out of the heart of the ages, or you stole them from poets! You can't say things as others do. There is something so moving in your voice! I've always felt you to be a mystery! That's why I adore you so! I wonder if you know how everything you say moves me?"

"I'm a mystery, maybe, because I have never found myself. I live in a hermit land, and there is only me to wander about in it."

"Have I not entered it, Madeline, Madeline?"

The woman laughs sadly.

"Have you? Sometimes I think you have, and other times I think I have only found your footprints on the sand and that I am searching for you! But then real things have always seemed like shadows and shadows like realities to me. There at Cameron Meadows, the work, the house, the people, were like moving shapes. The summer passed and a white winter came. I had hoped we might go to the city for a while, but Mr. Cameron thought I ought to be very quiet then. No one visited us except the farm neighbors. Mr. Cameron bought my books for me-they were his choice. It used to get dark at four c'clock, and there were interminable twilights, with the clock ticking on the stairs. After that came the almost silent dinners and then the long evenings with Mr. Cameron at his accounts. Sometimes I laughed out loud and made Mr. Cameron wonder if I were

mad. I used to go out and rush through the woods. I used to beat the tree trunks with my bare fists. At last I grew torpid. I was surprised when the Sundays came around. And then-then Donald came. That was a fearful experience, but I wouldn't have missed it. I was interested at last—it was suffering with some significance to it. I remember three horrible days passed and I was sunk in strange visions. I must have suffered physically almost to the limit of endurance. But it isn't that I remember—it is the visions. They were of battlefields and the dying; I heard the cries of the thirsting and wounded, and the sobs of men who were homesick. I was on the sea tossing in the storm with men who were not afraid to die. I went to the guillotine through streets of people who hated me, and I wept with pity for them. Then, when it was all over, something had happened to Donald-some paralysis. He was blind!"

The man gives an inarticulate exclamation, at once pitying and repugnant.

"We were dismayed, his father and I." Stonehurst flinches from the intimacy of the reference. "We sent to surgeons far and wide. We carried the child here and there. We did everything but let him be tortured. We stood guard against that. But in the end nothing was done. We had to give up hope."

The woman's tone deepens and the re-

cital gathers in passion.

"So life grew more and more hateful, you understand. The child was peevish, and for two years I didn't know what it was to have a night's rest. Mr. Cameron slept in a distant part of the house that he might not hear the baby cry. He couldn't endure that. 'Can't you stop that crying?' he would say to me. 'Can't you find out what is the matter with that child?' He would walk the floor and wring his hands or plunge out of doors."

She drags her fingers down her cheeks, leaving marks upon the flesh, which make

her seem almost gaunt.

"Between the child that could not see

and that cried day and night, and the man in a frenzy of irritability, I grew to hate life! It was like being on the rack. I used, often and often, to wish that we were all dead."

Stonehurst starts to speak, but she interrupts him.

"Then Mr. Cameron died. I think he

that was going to liberate me. It had seen my poor child groping through it on his hands and knees, then stumbling through in his first steps, and falling—falling so often! It had seen the master carried forth. And I meant that it should see me go out in search of my life. My life was there outside, somewhere, await-



Orawing by Herman C. Wall

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-WALKING SLOWLY, A WOMAN LEADING A BLIND CHILD BY THE HAND

was broken-hearted about Donald. And after that I spent three years doing my duty. Three interminable years I lived in solitude, looking after the dairy and the farm, and nursing Donald. And all the time I was struggling to get hold of an idea about the rights of an individual to select and take for himself. So one day it came to me that the old door stood open—the door of the house that had welcomed me, that had imprisoned me and

ing me. The door stood wide—it seemed to give me permission to go."

She turns to the man with one of her swift smiles.

"And so I found my life," she whispers and holds out her hands.

The room has in it for a time an enchanting silence. The October wind stirs without in an air rich with perfumes of decay; the soft breathing of the child is faintly audible; and the coals fall now

and then in the glowing bed on the hearth. Suddenly the child cries in his sleep, and Madeline starts to her feet guiltily. She hastens to the bedroom, and Stonehurst hears her soothing her boy with inarticulate sounds and soft pattings. When she comes back she stands by the fire, and Stonehurst, arising, looks across the hearth at her.

"He isn't so well these days," she says, using the pronoun as mothers will. "I've had such happiness in these rooms, but Donald has never found his way about and so he hasn't liked it. He is shut up too much, and it's the most difficult thing imaginable to find a toy that will amuse him. He enjoys himself best at the farm."

"That's the place for him," agrees Stonehurst. "He'll have pets in plenty and the right sort of food and exercise. These Brandenbergs, from what you tell me, will be devoted to him. You said they were mother and son? The son is a grown man, I suppose."

"Yes."

"He's looking after your interests for you, isn't he?"

"Carl Brandenberg? Yes. He under-

stands the place perfectly."

"Well, don't place too much confidence in him. Remember it's a large property you have."

"Carl Brandenberg cheats nobody—and never me."

"No? But why not you particularly?"
"His father before him managed for the Camerons. He inherits loyalty."

"Do you wish me to inquire into the conditions of his adoption of Donald? For he would wish to have the adoption according to law, I suppose."

"Need we think about that just yet?"

"Why, yes. We are to be married next month—the twelfth—"

"The fifteenth, if you please."

"The fifteenth! Aren't you moving the days along? No? Well, the fifteenth. We shall start for France at once. It is ob-

vious that everything must be settled before we go. These people will, I have no doubt, send you frequent communications about—"

"I don't want them! I don't want them! Understand that clearly, when Donald goes out of my life he goes out utterly."

The man sighs as if with relief.

"Well, that's sensible. I like your resolution. It's better for both of you to drop the relationship. When is the boy to be taken out there?"

Madeline is regarding him as if she had never seen him before. Glancing at her, he draws back almost with apprehension. Then a joyful flush suffuses her face and neck. She gives a cry and leans toward him, soliciting him with the glory of her eyes, the lusciousness of her lips. He can not profane the moment with words, but after a time she volunteers:

"To-morrow I shall take Donald to the farm. The Brandenbergs are impatient for him. There is a teacher they wish to engage for him who is awaiting my decision."

"You're not going to change your mind, Madeline? I have a curious feeling about you. You are so inexpressibly—illusive."

She does not heed what he is saying. She seizes his arms in her grasp.

"I can't lose you," she cries. "Having known you, love, I can't lose you! Ah, I can't! I can't!"

But presently she is impatient for his departure and interrupts his half-playful reassurances.

"You must go—you must go! I am inflexible about the hour, you know! And it has come. How I admire my prudence"

"But if you go to the country to-morrow, shall you be able to return? Am I to spend the evening with you as usual?"

"My love, your impetuosity is too much for me. At least let me find my possessions. There—my hat—thank you. Good night, Madeline. Sleep very sweetly and don't change that date again."

"I protest I never changed it."

"I say you must have done so. Stick fast to your resolution about the boy. It's best; believe me, it's best. You'll rejoice a year from now—and so will he—that it was done. Good night, my dear."

He is willing to go, but she is possessed with a sorrowful passion. She holds him, appealing with her eyes for that intoxicating gaze of his. Suddenly she pushes him from her, drives him with tempestuous laughter from the room, catches his fingers at the last and lifts them to her lips, then puts the door between them. He hears the bolt shoot, hears something sounding like a sob, pauses to rap softly, begging a second's more delirious pain of parting; is answered with silence, and, touching the bell, summons the drowsing elevator boy.

#### CHAPTER II

A beech wood in October. Beyond, down a sheer bluff, West Water, with the sun low. In the midst of the wood an old house, and walking slowly toward it a woman leading a blind child by the hand. The soft pelt of the gold-bright leaves makes only the faintest sound.

"Donald, the place looks as if it were enchanted! It is gold everywhere—the beeches, the water, the very air, are gold. Take off your hat, my son. Mother wants to see your golden head fit into the pic-

ture."

"It's hard walking through these leaves, isn't it, mother? They're up to my knees."

"I never saw them lie so thick. You're tired, no doubt. Shall we sit down and rest? Sink right down on the leaves—lie back in them. Isn't that good? It's a mile through the orchard and along the drive, and you've been up since early morning

and not had half enough to eat! We ran away home, didn't we?"

"Yes. What a queer thing it was to do! What made you do that, mother?"

"I was afraid of something."

"Were you? If you had told me I'd have comforted you."

"You do comfort me—just as much as

if I'd told you."

"Oh, do I? May I put flowers in your lap? There is a sweet smell to your dress—like flowers. And I like you to pat my face like that. Your hands aren't any larger than mine—not so large!"

"Isn't it still? There's not a soul in the house! You ought to see how peaceful it looks. The windows are gold—those toward the northwest. From where I sit,

Donald, I can see the door!"

"Can you? We'll unlock it in a minute, mother."

"It looks as kind as ever."

"What fun it will be to open it!"

"Yes. And when it is opened this time, I swear it shall never be locked again. Not while we live, Donald. Some one shall be there to answer if any one knocks. In your father's time, and your grandfather's, and your great-grandfather's, it was never locked against any one who came. Great men and beggars came to it, and none of them was turned away."

"I never fall when I go in and out of that door. It's the best old door in the

world!"

"Yes, it is. Do you know, I'm going to have teachers come to help you grow up a wise, good man."

"But then I'm blind. I can't do the

way others boys do."

"Perhaps you'll do better than others. You will own miles of good land—meadows, pastures, wheatland, orchards, forests. You will have cattle and sheep, horses and fowls. It will take a good man and one who knows a great deal to look after these things. I shall have you taught many things. Besides, you shall have a great deal of pleasure. I have been

thinking all day of ways in which you and I were to have pleasure together."

"Mother, I never knew you to be the way you are to-day!"

"Am I different?"

"Yes—oh, yes. I love you, mother."
"Do you, Donald? Do you, indeed?"

"If you were always like this, I'd never be cross the way I have been."

"I am going to be with you always like

this, my son."

The gold grows delicate in the west. The glimmerings of the sun path fade away. The boy sleeps lightly for a few moments, while the woman fixes her eyes upon the door, which seems to invite her to enter. She reaches out her arms as she might to her mother. The tears fall on her cheeks. She seems to make silent confession to the door. Of all she thinks, but one sentence finds utterance:

"I have been bereft of almost everything, but now I have found that worth all I lost?" The soft gloom grows. The water becomes shadowy. Mystery is abroad in the woods. The woman rouses the boy with a kiss.

"It is growing dark," she says. "We

must go in."

The boy laughs. He does not mind the darkness. He makes his way up through the leaves to the steps, climbs them gaily and puts his hand on the knob.

"It is locked," says his mother, "and the leaves are thick all about the threshold." The boy still laughs. She gives him the key and he puts it in the great lock. The wide door swings open with a friendly sound. The boy makes his way swiftly through the rooms, touching everything with eager hands. His laughter comes out softly, like spring water from the earth. The woman gropes about in the gloom, searching for a light. After a time a lamp is burning. Madeline throws open the windows to admit the mellow air. The darkness has deepened and wraps the

old house about like a cloak.

"How curious!" she cries. "We have orchards and bees and cattle, and not a mouthful that we may eat or drink!"

But as she speaks there is a knocking at the door, then a hearty voice crying:

"Welcome! Welcome! What a surprise!"

Madeline stops in the middle of the floor and stares at the farmerlike, capable figure which confronts her. Her face is flushed, her eyes shy like those of a child who has done wrong and is now determined to be good.

"It's Carl!" cries the boy. "It's that

Carl Brandenberg."

He gathers the blind boy in his arms and hugs him with rough tenderness. He runs his hands through the boy's hair and pulls at his ears.

"Wasn't your home-coming very sud-

den?" he asks.

"Nothing could have been more sudden," says the woman, half-defensively. "And we are alone—and we've no food."

The man mocks them: "The Camerons of Cameron Meadow starving! The bins empty, the cupboards bare!"

He waves his hand and is gone.

"He will bring us our supper," says the boy, nodding his head sagely. Madeline begins tidying the house. She spreads the table and lays places for three.

"We must have fresh water," she declares, and runs into the darkness. The boy throws himself in his chair by the window and rocks back and forth contentedly. He can hear the lake muttering its ancient tale below the cliff; hear the fall of the leaves; hear the soft wild noises of birds. Then, after a time, a mingling of voices in the darkness. He knows that his mother and the farmer are bringing in the water cold from the well, the milk warm from the cow, the bread, the honey and the fruit. A sweet home-consciousness steals over him, and a breeze, rich with odors of the wood and the night, reaches him from the open door.

# A QUESTION OF ORGANIZATION

By Frances Benson

THE SECOND AND CONCLUDING ARTICLE

OWADAYS in San Francisco everything dates from the teamsters' strike of 1901. The Union Labor party and union labor in politics date from that ten months' upbuilding defeat for the strikers, and the present Citizens' Alliance was born from the determined sentiment for law and order which took root in that disastrous victory for the employers. The Union Labor party is working to obtain for labor the dignity, power and spoils of office that have heretofore been the portion of other parties. It depends upon a control of the mayor, police force and police courts to enforce the demands of organized labor; and organized labor demands the closed shop, where no employer can do business save on lines laid down by the union, and no man may work save the union man.

The Citizens' Alliance cares nothing for the spoils of office; it has confined its efforts to attempts to obtain a mayor, police force and police court judges who will enforce law and order, holding employés to equal account with employers, landing every law-breaker in jail; and it demands the open shop where every man may work according to his ability, without interference or intimidation.

With the open shop there would be no footing for strikes to stand on, and arbi-

tration would prevail.

"Without a strike every now and then," said Secretary McCabe, of the Labor Council, "there wouldn't be anything to hold the men together; their interest in their union would die out. wouldn't attend the meetings nor pay their dues, because they wouldn't see the necessity of it, and the organization would fall to pieces."

That is why the union labor campaign cry was "a fight for life" against the Citizens' Alliance, with its open shop and its prevention of intimidation by federal and superior court injunctions.

The Citizens' Alliance answer, which was made to cut both ways, was that no warfare was waged against decent unionism, but that with the open shop and equal organization of employer and employé in politics and commerce indecent unionism could no longer prevail.

#### SYSTEMATIZED STRIKES

I asked George J. Berger, secretary of the Union Labor party campaign committee, how many strikes there had been in San Francisco during the past ten or fifteen years. His reply was: "Good Lord! Nobody knows! There have been more strikes than I have hairs of the head to count. There was something doing somewhere most of the time, -in fact, the one-shop affairs came so fast nobody could keep track of them!"

The plan of systematized unionism has not been to ask for what a union intends to have all at once. If unskilled labor. working ten hours a day for two dollars and fifty cents, had asked for a closed shop, eight hours, four dollars a day and union domination at their first strike, public sentiment and employers would emphatically have put the foot down. Instead, they shrewdly asked for nine hours first as a "fair working day," with perhaps an increase of fifty cents a day as a "fair working wage." The employer said, "Oh! well, what is fifty cents a day compared with thousands of dollars damage and loss of time," and the public said, of course, "Nine hours is enough for any

man to work." But nine hours did not stay "a fair working day," nor the first price stipulated a "fair working wage." The next year the union struck again and asked for eight hours and four dollars a day; the next for a closed shop, and probably the next after that for the daily supervision of the walking delegate or business agent; Saturday half-holiday the year round-without any curtailment of pay-and all legal and labor holidays, including the days set aside for the labor parade and labor picnic. When none of these was longer to be striven for there was always the discharge or the reinstatement of an objectionable employé or the handling of some non-union contract or bit of material to be resented. The systematic strike is an interesting study.

Some absurd incidents of dominant unionism on the Pacific coast will be found treated very seriously in the newspapers. A morning paper in May, 1901, puts at the top of a column the "serious trouble" likely to result from a baseball game between the employés of the Bentley Construction Company and the American Steel and Wire Company, the walking delegate warning the union men on one of the teams and all those attending the game that they would be fined, and that no union man would ever after work with them. Furthermore, that he, the walking delegate, would "pull off" every one of the sixty-five or seventy men from the government building (the new postoffice) the contractors were so desirous of completing. The men demurred, but the walking delegate had his way.

When the great, white Fairmount Hotel was to rear its proud head on the highest elevation of Nob Hill there was a massive stone wall surrounding the property, from which the owners congratulated themselves on being able to get just the sort of stone needed for the foundations. The stone happened to have been cut and put in place in the days before unions, therefore it was "non-union"

stone. It had been torn from its moorings, but the walking delegate put his ban upon it, and there it lay unused, a waste of several thousands of dollars, along the

sidewalk for days.

The enterprising town of Petaluma was to have a public library. A citizen contributed his mite toward the general patriotic impulse by hauling the cornerstone up from the depot and swinging it into place. The bands were playing, the man with the trowel and the neat little speech stood waiting before the assembled multitude. The majesty of the That corner-stone unions intervened. had to be hoisted up, hauled back to the depot and brought up again by union teams, while the crowd stood around an hour or so in the broiling sun. Petaluma citizens met again in the public square the next Fourth of July and read a declaration of independence of their own. Petaluma announced that it had joined the San Francisco Citizens' Alliance, and that thenceforth and forevermore it was an "open shop" town!

#### TWENTY THOUSAND ON STRIKE.

The teamsters were not the only ones "out" in the memorable summer and fall of 1901. First were the carriage workers, then the metal polishers, cooks and waiters, iron trades, then the teamsters, and part of the time all of them together—aggregating twenty thousand men out of employment and two hundred thousand citizens suffering from the aggravated conditions of idleness and riot.

The cooks and waiters called on the butchers and bakers to help them cripple the restaurants employing non-union help, until a bread and meat famine resulted. The iron trades went out in the midst of this and stayed out, with incredible hardship to its people, who barely subsisted on the contributions from outside assessments. The iron trades wanted to gain control of the Union Iron Works, an open shop employing four thousand men

and the one notable manufactory of San Francisco. The unions lost out so far as the Iron Works was concerned—it is still an open shop—but they whipped into line all the smaller concerns.

"We can put any little shop, say, with thirty thousand dollars back of it, out of business," said Secretary McCabe, "and we get them that way, one at a time. We some of the men back three times before we could convince them that we would not tolerate outsiders coming in."

The famous teamsters' strike began with the meeting of the national convention of the Christian Endeavorers. Their luggage piled up so around the stations that the Morton Delivery Company, under contract to handle it, was swamped.



"COMPULSORY EDUCATION"

draw on these shops to keep the Iron Works in trim, and some day we will get that, too. We let our men work there alongside of non-union men because we can't afford to let so many good positions go outside of the union, and because it gives us a chance to organize outside and in. They brought carload after carload of workmen from the East during the strike, and we caught them and shipped them straight back again. We shipped

The company tried to hire teams to help them out, but the teamsters' union saw its opportunity and refused to allow its men to work with the Morton open shop men. The sympathetic strike grew until it called in the teamsters of the water front, the handlers of cargoes and the entire city front federation. From May until November five thousand men engendered bitterness and lawlessness, and incited the taking of human life on no grounds what-

ever except the denial by union men of the right of non-union men to earn a living.

Five murders were committed during the strife, and there were innumerable cases of vicious assault. Eyes were gouged out, arms and legs were broken over iron bars, and black jacks were used to fracture skulls. An "education" or "bat" committee, consisting of four or five union men, laid in wait for a nonunion man, hustling him into a corner or creeping up from behind and pounding him to a jelly; or four of them would hold him while the fifth dislocated his wrists or bent the fingers back over the hand, breaking them with a snap, and effectually preventing him from working until after the strike was over at least.

The Call published a list of one hundred and fifty-nine cases of such assault between July 16 and September 23, one

month before the strike closed.

And yet Father Yorke in an address Saturday night, September 21, in a hall packed with union men, said that he did not believe that there had been any serious violence due to the strike, but if there had been he would still advise his hearers to stand together like men, and to destroy the castles builded in Spain by the Employers' Association. The following Saturday night, September 28, after a week of unabated assaults, there was a general mêlée, in which nine men were wounded.

The Examiner of August 22, 1901,

published the following:

"The police committee of the board of supervisors of the city and county of San Francisco condemns the intemperate language of President Newhall, of the police commission, and declares that the conduct of the striking wage-earners has been in the main highly creditable to their citizenship; that with nearly twenty thousand men on strike it is not to be expected that some disturbance of the peace should not occur; but that no occasion exists for proclamation by the mayor or for the calling out of the military by the governor."

Professor Carl C. Plehn, professor of economics of the University of California, compiling the facts of this strike for future reference, has on record three hundred and ninety-three cases of vicious assault, verified, and two hundred other cases from the blotters of receiving hospitals and police stations, not yet verified, and these do not include the men who were able to go to their homes and to their own physicians with their bruises.

#### EQUALITY BEFORE THE LAW

Joseph F. Coffey, attorney for the Employers' Association during this strike, says: "Not one per cent. of the total number of men arrested on account of violating the law were convicted, and that not for lack of evidence either. If the man committing the assault was supposed to be in sympathy with the strikers he was invariably admitted to merely nominal bail. If he was in the employ of or in sympathy with the Employers' Association his bail was the maximum that could be imposed. Where the police were forced by bystanders to make an arrest the striker was, in nine cases out of ten, either let go in the police courts or he was favored by procrastination. I had hundreds of warrants that I could never get served, and when they were served it was almost impossible for me to get a case to trial. I would stand in court all day protesting, objecting, demanding, but to no purpose, and the Union Labor convention in the fall passed resolutions of commendation for the police court judges who 'had demonstrated themselves to be the friends of labor,' and endorsed their re-election."

Settlement of the famous teamsters' strike was made in November through Governor Gage. The Labor Council published a statement that the governor had called the strike off, leaving it to be inferred that the strikers had won out, and Father Yorke went down to the water front and congratulated the men on their

victory!

The Morton Delivery Company is still

an open shop institution.

"I don't consider that the men lost out," said George H. Benham, ex-president of the Labor Council. "They never allowed a man to drive a truck if he didn't carry a card, agreement or no agreement. He wouldn't have lasted a minute if he had attempted it.

"Who was the leader? Oh, no one man

Whether the strike of 1901 is to be laid at his door or not, it is a matter of record that he was the spokesman of a committee that waited on Mayor Phelan and asked for "relief from the interference by the police at the water front," where so many dastardly outrages were occurring. The mayor's refusal to withdraw the police cost Mr. Feruseth's water front its strike, and at the same time it cost Mayor Phelan



"BEFORE AN INJUNCTION WAS ISSUED"

is ever the 'leader.' In the brewery strike Alfred Fuhrmann came as near being a leader as any one ever did, and he wasn't a brewer at all. He was a sailor, but he could smash anything in sight!"

Michael Casey is the head of the teamsters' union—and presumably its leader. Andrew Feruseth, the man who has done such heroic work for the sailors in the clutches of the "crimping" system, is the father of the City Front Federation. his re-election, though he was admittedly one of the best mayors San Francisco ever had.

"Those were great days!" to quote once more Secretary McCabe. "Nobody had any money. We paid for food with paper and did without clothes. The stores had to trust us or do no business at all, and the wholesale houses had to 'hang up' the stores. We are just getting our debts paid up now, some of us, but we were all in the same boat. Nobody had any money."

#### FEDERATION VS. FEDERATION

This water front federation, a federation of sailors, longshoremen, stevedores and teamsters, is the one labor organization in the city of San Francisco that has kept the merchant and manufacturer in a state of fear and trembling. For years this mighty federation has had things absolutely its own way until the prices paid in the port of San Francisco have come to be the highest in the world, and so high they have threatened the prosperity of the city. It costs twenty per cent. more to send a deep-water vessel to sea from the port of San Francisco than it does from New York. This works tremendous hardship against established liners and favors the ocean tramp that comes in with crews picked up in South America and the To some extent the Pacific Mail Steamship Company and the big lines have overcome the aggressions of organized labor by substituting Chinese and Japanese crews, thus depriving American labor of this opportunity to sail the seas.

On account of these things Andrew Feruseth's and Michael Casey's City Front Federation finds itself lined up now, facing Herbert George's United Shipping and Transportation Association, which, beside being a most remarkable water front federation, is an interesting object-lesson of the alliance organi-

zation idea.

The United Shipping and Transportation Association is a combination of the following world-power organizations:

Master Stevedores of San Francisco, representing San Francisco, California and Pacific stevedoring companies.

Pacific Mail Steamship Company.
Occidental and Oriental Steamship
Company.

San Francisco and Portland Steamship

American-Hawaiian Steamship Company.

The Pacific Coast Steamship Company. Oceanic Steamship Company.
John D. Spreckels & Bros. Company.

Western Fuel Company.

Steamship Association of San Francisco.

Ship Owners' Association.

Such an aggregation as this, with its far-reaching ramifications, is able to meet on equal terms any federation lined up against it.

An executive committee from the ranks of this association acts with the president of the Citizens' Alliance, and an agreement has been entered into to abide by their joint action in the adjustment of all differences arising between the members of the interests named and the various labor unions. No contracts shall be signed with the representatives of labor unions, no agreements nor strike settlements made, no lockout shall be declared, no walking delegate recognized by said interests individually—all such questions to be referred to the executive committee and the president of the Citizens' Alliance.

Union men willing to work alongside of non-union men must not be denied employment because they are union men, and non-union men must not be denied employment because they are non-union men. Members must not make use of the association to lower wages or lengthen hours, and they must stand by the association and strengthen the position of the Citizens' Alliance, if asked to do so, to the extent of diverting their orders for materials and supplies to such firms as may be decided on by the president of the Citizens' Alliance.

This last clause has worked wonders in "strengthening the position of the Citizens' Alliance,"—as the same plan has in times gone by strengthened the position of organized labor.

With a forfeit of five thousand dollars each from the companies represented, and a system assessing each company prorata, according to its standing, for the

work to be done, the financing of the organization is as simple as it is effective.

Next came the work of controlling the big shippers, draymen and elevator men. These people were formed into an auxiliary body, and as a result the United Shipping and Transportation Association emerged as a federation with a solid front, including the great shippers, the master stevedores, steam schooner men,

sailing vessels and ocean liners.

The work of perfecting this organization covered a period of nearly two months and bulwarked the water front from Seattle to San Diego. The nature of it was suspected by the union labor leaders, but they had no conception of the thoroughness of it. To bring the new association to early humiliation the unions started to "try it out" in Seattle through McCabe and Hamilton. These men agreed to open shop the wharves of Seattle if the Citizens' Alliance could unload vessels in the port of San Francisco that had been loaded by the McCabe and Hamilton open-shop men. In forty-eight hours McCabe and Hamilton received telegrams from San Diego, Los Angeles, Wilmington, San Pedro, Santa Barbara, Port Fort Bragg, Portland and Tacoma with assurances that they all stood ready with President George, of the San Francisco alliance, to unload any vessels that came to their ports. Thereupon McCabe and Hamilton loaded the German ship Sesostres as a test and sent her down to San Francisco to discharge part of her cargo and to load the balance in wheat. The mighty water front federation gave due notice that the Sesostres could enter the Heads and anchor in the stream, but any attempt to tie her up at the long wharf in Oakland or to unload her would result in bloodshed. The Sesostres sailed serenely into port, tied up at the long wharf, and Captain Goodall "put it up" to the Citizens' Alliance. The next morning one hundred non-union stevedores were on the dock, guarded by Citizens' Alliance armed guards. The cargo was

discharged, the wheat loaded, and the Sesostres went on her way around the This was a high-handed proceeding that set the water front chieftains afire. The next day two Spreckels boats from Hawaii pulled in at the sea wall, and notice was again given that they could not discharge their cargoes. Captain Howard was supplied with two hundred men and guards, and at once went to work to discharge the vessels. A rough house was started by the longshoremen. The legal department of the Citizens' Alliance promptly applied to Judge Morrow, of the United States Court, asking that violence and intimidation be suppressed. An injunction was granted and the United States marshal placed in charge of affairs.

The court took jurisdiction on the ground of interference with interstate commerce, and afterward made the injunction permanent. By this time the water front was lashed into a fury, threatening a teamsters' strike and other dire calamities. But the federation did not like the idea of violating a federal court injunction, so they continued to handle cargoes discharged by open-shop steve-

dores.

The organized attitude of the Citizens' Alliance impressed the Water Front Federation, and negotiations opened with a view to coming to some understanding. Upon this the leaders were given an opportunity to inspect the alliance scheme of organization, and they discovered that it was as good, if not better, than their own. The United Shipping and Transportation Company represented practically every interest that the Water Front Federation had anything to do with.

The leaders saw that the alliance had it in its power to call a sympathetic lockout that would make any sympathetic strike they could inaugurate appear insignifi-

cant.

When the magnitude of this power of resistance dawned on the leaders they changed their tactics from force to arbitration, and a repetition of former hor-

rors was averted through equal organization.

The public knew little or nothing of this momentous changing of methods.

SOME OTHER METHODS OF SUPPRESSING

When the Citizens' Alliance was organized San Francisco was in the midst of a



P. H. McCARTHY
President San Francisco and State Building Trades

stablemen's and hackmen's strike over the employment of non-union men as wagon washers and stable cleaners. The alliance took charge of the besieged stables, furnished non-union men to do the work that union men threw down, provided guards, paid rent, supplied pasturage, feed, money and legal advice; took out injunctions, furnished bail and an "education" committee of one in the shape of a little pock-marked prize-fighter, who

made a highly edifying round of the stables, applying for work.

The usual course of procedure when a new man appeared at a boycotted stable was for four or five picketers to surround him and knock him down. The prizefighter was small and deceptive in appearance. As he entered Bridge's barn a big, husky delegate "handed him one," with the expectation of that one being a "settler." Contrary to the usual results, a few lightning passes from the little man laid out his four assailants in quick succession, and the plucky fighter escaped through the barn before the police, who had been keeping at a discreet distance, realized the unexpected turn things were taking. The next time a harmless looking applicant appeared at that stable he was not interfered with. That one non - union, pock - marked, little prizefighter "enlightened" twenty-three wouldbe sluggers according to union methods before he disabled his wrist, and by that time the unions had decided to change their plans.

With the Building Trades, an organization and a law unto itself, the alliance found its work cut out on a more extensive scale. The builders of San Francisco have not banded together; the workmen have, even to the last apprentice.

The Building Trades is a marvelously organized body under the autocratic domination of P. H. McCarthy. "We do not allow" such or such a thing is a favorite expression of Mr. McCarthy's, and he speaks with authority. A man may not make an estimate for plastering without writing it on the stub of a check book furnished by the council. If he writes it on his business card or a piece of white paper he is fined. The stub must be properly filled out and turned in to headquarters, and the estimate thereon is written on an open blackboard. If a builder has been so rash as to ask two or three plasterers to bid on the work, the first one will bid as he pleases, the second will put

in a bid five dollars higher than the first, the third five dollars more than the second, and the walking delegate will get around early to the building each morning to see that the work is carried on strictly according to union rules.

"Plastering that should be done for sixteen cents and eighteen cents a yard costs forty cents a yard," said a contractor. "I raised a building not long ago, putting in a new lower floor. There were some alterations to do on the second floor, and alterations are more expensive than new work. The first man to make a bid bunched the whole lot of work as 'alterations,' and I had to pay alteration

prices for the entire lot."

There is a minimum scale of wage of six dollars a day for a bricklayer, five dollars and fifty cents and six dollars for plasterers and three dollars and fifty cents and four dollars for hod-carriers, but "they can go as high as the laborer and the employer care to make it between themselves. There is no limit to what a workman may get," said Mr. McCarthy. That is, an inferior workman must be paid the minimum of a skilled workman, and the builder anxious to get his job through has paid ten dollars a day to a lather for Sunday or overtime work and eight dollars a day to get him during the week.

As Secretary Kent, of the Builders' Exchange, said: "We have no organization to fight the Building Trades. We are so isolated, away out here on the coast, that enough workmen do not come here to make it possible for us to make any defense. We don't squabble. give the unions whatever they want. contractor doesn't lose anything-he just tacks it on his bill. The man who is building the house pays for it, and if he is renting he gets it back by making the renters pay for it. Of course, under other conditions San Francisco contractors would have more building to do. Investors will not put money into buildings other than offices or apartments that command large rentals. Very few homes have been built here compared to other cities. We can't afford it. We have to count not only the added price in a day's labor, but the shrinkage in that labor as well—the decrease in the number of hours and the shrinkage in the amount of labor a man will do now, compared to what he



MICHAEL CASEY President Teamsters' Union

used to do before he became so unionized. They do ten per cent. less work in a day since they work as they please.

"A great many of us have to consult Mr. McCarthy as to what we shall or shall not do. But it is better to have it settled as to who is boss, then we know where we are at, and at present McCarthy is boss-not the contractor, nor the man who is putting in the money and thinks he is putting up the building."

However, there are any number of contractors and builders operating on the open-shop plan since the Citizens' Alliance came in to support them. The list of open-shop concerns hanging over the desk of the secretary of the labor coun-

cil is a very respectable one.

The Union Lumber Company, backed by the Citizens' Alliance, has a onehundred-thousand-dollar injunction suit against Mr. McCarthy's Building Trades Council, mill men and trades unions, and a temporary injunction has been granted in the Federal Court, so that non-union contractors have no difficulty now in getting lumber. Sacramento is an open-shop town, and anything not obtainable in the plumbing line from smaller open-shop towns near by can be had there. San Francisco hardware and plumbing firms sell only to boss plumbers recognized by McCarthy's union, and at prices Mr. Mc-Carthy's union helps them to maintain.

Ferdinand Nelson, a big contractor and builder employing three hundred to four hundred men, buys his plumbing in the east, bringing it around by the shipload. Nelson runs as arbitrary a closed shop as any unionist could wish, but he shuts union men, instead of non-union men, outside. He pays the best salaries and gives the best hours, but he insists on

running his business himself.

Palo Alto was one of the first arenas in which the Citizens' Alliance and the Building Trades measured strength. The unions made a stand for the closed shop. This was resisted by J. F. Parkinson, a progressive contractor and builder, who asked the Citizens' Alliance of San Francisco to come down and organize a branch in the Stanford University town. Parkinson's business competitor was one Dudfield. McCarthy joined forces with Dudfield to kill the open shop by under-bidding. McCarthy furnished union labor at half price, presumably making up the balance from the Building Trades treasury. George met this situation by requesting Alliance lumber dealers to furnish Parkinson lumber free of charge.

McCarthy came back with money to assist Dudfield in buying lumber, and George thereupon paid the freight on Parkinson's lumber. Dudfield continued to make lower and lower bids, until George discovered that Dudfield's mill was on leased ground, bought the lease and informed Dudfield that he desired a different tenant. This called the McCarthy fight off. There are no closed shops in Palo Alto worth speaking of.

#### OPEN VS. CLOSED SHOP

While San Francisco is not an open shop, it certainly is not a closed shop town, reports to the contrary notwithstanding. Beside the list of open-shop places hanging on the walls of labor headquarters, hangs a different but equally long and significant list of places protected by injunctions from union transgression. The Union Iron Works, referred to above as employing four thousand people, runs an open shop; the street railway system, with from eighteen hundred to twenty-two hundred men, is open shop; six hundred butchers put up this open-shop card in one day:

"Hereafter this place will be run as an 'open shop,' the owner or owners reserving the right to hire whom they please, whether they be union or non-union men, and to discharge them when their services are not considered satisfactory, or for

any just reason.

"We will not recognize the business agent or walking delegate of any labor union, and whatever privileges they have had on these premises in the past are hereby revoked."

Timid people prophesied that the streets would run with blood when these cards were put up, but it was a very

peaceable performance indeed.

Los Angeles is open shop clear through—the one straight open-shop town in California,—due largely to the uncompromising efforts of Harrison Grey Otis, editor and proprietor of the Los Angeles

Times, a paper that unions all over the country have been fighting, but which carries more advertising than half a dozen papers of this section of the country put together.

San Diego is responsible for the passage of a state law making it an offense for unions to wage war against the national guard by boycotting, blacklisting or intimidating any member of the unions enlisted in the guard. San Diego is reckoned among the open-shop towns, as is

also Sacramento, Santa Rosa, Stockton, Oakland, Fresno and others already referred to.

Further up the coast Portland, Seattle and Tacoma all have open shop and alliances in close touch with the one in San Francisco, making the chain complete along the whole sweep of the Pacific coast from San Diego to Seattle.

A NEW ORDER OF THINGS

To this extent has the cardinal principle of open shop been made effective. And the work has been

done in two years by a Citizens' Alliance conceived and carried out on the lines originally devised by the very organized labor it was intended to counter-balance, and in organized labor's own stronghold.

The one aggressive move that the Alliance has made on its own account was the incessant appealing to the law for the removal by injunction of union pickets and intimidators from non-union shops. The culmination of many months' indefatigable, insistent work by the Alliance was the recent decision of Judge Frank J. Muras-

ky, to the effect that there can be no peaceful, lawful picketing, and that therefore all picketing is unlawful. Judge Murasky's decision was bound to be accepted by the labor unions as an unbiased statement of the law, for the judge was a union labor candidate at the last election, receiving, generally, organized labor's support. Andrew Feruseth, the head of the City Front Federation, read a written speech on Labor Day, advising union men to defy court injunctions, even if they

went to jail for it; but it is hardly likely that his fiery counsel will be freely followed.

The vital point of Judge Murasky's decision was as follows:

"While employes have a right to quit work singly or in a body, with or without cause, and, in the advancement of their interests, to ask others to do the same. equity will protect theemployeragainst a malevolent conspiracy to destroy his property, and any combination which has for its purpose the destruction



SECRETARY McCABE
of the San Francisco Labor Council

of his business by preventing its operation through the intimidation of those who deal with or work for him, may be enjoined."

This decision, if affirmed by the Supreme and Federal courts, to which it will be appealed, will necessitate an entire change of union labor methods in California. The burly bruiser, the libelous banner and obnoxious, loud-mouthed scabcrier have temporarily disappeared from the public streets, and with their final banishment the open shop will be a matter

of individual election, and the domination of lawless unionism must inevitably give way to the better element of organized labor.

With a conceded territory of open shop, with boycotting and picketing guns temporarily spiked, Organized Law and Order has had a breathing spell in San Francisco, but now Organized Labor is flanked by the smoke and roar of an election whose sub-conscious influence upon the courts is problematical, and Organized Politics holds the key to the coming manœuvres.

### VIOLET AND MYRRH

By Edith M. Thomas

"There are two cities that bear the names of the most odoriferous plants, Ios and Smyrna, violet and myrrh, and Homer is said to have been born in one and to have died in the other."—Plutarch, Life of Sertorius.

ORN in Ios, dead in Smyrna, b Violets for his dawn of being, Myrrh to waft his soul outpassing! (Matters not if in those cities He but knew a beggar's portion, Breaking bread of scorn or pity!) Thus of Homer runs the legend-Legend true to-day, and ever, Of each poet since great Homer. Such the lot for him commingled: Born in Ios, dead in Smyrna; Purple-cradled, with the violet Unto him the light is ushered; And for him the light declineth Lapped in myrrh and incense-wafted. Such the splendor he inherits Earth for him holds naught of common, Though between his morn and even He from door to door should wander, Breaking bread of scorn or pity! Like the blind Mæonian Father, Like our Sire of Song Immortal, Every poet since great Homer Hath a heaven-greeted entrance And a royal proud outpassing: Myrrh and violet for his birthright, Costly bitter-sweet his portion,-Born in Ios, dead in Smyrna!

1

### OLD MAN

By Ombre Thames

"For the interpretation of a dream people usually pay me four pieces of silver, but as for thee, behold I will ask of thee only three."—The Talmud.

PEAKING of dreams, as we were the other night, there are more things in heaven and earth—some people think there are, anyway. You know the rest of the quotation, or rather you do not, being a nice fellow and not addicted to literature. As I was about to say, there was a fellow in school several years ago, when I was here, who dreamed a dream.

His name was Israel. He was of the tribe of the Levites, a Jew, and the son of a rabbi. He had drifted down into civilization from some molecular village of upper Russia, a Second Baptist coming forth from the wilderness, by way of many lands, certainly, for he was a Baptist of checkered career; he knew odds and ends of six languages, besides English and his Yiddish, and he had been everywhere. Every-man's is more a wilderness than No-man's land.

It was as though he were munching his last locust as he tramped into town on the highway from Boston, as though his fingers were sticky with honey. His forehead was broader than his chest, his palms broader than either. One could not have said whether this lone Israelite had it in mind to question the scribes in the Temple or sell shoe-laces before the Golden Gate.

He entered school, hoping to go later to Harvard, and eventually to become a Ghetto lawyer in New York. Tenny Lynne had the fellow up to his rooms occasionally. When there was nobody about Tenny affected the bizarre, socially. The youngest of the Magi, Tenny called Israel. It would have been difficult to guess his age. He was scarcely a man, yet it was evident he had never had time to be a

boy. "He might have posed to Doré for the Eastern merchant in that best of the 'Contes Drolatiques'," said Tenny. "He might be Isaac the Jew while yet the fair Rebecca is a girl-baby. He has long, yellow fingers, long, yellow teeth, and a long, yellow nose, but his eyes he got from his mother."

This mother, together with several other small incidents in his past life, Israel happened to mention once in Tenny's room, when there were some other fellows present. For quite a fortnight afterward these fellows remembered to nod to him on the street. One of them, St. John Bayard, meeting him in the postoffice, said "Howdy, old man," quite as though Israel were one of the uncircumcised and a wearer of creased trousers. Which fact the Hebrew mentioned to his room-mate, with such evident amazement that when the tale got out the youngest of the Magi was straightway christened Old Man.

When Old Man was about seven years old his father, the Rabbi, had driven him away from home, whether because he had cried, coming barefoot through the snow from school, or whether by reason of his mis-calling the sacred names in the Talmud, Old Man had forgotten. But he remembered his flight. He remembered his little girl-mother creeping out by night to go with him; also he remembered how she had died of cold and hunger. Then, being found by some soldiers, he had lived in a barrack, and he had been called Moses and made to swallow pennies while the corporal counted one, two, three, so!

All this was but a part, and nothing, said Old Man, raising his shoulders and

his hands and his eyebrows. Many a child had never seen his mother nor had any

pennies to swallow.

His sentences often ended with a shrug, but of the shoulders rather than of the heart. Old Man, after all, was yet an idealist, a sentimentalist, a dreamer. He boarded at the Commons three-dollar table, and when they had pork he wept because he was hungry. Weeping was a habit he had retained, a part of childhood's baggage not unlikely to prove useful in the outfit of an idealist.

Faith, Hope and Charity Old Man called the Pauline Furies. He had hope rather than faith, which is to say, he hoped he would one day be rich, but he believed nothing about the market until he had seen the stock reports. As for Charity, he used to say, he had never met the lady. With the Gentiles it was but a word. His own people did not call Duty

or Kindness bad names.

In the reading-room between recitations Old Man always perused the stock reports instead of looking at magazine pictures. With his finger on the market's pulse, he bought and sold largely, in a stock-exchange of dreams. At a crisis, having invested a fabulous sum in tobacco stocks, he was dejected for days because he had sold prematurely.

Meanwhile he was carrying out ashes and beating carpets for fifteen cents an hour. Peddling Chinese tooth-powder in the rural district of New York he had found a more remunerative occupation, he remarked to one of his employers.

"Of what was this tooth-powder com-

posed?"

"Well, sand and pumice stone, pounded up with chalk, perhaps," allowed Old Man with native cunning and a strong Semitic accent. "Then the box, with Chinese writing on it."

"Would not that powder serve merely to remove the enamel of the teeth?"

"Well, what could you expect for a quarter?" exclaimed Old Man naïvely, "to have the teeth removed?" Tenny Lynne lent him books. Upon the occasion of his returning the "Merchant of Venice," Tenny was charmed to find him under the impression that Shylock was the hero of the piece and Portia the villainess. He had known such a woman-lawyer in New York, he said, a regular tough, but invaluable to the criminal classes. His approval of the Jew of Malta was equally fervent and thorough.

Tenny was at the sweet-sixteen age then. He used to sleep with a copy of Whitman beneath his pillow, and carry the volume in his suit-case when he had not room for his flask. Tenny gave him the "Leaves of Grass," and Old Man used to read the book, pointing with his finger, as his father the Rabbi had read the holy writings of the Law. Reading aloud, "When I heard that my name had been received with plaudits in the capital," he sometimes forgot to offer the chair to a caller. There was but one chair that was Old Man's—as there was but one poet after he found Whitman.

When, as a child, Old Man had come down out of Russia, leaving his mother dead behind him, he had borne between his lean little ribs one great delusion. He believed the earth to be inhabited in its high places chiefly by two classes of beings: Of which the one wore trousers, worked iniquity and spake unrighteousness, were called men and were devils. The other class, called women, were skirted angels, who did only weep and do loving things and say prayers.

Thinking of his mother, he regretted that he himself was of the lusty fellowship of devils. She was the first woman he had known. Having met a second, he rejoiced exceedingly that he was not of those who wear a skirt to hide the cloven hoof. They were both devils, man and woman, but the big red ones, who roared and cursed bravely and made you swallow pennies, were to be preferred to the little white devils who wept and themselves

Having learned that God is not in the

swallowed pennies.

woman, he naturally came to the conclusion later that God is nowhere.

"I have read," Old Man used to say, with a shrug of his voice and an idiomatic inflection of all his members, "I have read somewhere, in German, I think,-Schopenhauer, perhaps,—that, given a table, one must deduct the pre-existence of a carpenter, and so, seeing the world, one must believe in God. But I say, given the table bare and the carpenter's children crying for bread, that the carpenter must have been taken ill and died. So, about God and the gods, I say that they may have been, but now-they are dead, even to the god of Moses, who must have frozen to death during one of those long nights when my mother and I cried out with the cold and the famine."

Old Man still believed in that first subject that one learns anything about, the last that he learns everything about—himself. Later, this religion, going the way of all monotheisms, became trinitarian. He believed also in St. John Bayard and in his own love for this comrade whom he did not know. He had never spoken to St. John directly. But, passing him on the street, Old Man used to say to himself, "Perhaps I am beginning to understand what Faith, Hope and Charity mean: Peace about the future, Strength in the present, and Comradeship always."

"Everybody likes me, Tenny!" St. John had once remarked, with a matter-of-fact sadness. "That's what makes it hard to be such a rotten cuss as I am." He and his room-mate in a conversation had reached that confidential state that lies on the further side of midnight.

At this naïve statement Tenny had snickered silently in the darkness. "Go to sleep, you infernal beauty!" he had exclaimed, turning over in bed. "If every one likes you, it's because every one knows damn well you ain't intelligent enough to get the big-head about it." Whereupon St. John had grunted humbly, and before Tenny had gotten the final polish on an epigram suitable to the occasion, a dismal

snore was making itself heard from the other bed.

Love is not a god, but a tramp who comes sometimes in divine disguise. And, being refused here, he begs food at the next door across the alley. Love is not always beautiful, nor always what is called natural, but he is invariably real. Love does not sit impotent in holy places, but is vagrant over all the earth, a lusty, sweating actuality that can saw wood or burn down your barn, as Fate chooses—and this despite gold paint and perfumes, rust of years and earthiness of origin.

Old Man, looking at St. John, saw that he was strong and fearless and kindlynatured, honest and good to look upon, different from himself and the other men he had known. So King Richard of the Lion-heart would perhaps have seemed to Isaac of York.

Incidentally, he began to think that he might have been hasty in his rejection of Christianity. "It is a philosophy you may grasp with the heart, perhaps, if not with the hand," he said to Tenny. "You can believe that Christ the Mistaken may have been Christ the Messiah—if you understand that he talked about comradeship, and not about charity, that he was a man-lover whose death was a noble failure, and not a god-magician who lived a lime-lighted life to the end that he might found a system of ethics."

There is a good deal in love, Tenny thought, however little love there might be in Christians, and however much of everything else there was in Christianity.

"You could knock an archangel silly with half a brick," said Tenny, "and you couldn't wing a sparrow with the Church's One Foundation if you had young David's sling. The real counts. What can make a fellow take a bath oftener can also make him clean in bigger ways, braver and stronger and wiser." Thus Tenny.

Old Man began to listen to the sermons in Sunday chapel, hoping for light upon the feelings he himself knew. These preachments he discovered, however, were largely concerned with the The Eucharistic Affection of The Lamb, The Propitiatory Value of Divine Agony, and various other Gothic-appearing contrivances of ecclesiasticism labeled with pipe-organ

phrases.

Talking about Whitman one evening, Tenny and Old Man had drifted naturally into a discussion of that comradeship of which the Father had said calamus should be the token. Then, in the twilight-time of naked talking that comes with the waning glow of the coals, Old Man told Tenny about something that had happened in the Egyptian part of his history.

He had gone out from Cairo on some wild-goose expedition with several hundred other deluded ones, mere boys for the most part. Arrived on the border of the Red Sea, the rascally Turks who were their leaders had summarily deserted them, afoot and many days' journey from all base of supplies. As a result, only a miserable remnant of their number had again reached civilization. Among those who had perished of hunger and thirst was one Armenian lad who had been Old Man's comrade.

"He was older than I," said Old Man, "but he was weak. Then, when we started to come back, he got sick. He began to lag behind the others, and eyen with my help he could not keep up. Then we were left. We had forgotten the taste of food, and our water was exhausted. We talked about eating and drinking, and about nothing else, while we could talk at all.

"At last he got too weak even to crawl. When he laid his head on my shoulder I was afraid of his teeth. I laid him flat on the ground and waited. He went mad, quite mad, and his naked eyes glared up at the sun. Then—I took a heavy stone and—as you do a snake, you know! And I went on alone, without waiting even to look at him again. I was so thirsty!

"I am glad that I was strong enough to save him further agony. He did not know. I scarcely knew. My own death would have done him no good, and I could not leave him alive. And since then nothing has happened so joyous that I could wish him here in life to share it."

Several weeks later Old Man came up again to Tenny's rooms, during a morning period. "I am going away," he said. "Going to give up school."

"Why!" exclaimed Tenny.

"Well, I have failed—inside, I mean, every way. I—I was mistaken about myself."

"What has happened? How do you know? What—"

"I dreamed—last night," said Old Man with a dejected droop of his high shoulders, "you know about the trials they used to have—ordeals by fire and water—well, this was an ordeal by dream."

"You don't mean to tell-"

"I will tell you," said Old Man quietly. "I was skating, over on the river. It was very cold, and I was alone—of course. The banks were low and flat and gray. There was no tree nor stick of timber anywhere. Farther down there was an island, and the river lay in a bend, between high banks of sand.

"I could not skate very well. Then I saw St. John, you know, with two of his own crowd—that one who has the red hair and another. They passed me very swiftly. He dropped one of his gloves, a white woolen one, as they returned, going down toward the bend in the river. I picked the glove up and skated down after them. I thought if he noticed its loss I would give it to him. When they reached the head of the island they separated, two going to the right and St. John to the left.

"Then suddenly ahead of me the ice broke, and I could see the lad struggling in the water. It seemed strong as the ocean, that yellow torrent. I saw him break shelf after shelf off the thin ice beside the current, struggling to drag himself out of the water. I—was afraid!

"I cried out for help. I stood quite still and screamed—until my voice seemed a chasm to my heart, and I could feel the cold wind blowing against what I had called Love. Love! A poor, pale, shriveled thing it looked by day, in the white

light of fear!

"You see, I was afraid of that yellow water and of that cold rushing blackness I might find beneath the ice. So, standing in safety, I saw the lad go down to death—alone. Then I crept to the edge of the strong ice and tossed his white glove into the water. I saw that the current was less swift than I had thought. I saw that I might have saved him.

"That is what I dreamed. I am going back to Boston to-night," concluded Old

Man humbly.

"What utter rot!" exclaimed Tenny. "What a beastly joke! to attempt to take such a dream as a reality—to consider the phantoms of a man's unruly fancy the fit judges of his heart—to try his nerve with a magic-lantern slide—God! You give me a pain!"

"Why, even supposing your dream to be an actual case," Tenny continued. "A man is not necessarily false nor a coward because he refrains from a vain risk of his own life, since to the bravest has been

given but one."

"A man may refrain," said Israel, "for death is but a small thing for a man or for a man's friend. But to refrain because of fear—there is no truce between friendship and fear!"

"But a dream can not test realities, because it is itself unreal," said Tenny im-

patiently.

"My trial was as real as the theorem you put on the board, as real as the truth that is tested by such a picture in chalk. And nothing is more real than the truth—except it be one of those beautiful lies that women believe, about love and self-sacrifice and courage. The man who believes such is himself a woman!"

Once afterward Tenny saw Old Man. It was in Boston on a street near the Union Station. He was sitting in the doorway of a little shop, and behind him

along the wall hung a gibbet-row of empty garments. Above, the emporium was labeled with a quaint line of Hebrew characters superficially punctuated for the Gentile eye by three golden periods.

"Is this the end, Old Man?" asked Tenny. He had rather approved of Israel.

"Alpha and Omega," answered Old Man softly. "And all between. These are cast-off clothings, you know!"

"There is a book-shop around the corner. Why did you not go there?"

"Books are not for me," said Old Man. "What were the use?"

"And so you have given them up—books and school and college, the future and the present, all that is clean and high and gracious—with comrades. Did you not love—?"

"I see them go by the door here," said Old Man, "to and from the trains, with suit-cases, with trousers rolled up, laughing and hurrying. With them go college, and my little savings of Latin and Greek and—respectability."

"And all this you are giving up to sit here amidst cast-off clothing—why?"

"Because I was afraid. Also—because I know more about cast-off things than about anything else."

"You pity yourself, do you not?" ex-

claimed Tenny angrily.

"Yes," said Old Man, brightening up, "but I am trying to cast that off, too. The Saints, I think, were often victims of an acquired taste, drinking flame as it were soda-water and gripping death with their lips—as a baby sucks his great-toe—because they liked it. I hate the smugness of the blessed martyrs?"

"So do I," said Tenny, picking up his

suit-case. "So long!"

Looking back, he saw Old Man sitting in the shadow of the doorway. His eyes were closed, and his face looked like the stamped image on one of the old coins in the shop window, his head like the graven likeness of some ancient Semitic king.

## THE HOSTILITY OF THE CITY

By Henry Oyen

AUTHOR OF "THE DREAMER AND THE MOB," ETC.

REGORY Fremont could sit at his desk in the sanctum of the Spring Hill Valley Republican and look straight out of the back window into the creek bottom of the valley that gave Spring Hill its pleasant name. The creek ran and twisted a dozen times in the bottom; it came straight for the hillside whereon stood the Republican office, then turned and meandered slowly back into the center of the bottom, wreathed itself into a huge, lazy figure eight and went, chuckling slightly to itself, down the valley. A thick fringe of overhanging willows followed the creek wherever its vagaries led it, and Fremont, when he sat dreamily at his desk,-for let it be known from the beginning that Gregory Fremont was a poet,-could hear the whistle of the birds in the bushes below mingling with the click of the type, as the intelligent composing "force" of the Republican rapidly filled his stick from the dusty cases. Or, perhaps, they mingled with the easy rumble of the little foot-power Gordon job press, as the press "force" slowly kicked off six hundred smutted impressions an hour; at all events, the birds, and the creek, and the willows were never far from Fremont at his desk in the Republican sanctum.

It was peaceful in Spring Hill Valley. The rush and bustle of cosmopolitan life had not, for many good reasons, come to cloy or discord the peacefulness of existence in the valley. Life and movements were laid in easy, unhurried paths there. Spring Hill Valley was old and mellowed in its age. Each week, preferably on a Thursday evening, and if not then, on a Friday morning, for the last thirty years,

the old cylinder press in the back room of the Republican office had begun to whirl under the motive power of some strong right arm, and the Republican went to press. Each morning at precisely 8:15 Bill Bradley and his rubber-tired 'bus pulled rumblingly along Main Street to meet the morning train, get the United States mail and any passengers who might find it in their minds to stop at Spring Hill Valley. Again in the afternoon was this done, and these incidents—the printing of the Republican and the two trains dailywere the ties that bound the valley with the outer world. So it was that Fremont, who was a poet, could sit dreamily at the desk of the assistant editor in Spring Hill Valley and help old man Porter get out the paper. That he was a poet argued nothing against him with the old man, for the latter had enough of the romantic left in him to know poetry when he met it, even though he had conducted a country weekly for thirty years.

So when "Greg" Fremont, lank-legged and long, stood on the stage of the opera-house one hot June afternoon and read, as a graduation essay, not a thesis dealing with "The Mental Habits of Man," nor of anything that lay "Beyond the Alps," but an ode of Spring Hill Valley, a poem that told a plain story of the beginning of The Valley, its life then and now, and the part that it and a hundred similar communities played in the development of the Middle West, old man Porter sat up and rubbed his eyes. He had sought for long through the columns of his paper to arouse the poetical and esthetic in the young people of the valley, but it seemed, until now,

that he had been foolishly wasting space that might have been profitably filled with recipes for the cure of hog cholera. Now, here—was it possible that Spring Hill Valley had developed a genius?

The people of the valley listened in amazement to the boy on the stage, and went home and told each other they always knew there was something queer about

that Fremont boy.

But next week there came a magazine to Spring Hill Valley. It was a great magazine, and "The Ode of the Valley" was printed in full in it, with proper embellishment and signature. Spring Hill Valley, and old man Porter in particular, grew proud of its own; and Gregory came to sit in one corner of the Republican office as assistant editor, until such time as the world should call him to the position his genius deserved. How soon this would be old man Porter dreaded to contemplate; for the Republican was sadly in need of young blood in its staff, and Porter—he admitted it himself—was

getting old.

This was eight years ago, and Fremont was still the assistant. To the mutual shock of himself and the old man, Fremont had discovered that the magazines did not print all things that he condescended to send to them. Many, many things they sent back, and Fremont was hurt. So, with the consent of old man Porter, he ran his poetry, and the stuff the magazines sent back, when he enclosed stamps, on the fourth page of the Republican, next to the editorials, and was satisfied, with the satisfaction of the genius who sees his work in print. Also, he wrote many other things-editorials, "city" news, and even household hints, if the truth be known, and wrought with the efforts of the country correspondents until they were fit for the eye of Spring Hill Valley. Even he went out into the composing-room, upon the periodical absence of the composing force, and "set matter." And so eight years passed away in the peace and leisure of

Spring Hill Valley. Still the call had not come for Fremont to come forth from his seclusion and enlighten the world with his genius. But Fremont was not worried. He wrote as he pleased and saw his work in type; which is much. When he dallied with poetry or editorial effusions of the kind that delighted the heart of old man Porter, the English language beceme in his hands a delicate stringed instrument of many shades and tones, wherefrom his skillful fingers drew, with the touch of genius, music sweet and rare,and few people read them. But when Le sat down to tell of that which had happened, and happened recently, he wrote with a beautiful grasp on the possibilities latent in the six-letter words of the English language, so that any one could read and understand. Thus the world heard of

There came a cyclone to disturb the peace of the valley. It came one bright, summer Saturday afternoon,-a dark, whirling cloud of destruction. It ricochetted through farms in the north end of the valley at the rate of eighty miles an hour, bouncing from spot to spot, like a gigantic rubber ball. It tore houses from their foundations, uprooted barns and trees, and left a wreck of things wherever its fancy led it. It came late in the afternoon. Fremont took a light buckboard and a strong gray horse and drove out into its wake. There were plows high in the tops of trees; windmills driven bottom up through the tops of barns; houses stood without roofs, foundations without houses; a family album lay opened flat on a fence-post; a cabinet photo was driven three inches into the trunk of a tree; all the queer, freakish show of unbridled strength that a great storm leaves was to be seen from the road as the buckboard whirled along. Fremont came back to the office of the Republican and sent twelve hundred words to the Daily Metropolitan in response to a request. He told of things just as he had seen them, and the calloused copy readers in the office of the

Metropolitan, when the "stuff" came to them, sat and read with their pencils idle. Never was such a story sent in by a coun-

try correspondent.

Thus it was that the managing editor came to write to Fremont, of the Spring Hill Valley Republican. Old man Porter, when he saw the letter, sat himself down and wrote the column editorial that he had long wished to write: "Spring Hill Valley Genius Recognized," and was really glad, although he knew it meant the death of the Republican as it was then. Fremont jabbed his last copy on the hook, took a last long look at the creek bottom and the willows and went out to the waiting 'bus. The call had come.

The managing editor of the Daily Metropolitan was also a genius. It happened, however, that his genius ran in different lines than that of Fremont, so he was the managing editor. He was a small man, unclean of face and sore-eyed, but he worked all night because the paper could not do without him. He received Fremont with effusive cordiality.

"Y'ever do any reporting?" he queried swiftly, while Fremont was expressing his

delight at meeting him.

"S'pose you ain't," he continued, without caring for a reply. "Well, guess you'd better report to Mr. Burns in the

"local" room, anyhow."

The long-looked-for and dreamed-of introduction to the literary life of the metropolis had come to pass; it was over. It had come so swiftly that Fremont found himself in the hall wondering; but he was "on" the Metropolitan at last.

It was a long, darkish room. A row of desks stood against one wall. A dozen reporters, hats on and coats off, sat and smoked and hammered a dozen typewriters. Cigarette smoke clouded up around the lights; in the center of the room, at a low, round table, a dozen men with their eve-shades bent over sheets of copy, read, and wrote, and swore. A little man stood in a corner, with his hair ruffled beyond belief. Men came at him and spoke fiercely. He shouted back at them, and they returned to their desks with great humility in their bearing. Fremont looked at the copy that ran out from the noisiest machine in the room-it was poetry.

"Come to-morrow," said Burns. "Three

o'clock."

Fremont went out in a dazed condition. Things had happened so differently from what he had expected. No one had said a word about "The Ode of the Valley"; no one had mentioned his later poetry, or even the story that brought him to the notice of the managing editor. No one had mentioned anything.

The genius went away with something akin to anger in his heart and wrote his impressions into verse. He would let Burns have the verses to print on the morrow; then the staff would know him.

Burns was a paragon of peacefulness at three the next day. The rush of copy had not begun and he had time to take Fremont to one side and confide to him

the policy of the Metropolitan.

"We print all the horrible details here, but don't touch 'em up any," he said. "Don't describe anything for the sake of effect. Give the facts, all of 'em; don't try to write. You'll be on general assignments. Sit down there."

Fremont felt the verses in his pocket as he sat down to await the pleasure of Burns, but for some reason he left them

there.

There was a long wait. Reporters came in, spoke to the editor and hurried out again, or sat, as did Fremont, disconsolately waiting, apparently forgotten. A telephone bell rang almost incessantly and Burns mouthed furiously. Fremont sprang to his feet suddenly. The editor had loudly called his name.

"There's been an elevator boy killed over in the Mason Block," said Burns, with his ear to the telephone. "Happens to be a good story in it; he refused to be



HE SAT DREAMILY AT HIS DESK

educated by a president once. Get his picture; look up story about president; get lots of stuff; it's a good story." A good story! Fremont wondered dully why the foolish boy had not accepted the offer; but then there would have been no

"story."

He found a home over on the West Side, with a morbid crowd of the curious about it and a patrol wagon standing in front. It was hot and dusty; the neighborhood was close and greasy. Doors stood flung wide open, showing dirty hallways and interiors; children played and rolled on steps and sidewalks, talking, screeching, singing any and every language known in Christendom save intelligible English. Dirty women stood and looked, in blank stupidness, at the patrol wagon. A fat patrolman stood in the doorway, wiping the sweat from his red brow.

Inside it was wonderfully quiet. A woman sat in a rear room, with her head leaned far to one side, her eyes regarding the visitor in staring, babyish surprise. Her mouth was open, and her hands lav empty in her lap, palms up. She was the mother.

Gregory Fremont turned and stumbled back to the street.

"Hot, ain't it?" remarked the fat

policeman genially.

"Yes, yes," replied Fremont feverishly. He pushed his way to the crowd about the door and found a telephone farther up the street. He called Burns and wondered what he should say.

"This is Fremont," he began weakly.

"Did you get his picture?" queried the city editor, abruptly.

"No!" Fremont fairly roared the word. "I—I saw his mother—"

"Well?"

"That's all," said Fremont.

There was a moment's silence; Burns understood.

"Well; go over to Twelfth Street," he said. "You'll find a playground therecrippled children's picnic to-day. See our photographer there and get lots of stuff.'

But the sun was bright and clear in the playground on Twelfth Street, and the crippled children's picnic came home to Gregory Fremont, harder even than had the elevator boy's mother. He helped up a little fellow who had rolled helpless from his seat in a swing to the ground, and went out into the street. The smoke came up from the river district on the west-blowing wind, a heavy blue pall, dark and foreboding; and back in the yard the children were laughing.

"Well," said Burns, in the local room, "write up what you've got and come on

with it."

Fremont ran a sheet of paper into the carriage of a machine and tried to write. Machines clicked all around him; reporters came in and wrote, closed their desks and went out again; and still he could not write. There was a picture that stayed in his mind that shut out the room and the machine before him, and he could not be sure whether it was the elevator boy's mother or the cripple rolling helplessly on the ground.

"How you coming with that story,

Fremont?" called Burns.

Old man Porter could scarcely believe his eyes. It was press day for the Republican, and he had come to the office particularly early on this morning because of his assistant's departure. Yet when he stopped, with his key in the office door, he looked within, and surely there was a familiar form at the assistant's desk with a stack of exchanges before him.

The old man entered as silently as he could. Could it be that he was "seeing things" in his old age? He went nearer. The figure at the desk was in shirt-sleeves and had the same old green eye-shade far down on the nose in a very familiar manner. Porter paused.

"Greg!" he ejaculated suddenly, in his amazement.

"Good morning," said the figure, cut-

ting into an exchange, just as he had done each morning for eight years.

The old man coughed weakly and walked about the room. Twice he stopped behind the figure at the desk, but found no words to speak to him.

"Greg, I—I—thought,—say Greg, what to —'s wrong?" he said at last.

"Nothing."

"You come back."

"I came back."

"For good?"

"For good."

The old man snorted.

"Why Greg?" he said. "Tell me why?"

Gregory Fremont sat up and looked about him thoughtfully.

The window in the back room was open, the birds were singing in the willows in the creek bottom, and the trees were still wet and heavy from the morning's dew.

"Why, Greg; what d'you come back

"I didn't like it there," said Fremont

"Shoo," said the Old Man, comprehensively; "didn't like it, eh?"

And he took the "Spring Hill Valley Genius" editorial from the copy-hook and slowly tore it into long, thin strips.

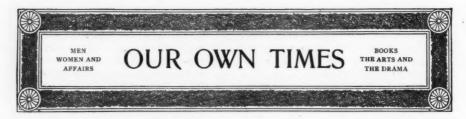
### ST. CECILIA

By Douglas M. Moffat

WHITE at her casement lilies blow.
Like them her spirit, pure and true!
Her fingers sweetest music know
That clothes the blessed word.
The angels hark and, bending low,
Crown with a rose-wreath, smiling through,
The maid who guides her hands to do
Their most to praise her Lord.

The wind sits quiet at her sill,
The bustling bee forgets to fly.
Beside the summer-narrowed rill
The locust has not stirred.
The redbreast pauses, hushed, and still
Lays his small heavenly music by:—
"Through the blue summit of the sky
Such song was never heard."

Within his bag the sower's hand
Lies idle: and the ploughman brings
His toiling oxen still to stand
Along the furrowed sod;
Deep musing, "If from some pure land
About the sun this music rings
I know not, but its beauty sings
That there is heaven and God."



THE lover of liberty must stand appalled at the manner in which the Russian radicals,-in the very midst of their great movement, when their eyes beheld Russia emergent from autocracy,-exhibited their hatred toward the Jews. Cruelty more wanton, more unrelenting, more hideous, the world has never seen. To so much as rehearse the details of the tragedy, or, rather, the black succession of tragedies, is a pain which one willingly spares oneself. No atrocity, however fierce, directed at the ruling class of Russia, could have awakened such horror and aversion as this mortal cruelty to a race so defrauded that it is not allowed credit even for patriotism. A Jew-what right has he to claim a love for Russia? He may not venture to ask for a martyrdom so noble. He is cheated even of the right to sacrifice himself for his country. He is set apart by circumstances, and is forced to confine himself to ideas, sentiments and passions relating to the accident of his inheritance.

What is to be the future of this race? Must the Jew retain his fatal permanency of characteristic, so irritating to other races? Does he aim to continue to hold himself apart, the practicer of ancient rites, most of which are now meaningless? Can he not overcome this peculiar egotism that isolates him in every country in which he dwells? Some compromise must be effected. If the superstitious hatred of the rest of humanity—and of Christians in particular—toward the Jews must be mitigated by moral development, then the Jews must cease their exclusion, also, before amity can be attained.

Mr. George H. Warner, a student of the question of the place of the Jew in history and in the present, has put forth his long-contemplated book, "The Jewish Specter." This is not an arraignment of the Jew. Mr. Warner has not lived his thoughtful life to reach the place where he can waste his time in arraignments. It is a dispassionate

inquiry into the status of the Jew, and it shows him at the last, a much more inconspicuous figure, in an historical sense, than has been imagined.

Mr. Warner finds the Jews comparatively negligent figures in the modern world. "They are not," he avers, "the authors of any science, of any invention, of any art; and I can not see anywhere that they have done anything more than to glean the prodigal fields of modern life and admire themselves vastly for doing it. They show an unequaled egotism which has been well nourished by the superstition of Europe; a superstition that, believed, makes all history foolish, and the human race itself but the useless by-product of an artisan. They lack most of the elements that stir the pulse, lift the heart, ennoble the mind. To reduce the world to their level would be a misfortune which would require again several centuries to overcome and rise above.

Let so much be granted for the sake of argument; let it be granted, too, that they have enduring qualities which aggravate the resentment felt against them by superstitious Christians; still, what is the meaning of this infliction on them of a cruelty of which they would themselves be incapable? National as well as personal sin is retroactive. It is not by violence that a nation grows. It can no more progress by brutality than can a man.

No Utopian dream of universal brotherhood will meet this question of the prolonged warfare between the Jew and the rest of the world. It is evident that here, to-day, in America, the line of demarcation is increasing. With a few notable exceptions, the Jew holds no place in general society. The leading Rabbis of the country discountenance marriage between Jew and Gentile. The leveling work of the public school, which makes comrades of young people of all nationalities, is deliberately obliterated by the pious Jewish fathers and mothers when their children have reached a certain age. They are summoned back from liberal thought, cosmopolitan associations, from the chance of marriage with persons of other birth and faith, to the old mysticism, the sad, separatist pride, the old fruitless fealty.

Is it despair at attaining a solidarity in which the Jew has part, that the fanatic patriot of Russia turns his sword against these huddling men and women, these shrieking fated little children of the Ghetto? Have they such or so much purpose in their red crime? All that can be said is that resentment so deep, so demoniacal, must have some reason for existence. Are these reasons beyond the power of the centuries to expunge? Mr. Warner's book gives no conclusive answer to questions such as these. Such comfort as he offers is in the prophecy that even the durable Jewish mold will yet be broken. He says that "world-round history tells us that all the molds into which this race (the human race) has cast its forms of government, philanthropies, or religions, have been successively broken; no forms have been

permanent, none indispensable, that they have all changed and passed, whether they were concrete and tangible things, or mere abstraction of the mind, which men fondly hoped were indestructible."

He insinuates that our anxieties concerning the Jewish race are superfluous. But how about the anxieties of the Jewish race concerning themselves? It would seem that they have, within the last month, been desperately justified.

MARGUERITE Merington has made a play of "Cranford." It reads delightfully, which does not mean—the familiar statement to the contrary notwithstanding—that it would act badly. All of Pinero's plays are good reading, at least for people who do not mind using their imaginations a trifle in filling out for themselves what the dramatist necessarily leaves unsaid. Miss Merington's three-act comedy would make a charming performance; it preserves all the quaintness of speech, delicious humor and delicate tone of Mrs. Gaskell's story.



THE BOYHOOD OF LINCOLN
From a notable painting by Harry Watson in the Royal Academy Exhibition, 1905

S a late number of the Nation says, the A time is long since past when a brokendown preacher can be retired to the innocuous ease of a college president; the ideal president of a modern university must be a scholar, teacher, disciplinarian, organizer, administrator, financier, diplomatist and accomplished writer and speaker. Owing to these increased demands upon him, and his more influential position in our public life, the selection of a president for one of our larger universities has come to be a matter of more than local or purely academic interest; and the custom of installing a new president with considerable ceremony has led in the past few years to several notable gatherings of distinguished men.

The latest occasion of this sort was the recent installation of Edmund Janes James as

PRESIDENT JAMES

President of the University of Illinois. This installation, while observing the usual academic features of such occasions, had at the same time a distinctive character from the emphasis laid throughout upon the peculiar

position of the State University in its relation to the commonwealth.

Another distinguishing feature was the holding of several special conferences in connection with the installation. There was a conference on commercial education to discuss the general subject of the aim and scope of university courses in commerce; a conference on religious education for a free exchange of opinions regarding religious life and religious instruction in the State University, and a conference of college and university trustees to consider not only practical questions of college administration, but also larger problems touching the relation of trustees and president and faculty. This last conference in particular aroused widespread interest and bids fair to be long remembered for some of the vital questions raised, notably the question of autocracy or democracy in education.

The part taken by the students at the installation was the subject of favorable comment. Their production of Robert Green's fine old comedy, "Frier Bacon and Frier Bungay," was an entire success and a most interesting Elizabethan revival. In the student torchlight parade, which stretched over about three-fourths of a mile, one did not know which to admire more, the cleverness of the floats and the spirit of fun that prevailed, or the ability to keep within bounds

and refrain from rowdyism.

The installation, being in a sense a civic as well as an academic demonstration, and representing in its conferences several special interests, was saved from any danger of being narrowly academic in spirit. This representative character of the gathering and the general interest of many of the questions discussed made the occasion a notable one, the influence of which will be felt in many ways.

A MONG the many interesting theories relative to musical composition advanced in that unusual and fascinating novel, "Zal," by Rupert Hughes, is this one—an anarchistic one—"There is only one key, and that is all keys in one. The dominant is no nearer to the tonic than the tonic to the key of the leading tone. There is only one scale—the chromatic."

Musicians have been feeling their way

toward this dictum. Richard Strauss has had the courage and the ability to confirm them in it; and the result is an impulsiveness, freedom and charm in music which is strangely satisfying to the modern. The imagination of the present day, so passionate, yet so colored with caprice, is in accord with this new apotheosis of the chromatic scale. Elgar understands it-and one does not hesitate to place him beside Richard Strauss and affirm that here are the two most intellectual musicians of the present day. The musicians are cutting away from formalism. They are getting out of the mathematics of music and into the fundamental meanings of it. They have observed, perhaps, that the song of a bird is always chromatic; that the roar of breakers, wind, waterfalls, the long sigh in canyons, the cry of animals in the night, are chromatic. They are not ashamed to leave behind them the elaborate formalism of the schools, and speak in this new tongue, which has about it an enchanting spontaneity. Among the song writers who have espoused this idea-for a wave of conviction has moved the musical world to this conclusion-is Mrs. Archibald Freer, of Chicago, otherwise Eleanor Everest Freer, who, after studying in Europe for many years, has selected as her last master that distinguished theorist, Berhard Ziehn, who, after winning fame in Germany, chose, for reasons impossible to surmise, to live inconspicuously in a country where musical theorists have little enough applause. The close friend of Theodore Thomas, yet ever a recluse, he lives in Chicago, that city of triumphant dissonances, and teaches harmony -a man of distinguished ideas, who avoids distinction. Mrs. Freer's songs have his approval, as they have that of such men as Middleschulte, Bispham and d'Annalle. Mrs. Freer's idea has been to create fit settings for the classical English lyrics. As Germany, Italy and France have their classics embalmed in music, so she hopes to start a movement toward the same end in England and America. Not foolish words to suit a casual melody, but appropriate, impulsive, changing chromatic melody to match the words of true poems, is her ideal. She has written a number of fine songs during the past year, and this autumn finds her with two trios, a book of spring songs, and two other solos. The trios are to the English madrigal, "Sister Awake, Close Not Your Eyes," and Lawrence Binyon's "O World, Be Nobler for Her Sake." The five songs to spring—for baritone or mezzo-soprano are Milton's "Eternal Spring," William G.



ELEANOR EVEREST FREER

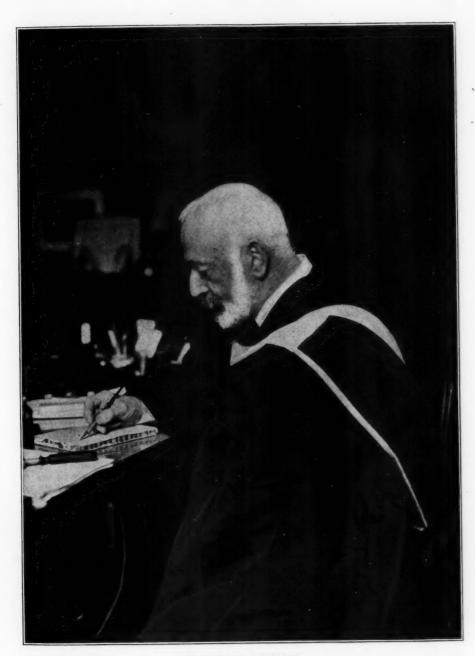
Simms' "Song in March," William Watson's "April, April, Laugh Thy Girlish Laughter," William Morton Payne's "Incipit Vita Nova" and Austin Dobson's "An April Pastoral." The other two songs are set to the luscious music of Browning's, "There Is a Woman Like a Dewdrop," and that white song of Alice Meynell's "The Shepherdess." The treatment of these two latter songs is extraordinary. As in Strauss' work, the song is inextricably bound up with the accompaniment, both suiting tempo, key and expression completely to the character of the sentence; both of them freed, by this frank espousal of the chromatic scale, from any arbitrary limitations. The songs are original and eloquent. They mark another triumph for what may be termed the liberated music—the music of Strauss and Elgar -the music of the restless, aspiring present.

MARGARET Potter Black is at present occupied with the most ambitious scheme in the fiction line that she has yet attempted. It is a trilogy of novels to be called "A Trilogy of Destiny," the first book

of which, "The Genius," is now in the hands of Harper Brothers, and will be brought out in February. The other two novels will follow at intervals of one year, the second volume to be called "The Princess," and the third being as yet unnamed. The scene of all of these tales will be laid in Russia, and besides the psychological theme of the whole, Book I is an "embroidered" biography of Pietr Illich Tchaikousky. Mrs. Black has usually eschewed the short story, but she has one soon to be published in Scribner's entitled "Nemesis"—this being a racial study-and another, a tale of life on the Western farms, called "The Obsession of Ann Gibbs." She is also at work upon an American comedy-drama called "The Golden Saddler." Mrs. Black has an untiring zest for work, and the habits of study united to the élan of a creative artist.

THAT most delightful of prose poets, Charles Warren Stoddard, has returned, after ten years' absence, to his adopted home, California, and is now at work on a book which will study the romance and reality of Spanish mission life. Stoddard's own life contains more romance than generally falls to the lot of a twentieth-century author. Fifty years ago, when California was very young and exceeding lusty, he was taken west by his parents from the family home in Rochester, New York. At sixteen he was going around Cape Horn as traveling companion for an elder brother whose health had given out, and at twenty-one he was enjoying his first taste of life in the South Seas, the guest there of a sister who had married a wealthy planter of the Hawaiian Islands. This visit was the first of five which afterward bore fruit in "South Sea Idyls," a book Howells has characterized as the "lightest, wildest, freshest, sweetest thing ever written of the life of the summer ocean." Bret Harte it was who suggested the title of the book. But for Bret Harte, indeed, the volume would very likely never have been born; for Stoddard, though he loves to write, is perhaps the laziest literary man in America. Poetry, which does not require sustained effort, was the thing into which he was pouring himself when Harte got hold of him. "I was always doing sonnets," he says, laughing at himself, "and

I got the trick of them fairly well. Making sonnets is like making waffles; all you have to do is to put in the right ingredients and stop fussing over them at the right time." But Stoddard was easily persuaded to abandon poetry when he found that he could not turn it into bread and butter, for which he had an excellently healthy appetite. So he set to writing prose, publishing in the Golden Era, where Harte first published. It so happened, however, that he had opportunity to recommend Harte as editor of the Overland Monthly, and it was quite natural, therefore, that Harte soon should be making his clever young friend write "as well and often better than I could" for his magazine. Through the pages of the Overland Bret Harte, Mark Twain, Stoddard and Joaquin Miller became good friends and in part established what is now the famous Bohemian Club of San Francisco. Then came the young author's magnificent failure as an actor. There was a change of bill every night in his company and that meant solid work, at which Stoddard has never been any good. But he played all kinds of things with indifferent success, from Lorenzo in "The Merchant of Venice," to a burlesque of "Kenilworth," which contained a song and dance that had to be cut out because Stoddard could neither sing nor dance. This rich experience lasted two months. It was succeeded by a number of years as traveling correspondent of the San Francisco Chronicle, "great fun even if it was hard About this time Stoddard "forework." swore the world." He has a way of foreswearing the world at intervals. Sometimes the phrase covers a trip to Hawaii, sometimes it means the acceptance of a chair of literature in a university, sometimes it implies settling down quietly with a friend to write another book. The accompanying photograph was made during Stoddard's last attack of literary activity and shows him in the study of the Cambridge house, where another gifted writer, the Baroness Riedesel, wrote her unique "Memoirs of the American Revolution." The academic garb is a reminiscence of the previous period when Stoddard was "Professor Charlie" in the Catholic University at Washington and used to lecture on English literature from the depths of a comfortable rocking-chair.



CHARLES WARREN STODDARD

Now, however, this inveterate boy is back in California, renewing his memories of those days when he and Stevenson chummed together. For after the traveling correspondent had gotten back from his five years in Europe he was introduced to R. L. S. in the studio of an artist friend. Of course the two got on famously from the first. Stevenson used to go often to Stoddard's bungalow, and after one of these visits he strode away with a copy of "Omoo," a South Sea romance, under one arm and Stoddard's "South Sea Idyls" under the other. These two books, reinforced by his new friend's ardent talk about the charm of life in the South Seas, gave to the plucky invalid a desire to go there-which he did and stayed the rest of his life. Even Stevenson, however, has not succeeded in reproducing, as Stoddard has done, the peculiar charm of tropical life. For from the pen of this man, -to whom as the "American Loti" Theodore Bentzon (Mme. Blanc) devoted thirty pages of a Revue des Deux Mondes not long ago,-have come some of the most glowing bits of color in our literature, things which "have the flavor of the pomegranate in its native place, the fire of the oleander, the softness and languor of summer seas, with a dash, too, of the surf with its curving foam, the whole pervaded by the subtle spirit of the south.

F the journals devoted to mechanics tell the truth, the war automobile is an inevitable instrument of battle in the future. Germany, France and Austria-Hungary have experimented with war automobiles, and there are already in existence giant machines, capable of carrying rapid-firing Maxim guns and a small company of sharpshooters and gunners. The American Inventor says authoritatively: "These machines have been tested in field maneuvers successfully, and they have proved so formidable that the next war will find scores of them in the field." The speed of these appalling engines varies from fifteen to fifty miles an hour, the swifter ones being intended for scouting purposes. These would be provided with powerful searchlights which could be used for signaling on the clouds. It is suggested, too, that the automobiles might be provided with tele-

graph and telephone reels, and thus keep in constant communication with headquarters. The observation balloon is to be a feature of the scouting automobile, likewise provided with a searchlight. Controlled by the men in the automobile, this balloon can travel in company with the machine, and by means of telephotography, the commander-in-chief can, by night and by day, be kept in a knowledge of the enemy's position and ac-The heavier automobiles, carrying their guns or their torpedo throwers, would be constructed for active battle service. The military chauffeur would be a more terrible opponent than any steel-clad chariot driver of ancient days. The modern knight would be provided, not with a chariot of iron and a coat of steel weighing in all several hundred pounds, but with ten tons of steel, capable of being propelled at a terrific speed and equipped with the most formidable death-dealing instruments, not the least sinister of which would be the boiler of the machine, which would explode in the event of disaster. With a sort of demoniacal enthusiasm the journal referred to, says: "What would prevent sending a few hundred heavily-protected war automobiles, loaded with a thousand or more sharpshooters, straight through the center of the attacking army, cutting it in two and then attacking the rear?" Obviously nothing, except the resistance of machines of a similar character. The picture of devastation is all that the most triumphant automobilist could desire. The one grain of comfort to be had in contemplating such a prospect is provided in the last paragraph of this article. "The employment of cavalry in war," observes the writer, "would thus become obsolete. Horses would be superfluous articles. Man would then fight his own battles without risking the lives of thousands of innocent horses who have no interest in the struggle.'

IT is true that there is a seriousness in being humorous, even as there is a serious side to every humorist. Mr. Tom Masson has long been regarded as a writer of bright stories and verses. Both as a humorist and as managing editor of Life he has won the right to make us laugh. Born in 1866, Mr. Masson went to sea at the ripe age of nine months, his father being a sea captain. His



TOM MASSON

schooling ended at the New Haven High School, for commercial life claimed his attention, and he advanced from office boy to bookkeeper during the next three years. Every man has his literary sponsor. Charles Battell Loomis turned to H. C. Bunner; Mr. Masson to Dr. Lyman Abbott. Entering newspaper life, he became telegraph editor and afterward managing editor of the American Press Association, and began writing verses for the New York Sun, where he found a warm friend in Charles A. Dana. In 1893 Mr. Masson became one of the

editors of Life, with which paper he has been associated since its beginning. The seriousness of a humorist is seen in Mr. Masson's tastes. He says: "I am domestic in my habits; I am a great reader; a Kantian in philosophy, with reservations; more or less of a pantheist in religion. I am a lover of animals, lead an open-air life, but don't believe in exercise; run a small automobile for utilitarian purposes, and play bridge for recreation." Most of Mr. Masson's work has been of a fragmentary character; he has edited an Anthology of Humor and pub-

lished two volumes of verse. His latest, "A Corner in Women," is a collection of short prose pieces, saturated with the American idea, and bound in a cover on which Gibson girls eddy round a golden heart. And that there is seriousness in his humor is well exemplified by Mr. Masson's foreword to his new book.

"With pie for breakfast, the American Idea was pious, but with rum omelettes and nesselrode pudding for dinner, it is now dyspeptic. . . . The American Idea preaches every Sunday from the pulpit, every other day in the papers, and practices what it doesn't preach every day in the week. . . . The American Idea is humorous half the time, and unhappy the other half. When it is happy it laughs at others, and when it is unhappy it laughs at itself."

IPLING long since accused Americans of being careless amid their dead, and the incidents of the autumn seem to justify this accusation, so far at least as young men are concerned. The number of casualties and fatalities among young men of birth and breeding, who have been sacrificed to college sports and traditions, has been unusually large, and the features of the more serious incidents, particularly tragic. Chief among these untoward events, was the killing of young Pierson, of Kenyon, who was struck by a train the night of his initiation into the Delta Kappa Epsilon fraternity. This fraternity is one of high character the country over. Young men consider it an honor to be admitted to it. Not only the members of that fraternity, but even the brotherhood of rival fraternities would be quick to assert that its members are men of honor, and that it is one of the ambitions of the organization to keep its membership exclusive and admir-Yet what are the circumstances of this Kenyon tragedy? A weary young man is taken to a lonely spot on the abutment of a railway bridge and told to wait there till met by the initiators of the D. K. E. He is found in fragments, having been run over by an engine. His father charters a special train to convey his body from the town, neglecting to inform the coroner. Some persons unknown wash away all the sad evidences of the tragedy. The coroner, notified casually, "as a matter of form," brings

in the verdict that the young man was tied to the track. The president of the college, the father of the boy, the fraternity men assert that the boy was killed by his own fault, and that he did not obey orders. They are averse to talking about the matter. They seem to convey the idea that it is not good form to discuss the subject. They consider the coroner an "officious country official," puffed up with his brief importance. The articles in the newspapers concerning the subject are branded as falsifications. The cartoons are considered unfair. The father of the boy says he exonerates the fraternity -of which he, also, is a member, he being in attendance at the Kenyon chapter to witness the initiation of his son. The report made of the matter by the Kenyon men to the national convention of the order, which chanced to hold a banquet at New York the week following the tragedy, gave satisfaction to that body. But the coroner is not satisfied. The public is not satisfied. Perhaps the mother of the boy is not satisfied. It is all very well to say that it is a matter among gentlemen. A matter between a large number of gentlemen banded in a secret order and one dead gentleman is difficult of discussion, and it may well be given over to the vulgar argument of persons who apply the simpler rules of conduct to life, and who are not to be impressed by the lofty nonchalance of this body of men who insist that everything is quite as it should be, but refuse to explain. The fraternity men are very short-sighted to withhold this explanation. The President of the college does himself and his institution injustice when he aids and abets this reticence. President Pierce avers that there has not been a disposition at the college to withhold the truth. We are in a position to know that in the case of one reliable reporter, a man who has traveled the globe over in the service of the great journal with which he is connected, there was every effort to withhold the truth. Word of his coming was conveyed to the president and he absented himself. The men at the fraternity house were insolent. They had an opportunity to explain themselves to a fair-minded man and they acted like a set of sullen schoolboys. Now a classical education is not the most precious thing in the world, and parents of good judgment will begin to ask if it is wise to submit a well brought up lad to such influences as surround him in the fraternity-governed colleges? He is taught the ancient classics and the modern sciences, languages of yesterday and to-day, and what else? Regard for human life, for fair dealing, for courtesy, for sanity? Rather, the curious superstitions of the college are his—the fetish of loyalty to an organization and disloyalty to greater things; superciliousness to persons not belonging to his own particular order; grotesque canons of deportment, and a fantastic estimate of his own importance.

The fraternity men will consider this severe. But they have been severe. Their verdict in regard to the Kenyon victim has been extraordinary.

"It is all poor Pierson's fault," they say magnificently, with a dismissing wave of the hand. "He did not obey orders."

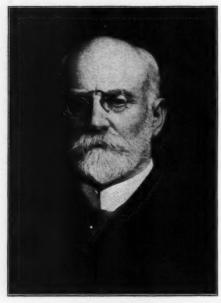
And Pierson can not reply. But the public demands more specific details. generous generalities will not serve. Next year hundreds of well-reared youths will be sent from the homes of which they are the hope, to receive their college education at the expense of continual sacrifices on the part of their parents. Where will they be sent? To the fraternity-dominated colleges, or elsewhere? The fraternity men in this country -a large and self-satisfied body-must answer the question. The men of the D. K. E. who fancy they confer a favor when they "rush" the well recommended freshman, may find parents reluctant to permit the association of their sons with men whose recklessness makes the enactment of such "accidents" as that at Kenyon possible.

T seems scarcely yesterday that every available fence and signboard carried some picture telling of the wonders of the "Wizard of Oz." We remember—every one has a mental vision for color—the wild hues of the varied adventures of the little tin man and his sawdust friend. Then came "Babes in Toyland" with its brilliant posters; but now Denslow has outrainbowed them all, has even outdone himself. The most attractive scenes have been pasted on the boards announcing a "superb imaginative extravaganza," "The Pearl and the Pumpkin," which Denslow and Paul West

have designed from their book of the same name. Yellows and greens, oranges, whites and reds—all those tones that harmonize in a distinctive Denslow style—never fail to attract the youthful citizens who find pleasure in disputing whether the cook with the carving knife is intent upon slashing the pumpkin or the kind fairy in undulating green. The effect is good.

If our fences are to be disfigured with advertisements, public-spirited societies should see that in every case an art standard is adopted. In London the poster for J. M. Barrie's "Peter Pan," bold in color scheme, unique in conception, is selling to individuals in large editions, besides serving the advertising purpose as well. Mr. Marion Crawford in his New York studio usually points with pride to a rich design announcing to the French public that his play "Francesca da Rimini," written for Bernhardt, is about to be given its premier. The coming American tour of the famous tragédienne is being announced in bills of suitable dignity. We are inclined to believe that an attractive picture will do more for a play than the fact that "one hundred pretty girls are in the chorus" or that it took "ten cars to hold the scenery." In the same way that the art poster will change the basis here, so will it help to draw the eve away from the sensational bills and the commercial adjective.

MRS. Burnett undertook a hazardous task when she ventured to rewrite that delightful child-story "Sara Crewe;" and she never more clearly justified her reputation as an imaginative writer of high rank than when, by enlarging this tale to three times its original length, she made it trebly charming. She introduced new characters, who seem now such an essential part of the story, that the young reader can but feel a bit resentful that he was not told of them before; and all the new adventures and utterances of the familiar characters, have an inevitable quality which makes the youthful reader observe: "Of course! That is just what I knew would happen!" The brave, witching little Sara is an inimitable person, and though some of her misfortunes almost transcend belief-for surely, no one was ever so mean to a child as Miss Minchin was to Sara-yet the unrealities have the fascination of a fairy story. Mrs. Burnett is devoted to her characters. She can not be impersonal in regard to them. When they have a hard time, she is miserable. When they triumph, she fairly shouts for joy. And she sweeps the young reader along with her. Grave advocates of the objective manner of composition may criticize her sentimental habit, but the children will not sympathize with them. They are grateful for the anxieties and rejoicings in which Mrs. Burnett makes them participate. They believe everything she tells them. To make readers do that-whatever their age-a writer must put himself into his story. He can withhold nothing-neither labor, spirit, magnetism or personality. It must all be poured in the crucible to make up that mysterious synthetic compound of reality.



BRONSON HOWARD

Dean of American Playwrights

THE death of Mr. George MacDonald, the Scotch novelist, closed a long and distinguished career. Always of a thoughtful and religious mind, in early life the Aberdeenshire lad turned his thoughts toward the

responsibilities of life and the message he was to carry. He devoted several years of his earlier manhood to preaching, but retired from that and turned to contemplation, to psychological and psychical investigations, and to the writing of religious romances. He was one of those who are born with an insatiable curiosity concerning the spiritual world. No material explanation of life could ever be satisfactory to him. He never ceased to pry into the secrets of the soul, to search for the secret of life, and to hope and believe in the continuation of individual consciousness. It has been the fashion to consider his novels as out of date, inartistic and lugubrious, but they have intense human interest, sincere feeling, and reveal a passionate devotion on the part of the author for his creations which is only to be equaled by that which Mr. Barry feels for the children of his fancy.

HE Boston authors entertained Mark I Twain,—and were vastly entertained by him,-at an early meeting of their club this year. Mr. Clemens was in his most genial mood, and though two days later he talked long of the bores and bothers incident to old age (Col. Harvey has just helped him into his seventies by a Delmonico dinner) he was the youngest and the merriest of the crowd of writing folk gathered to do him honor. And his topic was-"War." "Whenever I come into too close contact with my friend Col. Higginson here," he explained, "I remember the glorious occasion when I went forth to expel the 'invader', as we called him. So long as the fine weather lasted and the invader kept away it was splendid sport, but when a rainy spell came on and I discovered that there is a curious prejudice against carrying umbrellas on the field of battle, I gave up war. And I don't like it to this day." A thing that Clemens does like, though, is poetry written in his honor. Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, the president of the club, had composed a humorous quatrain about him, which she read as he held the candle. The picture was a beautiful onethe two white heads close together in the candle's glow. "I have had many poems written to me," the humorist acknowledged as the applause for the dainty verse died away; "but never before by a poet," he ended with a gallant bow. Before he left Boston the veteran author talked seriously to the press of the copyright question, which lies very close to his heart. He believes writers should be protected in this country as they are in Germany, France and Russia, where the author's copyright holds good through life and seven years thereafter. Here, though an agitation on the subject has long been kept up, the law protects the author for forty-two years only. copyright on 'Innocents Abroad' expires in six years now," observed Mr. Clemens sadly, "and some others follow very soon after that." And then, with a flash of the drollery which makes his conversation so delicious, he told the story of a burglar with literary ideals,-contracted probably from contemplation of the author colony at Dublin, New Hampshire, his native place,-who, when arrested, was found deeply absorbed in a copy of "Innocents Abroad."

T is said that Allen Macnaughton, who re-cently married Miss Myra Kelly, the vivacious author of "Little Citizens," was strongly predisposed toward her before he had met her at all. The humor and tenderness, the womanliness and originality of the stories had conveyed to him quite clearly the notion that a companion of that sort would be a distinct addition to life's entertainment. When he found Miss Kelly young, lighthearted, like himself a good horseman, and fond of field and cross-country riding, he saw the finger of Destiny. Like a wise man, he followed its direction, and is devoting himself to making happy the author of the East Side classics, and in seeing to it that she does not neglect her talent.

T appears to be an open secret that the hero of Mrs. Humphry Ward's "Fenwick's Career" is to some degree the story of Romney, the painter. Romney is to be the subject, too, of the first paper of a series by Miss Clara Laughlin on "Artists' Lives," to be published in The Delineator. Miss Laughlin has a demand beyond her power to supply for stories concerning her friends in the slums, particularly Mis' Casey, who has a faculty for winning her way in all

classes of society. A number of periodicals have sketches upon such subjects from Miss Laughlin's pen, these to be put in book form some happy day.



Photograph by Vander Weyde, N.
WILLIAM HENRY PICKERING

Professor of Astronomy at Harvard and discoverer of "Phoebe," the ninth satellite of Saturn

MISS Martha S. Bensley, late of the artistic colony of Chicago, now of the Settlement colony of New York, has arrested the listening ear by her remarks in the New York Independent concerning pictures, which she considers not the highest form of art, or perhaps not art at all. Her explanation of this avowal is ingenious in the extreme. She considers the detached and portable picture as a survival from the time when "our marauding Northern ancestors," armed with sword and bow, descended upon the art-producing nations of the South, compelling them to flee their homes, carrying with them their most treasured possessions.



KATHARINE M. ROOF

Whose story "The Triumph," in a recent issue of The Reader,
has occasioned much favorable comment

She says: "To those to whom decorated walls and frescoed ceilings were undreamed of, these detached pictures seemed things of beauty. Because these people had no standard by which to measure art, the beauty of pictures was taken for granted, not appraised, and they were valued at their cost in war, labor and gold. Beauty was to them an inherent quality in pictures, like blood and bones in a man. If the beholder did not see the theoretic beauty, the fault was in him."

She says there should be a harmony between the room, its use and decoration. One idea, she thinks, should pervade each wall-enclosed space. She withholds her admiration from an apartment in which a picture of shad is hung between a Nativity and a color print of lovers on a Venetian canal. She admits that we have passed the place where we like terrier or rose-bedecked rugs, but laments that we are yet so undeveloped as to admire representations of these

things on our walls. And she concludes: "The first requisite of beauty is harmony, and the effort of art to preface it, must necessarily be based on this fact. The harmony of a room is of greater import than the beauty of any one or any ten things in it. This fundamental beauty of harmony can not be attained by any conglomeration of unrelated objects, be they ever so lovely in themselves."

There seems to be a great deal in what Miss Bensley says; but from the placidity with which she utters her postulate, it is evident that she has little idea of the havoc she is working in our feelings. It is true, as she says, that we have parted with our terrier and flower-bedecked carpets; and, as we recently have been told that the Oriental rug was out of keeping with our Mission or our Chippendale furniture, we are about to cast them forth also, and walk on bare, or, if need be, dirt floors. At the bidding of Mr. Will Bradley, we have burned up every comfortable seat in the house-all rocking chairs, sleepy hollows and lounges-and now, at the sneer of a Bradley-bored world, we are destroying those straight-legged and meager furnishings which we had purchased at Mr. Bradley's bidding. Little remained in our desolated rooms save our pictures, and now we feel compelled, in the interests of a pure estheticism, to tear them down! Well, we do not hesitate. Depressed but firm, we pace through our denuded homes and call the cave-man brother.

T the home of a poet the work of a poet, A whom the literary world does well to mourn, was appreciatively read by another poet when the Boston authors met in November. The hostess was Mary Elizabeth Blake, whose charming verse is well known to readers of magazines, the poet celebrated, the late Frederick Lawrence Knowles and the interpreter of Mr. Knowles' exquisite songs, Miss Josephine Preston Peabody. Few there were who listened unmoved as Miss Peabody read, for no young literary man in all Boston was so well loved as Frederick Knowles, and few in the whole country so richly deserved affection. The critics are beginning to rank Knowles very high as a poet; all who came even remotely within the range of his personality rate him

high as a man. Simple, generous, unaffected, enthusiastic over good work wherever it might be found, Frederic Lawrence Knowles possessed a nature as lovely as the most beautiful of his poems. And this is to say much, for there are inspired bits of writing in "On Life's Stairway" and "Love Triumphant."

THE friends of practical philanthropy and social advance have formed, recently, a national publication committee, the purpose of which will be to oversee periodicals having a liberal policy in sociological mat-Its first work has been to merge Charities, of New York, and The Commons, of Chicago, into a combined weekly publication. The editors of these two publications, Edward T. Devine and Graham Taylor, will be associated in the editorship—Dr. Devine being the director of the New York School of Philanthropy, president of the National Conferences of Charities and Correction, and professor of social economy at Columbia University, and Professor Taylor, holding the responsible position of chief resident and director of the Chicago Commons, and being also the director of the Chicago Institute of Social Science and Arts of the University of Chicago. They have drawn around them a strong group of assistants, such as Jane Addams, Arthur F. Estabrook, Daniel C. Gilman, Joseph Lee, Simon J. Patten, Robert Treat Paine, and many others whose names are identified with reform movements. The committee aims to do much more than organize and conduct a journal. It hopes to undertake important pieces of social investigation, and to extend the spirit of social investigation to the smaller cities. Its policy is to be chivalric according to the ideals of latter-day chivalry. To the question as to why a committee composed of the leaders of the reform movements of the country should unite to publish a journal, answer is made in these words:

"When at the beginning of the twentieth century a Missouri professor finds a lunatic chained to a log; when a legislative committee finds insane patients brutally whipped in Florida; when a Maryland commission finds a naked maniac caged by county officials in a shed; when children and idiots are still housed together in almshouses of Ver-

mont; when within a stone's throw of the White House and the Capitol housing conditions exist in the blind alleys of Washington which are a blot and a menace; when New Orleans is scourged by a fever bred in her neglected rookeries; when five boys grow up unlettered in a basement bag-factory in New York; when Georgia legislators vote down child labor bills annually and leave the children of their state less protected than those of Russia, or of the England of 1802;there is compelling need for spokesmen who will challenge methods and theories with accumulated facts, who will resolutely work back from needs to causes, and who will stand out sturdily, as Charities and The Commons have stood out, for new opportunities for the wage-earner, for new struggles against new forms of ignorance and selfishness, for new plans for lightening the burden of poverty, for new possibilities for the rescue of those who are ground down by their unfavorable environment and the evil legacies of heredity, for new enthusiasms for American democracy."



CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW

This photograph is said to have been taken before the Equitable investigation was begun

## DOUGLAS HYDE'S NATIVITY PLAY

By Francis O'Byrne Hackett

THOUGH out of Ireland Douglas Hyde is barely known, in Ireland he is a more significant national figure than any of his contemporaries. The somewhat wistful faith of a sorely stricken people has in him once more found confident lodgment. Fifteen years ago he raised the standard of the Gaelic Revival, and at last his courageous persistence has awakened in the Irish a profound emotion for national traditions and ideals, a welcome spirit of independence and self-help.

In the outer world his achievement in literature and the drama is, after the usual amusing hesitation, becoming recognized. Several of his plays have been well received in London. They are the closest to the peasantry of Ireland that have ever been written, though in no way provincial in feeling. They have the movement, the vigor, the appeal of life itself. Written of and for the country people, they deal with simple, intrinsic, essential ideas, no less simple and essential in being touched with Celtic wit and Celtic mysticism. Too slight and loosely constructed to be absolutely satisfactory, they still have the supreme qualities of verity and vitality.

Generation following generation, year after year, the country people in Ireland come, when the snow is on their green fields, to the little chapels where, often with pathetic simplicity, "the crib" is erected. They journey from church to church to behold the tableau of the stable at Bethlehem. They kneel before the poor clay figures, the humble imagery enhancing for their imaginative natures the cherished legend which establishes between themselves and Him they adore the joyous feeling of kinship. The recurrent contemplation of the Nativity prepares them for a dramatic conception not in any sense less reverent because intimate and visual. And they find in a recent play in which Douglas Hyde has enshrined this beautiful evocation of Christian belief an exquisite statement of an emotion which has always been their own.

In Lady Gregory's "Poets and Dreamers" is given a translation from the Gaelic of Hyde's Drama of the Birth of Christ. It is so short that it is impossible to paraphrase it and yet retain the impression of its simplicity, its chaste unveiling of the beauty in the drama of the Nativity, its appeal to the shrouded love of beauty in the souls of the humble of heart for whom it is written.

The scene is laid before the closed door of the stable. Two women come in, grief and shame on them for having refused the virgin lodging and refreshment. As they talk the shepherds and the kings approach. Under the now-fixed star these halt, and the wonder of its guidance the kings bespeak. Yet hesitatingly they knock at the stable door. It is opened by St. Joseph.

"ST. JOSEPH. It is great my gladness to see you here. A hundred welcomes before you, both gentle and simple. Come in, and I will show you Him you are in search of. Look at this baby in the manger. It is He is King of the world, and He will put all the countries of the world under His feet.

MARY MOTHER. He is the Son of God. (They all go on their knees.)

King. We have brought gifts and offerings with us. Let us show them to you.

MARY MOTHER. Walk softly and quietly, that you may not awake the Child."

The repentant women outside would shrink away, but even they are called in tenderly, and the drama ends:

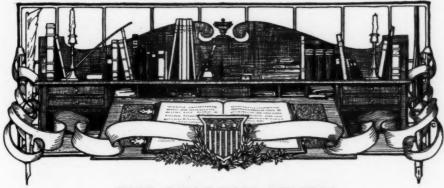
"MARY MOTHER. . . . There is a welcome before the whole world coming to this cradle; but it is those that are asking forgiveness will get the greatest welcome.

(The two women fall on their knees. Child angels come. . . . )

MARY MOTHER. Listen to the angels, the

angels of God!

An Angel of Them. A hundred welcomes before the whole world to this cradle. We give out peace; we give out good-will; we give out joy to the whole world! (They take their share of trumpets up again, and blow them long and very sweetly.)"



## THE READER'S STUDY

Conducted by Will D. Howe, Ph. D.

#### NARRATIVE WRITING OF ENGLISH LITERATURE. II

[The first article in this series described the forms of narrative in Anglo-Saxon times. The discussion of the ballad has been written for this number by Professor Francis B. Gummere, of Haverford College, author of "Handbook of Poetics," "Germanic Origin," "Old English Ballads," "The Beginning of Poetry," and miscellaneous articles. Professor Gummere is the foremost authority on balladry, and on the origins of poetry he is of international reputation.—W. D. H.]

### NARRATIVE IN POPULAR BALLADS

By Francis B. Gummere

HE narrative which one finds in English and Scottish popular ballads has not only its own and quite obvious interest, but the interest of a survival in type from the narrative of primitive poetry. Dating at the earliest from the thirteenth century, and derived for the greater part from oral tradition of the past two hundred years, these ballads are, nevertheless, older in form and in general character than the narrative of Anglo-Saxon epic. Moreover, there lies before the student of popular poetry an almost unique process from narrative by ballad to narrative by epic in the case of the Robin Hood ballad group in its relation to the "Gest of Robin Hood"; for while the actual ballads are lost which formed the immediate material of the Gest, those which are preserved in contemporary record differ from it in no important respect, whether of story or of style. Again, if one takes the whole collection of English and Scottish ballads, and divides them into classes according to the predominance of epic or lyric interest, according to the degree of "literary" interference, and, so far as one can be sure of the conditions which prevailed,—according to the environment, both in production and in tradition,—there must result a study of narrative verse which is of great interest to the general reader as well as to the scholar.

What, then, is a popular ballad as distinguished from other poetical forms? Popular or communal ballads are narrative poems, connected in origin more or less remote with the dance of a festal throng, and mainly intended for singing; the recitation, still more the silent reading of a ballad, belong to its decadence, and indeed the art of this verse is now to all intents and purposes a closed account. Ballads were kept

alive by oral tradition; and this, as every one knows, has yielded and practically vanished before the vogue of printed literature.

For his great collection, Professor Child gathered three hundred and five English and Scottish ballads, most of them in a variety of versions; a selection of these versions, giving practically all the separate ballads, with an excellent glossary and a particularly valuable introduction, has been edited in one volume by Mrs. Sargent and Professor Kittredge. This collection is itself the very best definition of a ballad.

Unfortunately, however, there is a small school of "rational" critics who deny discreetly that the ballad is in its origin a distinct type of poetry, and imply that even its traditional values are both doubtful and negligible. It is only, they say, a rejected morsel from the literary banquet, or, at best, a "warmed-over dish" for the vulgar, a réchauffé. "Popular," for such a critic, means that ballads are waifs and strays from literature, liked by the common people. But this kind of criticism breaks down all definition, leaves the ballad without really distinctive traits, and makes Professor Child's great work, as the present writer has pointed out elsewhere (Modern Philology, Chicago, I, 879), nothing but a commonplace book where that profound and accurate scholar "simply collected the things which he liked out of a mass of things which seem to have been liked by the people." But what Professor Child meant by "popular" and by "ballad"-there is no doubt in regard to this-was something definite for the adjective and actual for the noun. "Popular" is a definition by origins and not by destination. The ballad comes from the people, and is sharply distinguished from the poem of individual art made under literary conditions; individuals, of course, are responsible for the ballad as it lies before us, but not in the sense that they composed it as a literary product; and it springs from conditions where, to quote Child's own phrase, "there is such community of ideas and feelings that the whole people form an individual." In other words, the ballad is a connecting link between the poetry of art and that vast range of festal, choral, improvised verse, of which survivals occur throughout our historic range, and which is shown by trustworthy evidence to have been

one of the most prominent features in primitive life.

The main proof of popular origins for the ballad lies not in its subject-matter, which is now and then derived from a literary source, but in its structure as well as in its spirit and general style. These structural characteristics point with convincing power to the choral throng and not to the composing individual. First in order is the refrain or chorus, which increases in importance as the path of ballad evolution is retraced; even under modern conditions there are songs where the chorus is of far greater importance than the text. In many of the oldest ballads, found in two-line stanzas with a refrain, this refrain is almost initial in value, and gives a situation out of which the story is developed in successive verses. Editors, of course, when they have printed a refrain at all, have printed it only with the opening stanza; but it should be read, even nowadays, in a kind of chant throughout the whole ballad, coming thus into at least the shadow of its old sovereignty. A favorite refrain is in Motherwell's version of "Leesome Brand" and in his version of "Sheath and Knife."

There is a feast in your father's house,

(The broom blooms bonnie and so it is

fair)

It becomes you and me to be very douce

(And we'll never gang up to the broom nae mair).

Scott, as Child pointed out, puts a stanza with this suggestive and haunting refrain into the mouth of Effie Deans. But, as ballads grew more directly narrative, the story of the stanzas far outweighed the suggestion of the refrain; so that in some cases we find a refrain that has either no meaning whatever, or else no relation to the story, and in many ballads we find no refrain at all. Other things being equal, however, the older the ballad, the surer it is to have a refrain and to have it in less and less separable relation to the text. Of course, too, it is mainly by this important link that the ballad connects with choral verse of festal and kindred origins, and so points back to the whole range of primitive poetry which has now passed out of sight.

More abiding than the refrain, although

inevitably dwindling under the demands of a literary taste that has gradually invaded the domain of popular poetry to its virtual extinction, is the element of repetition. Like the refrain, this also has vanished from its old place only to be adopted by artistic and often artificial poetry. Out of popular refrains came the use of recurring verses or stanzas in such complicated forms as the rondel, the triolet, the ballade; out of the popular element of repetition, the fundamental fact in all poetic form, came those developments of it, combined with variation, that seem to the reader nowadays to be triumphs of individual art, as in the famous ode of Catullus, the opening of Milton's "Lycidas," and everywhere throughout the range of poetry, not excepting the complicated repetition-by-variation of Anglo-Saxon verse. In the ballads, particularly those of the oldest type, repetition prevails in its communal form; the peculiar art of narrative by increment on a background of repetition is not only obviously choral in its suggestion, but could not have come into popular verse from any literary source. The evolutionary path from verbal and exact repetition, through incremental repetition to variation, up to an even narrative without any repetition at all, is precisely what one would expect in a progress of poetry from mere choral iteration of a fact,-as when the Botocudo Indians sing, for hours at a time, "Good hunting to-day," to the monotonous rhythm of stamping feet and swinging hands,-through a more elaborate and expressive chorus, and then a chorus with alternate stanzas by a single improvising singer,-who keeps to the theme, but advances the story, up to the rhapsode, the bard, and at last to our solitary composition at the hands—literally—of a poet.

A third element in the ballad, hinted just now, is improvisation. This, too, has become, like refrain and repetition, an artistic feat, and is commonly regarded as a feat of exceptional difficulty. Overwhelming evidence, however, shows us that in unlettered conditions everywhere and at all times, improvisation has been the universal gift; from Norway to Italy traces of this prevailing and facile art abound. The present writer, on a steamship from Naples to Boston a month or more ago, saw a group of emigrants from the Azores singing and dance-

ing for hours stanzas improvised by various members of the group; the subject, of course, was contemporary,-the voyage, a recent hap of steerage life, the onlooking cabin passengers, what not. This, however, was no ballad,—only a series of detached stanzas; and while some versions of ballads belong demonstrably to the improvised order, it is best not to attempt a study of such a remote fact, when the marks of tradition rather than of making are most under our control. Nevertheless, there can be no question that ballads have been composed by the improvisation of a crowd of singers varying a repeated formula along with a traditional refrain. Such a ballad has been studied by Professor Kittredge in his introduction of the one-volume edition of Child's Collection,-a ballad called "The Hangman's Tree," brought over from England to Virginia before the Revolution. More than that, one has here and there belated cases of the making of ballads with much more elaborate narrative, in a homogeneous if not actually unlettered community, under purely popular conditions. A professor in one of our larger universities told me of such a ballad, that was "made" at a husking-bee years ago in his home in one of the western states. A rich farmer, supposed to have dealings with the devil, disappeared; really, he had fallen through the ice into a river and had been carried off by the tide, but the folk thought that the devil had fetched him, and told the tale in communal song. This is a survival, to be sure, of the type; but it is a matter of origins rather than of tradition, and we ought to deal with traditional ballads. Such a traditional Scottish ballad, with refrain partly inarticulate and irrelevant, partly of the coherent and original sort, and with repetition of that prevalent type which I have called "incremental," lies before us in "Babylon, or The Bonnie Banks o' Fordie"-

There were three ladies lived in a bower, Eh von bonnie,

And they went out to pull a flower On the bonnie banks o' Fordie.\*

They hadna pu'ed a flower but ane, When up started to them a banisht man.

<sup>\*</sup> In reading aloud, repeat this burden throughout,

He's ta'en the first sister by the hand, And he's turned her round and made her stand.

"It's whether will ye be a rank robber's wife,
Or will ye die by my wee pen-knife?"

"It's I'll not be a rank robber's wife, But I'll rather die by your wee pen-knife."

He's killed this may, and he's laid her by, For to bear the red-rose company.

He's ta'en the second ane by the hand, And he's turned her round and made her stand.

"It's whether will ye be a rank robber's wife,
Or will ye die by my wee pen-knife?"

"I'll not be a rank robber's wife, But I'll rather die by your wee pen-knife."

He's killed this may, and he's laid her by, For to bear the red-rose company.

He's ta'en the youngest ane by the hand, And he's turned her round and made her stand.

Says, "Will ye be a rank robber's wife, Or will ye die by my wee pen-knife?"

"I'll not be a rank robber's wife, Nor will I die by your wee pen-knife.

"For I hae a brother in this wood, And gin ye kill me, it's he'll kill thee."

"What's thy brother's name? Come tell to me."

"My brother's name is Baby Lon."

"O sister, sister, what have I done! O have I done this ill to thee?

"O since I've done this evil deed, Good sall never be seen o' me."

He's taken out his wee pen-knife, And he's twyned himsel' o' his ain sweet life.

The subject-matter of this ballad, though localized in Scotland, is "familiar to all branches of the Scandinavian race." Its acute tragedy links it to a group of ballads where ruin and death follow some perversion, betrayal, or else misunderstanding, in the domestic relations; "Lord Randal" is the ballad of a false sweetheart; "Edward" of the false mother and wife; "Little Musgran and Lady Barnard" of the false wife; "Glasgerion" of the false page or servant; "The Twa Sisters" of the false sister; and "Clerk Colvill" of the man who is false to his old sweetheart as to his new wife; while "Bewick and Graham," a rough but sterling ballad, and "Child Maurice," which the poet Gray admired so heartily in one of its versions, tell respectively of the folly of a father and the mistaken jealousy of a husband.

Now, so far as the narrative art is concerned, all these ballads have a common background of structure more or less similar to the structure of "Babylon"; but a study of them in their structural details will show a divergence from the normal type, which, as I think, is due to two processes. The normal ballad, like "Babylon," saturated with choral repetition, may be sung into a lyric brevity, like Scott's version of "Lord Randal," now with retention of the repeating element and now with its rejection. The result of this process is a declining narrative interest and a heightening of the emotional values as concentrated in a situation rather than diffused over a story. The ballad tends thus to be short, intense, allusive, rather than narrative, and meant for singing either by the solitary at work or by the nurse or mother to her charges. Immediate circumstances, instead of long tradition, can bring about the same result. The "Earl of Murray" and "Bonnie George Campbell" have this intensely lyric character; they reduce the story to its lowest terms and insist on the note of pure lament. Indeed, they are not far from the coronach, the lament of the clan for its chieftain; but both preserve admirably the effect of choral repetition. Followed too far, this path of lyric development leads one out of the ballad proper into the domain of the popular song. "Waly, waly, but love be bonny," is

a beautiful Scottish song, perhaps of remote communal origin; but it is personal in its setting and fails to give the note of ballads, which are always narrative in their intention as well as impersonal in their origin.

The other movement away from the normal type of ballad leads to epic. Longer ballads were recited; the reciter faced a public; and the public came to be a passive element in the case, no more the dancing, singing throng, just tolerating the stanza which advanced narrative interests, and eager to take up the choral verse, but rather a docile audience with main interest in the story. The Robin Hood ballads are mainly of this type, and were actually passing into a coherent epic poem which would have had that ideal outlaw as its hero; the competition of lettered contemporary poetry blocked this process and kept the "Gest of Robin Hood" from attaining epic perfection in the course of uninterrupted tradition. Another fate of the recited ballad is the degenerate version printed on coarse paper and hawked about the country or sold in stalls. Here there is constant risk of that professional "composition" which sets tradition at defiance; one has thus come to the ballad-mongers, who excited the wrath of Ben Jonson and his brother poets, and whose work must never be confused with the ballad of tradition. The genuine ballads, however, have a wide range; from domestic and local ballads, like "Babylon," one passes to a small group with supernatural elements, like "The Wife of Usher's Well" and "Sweet William's Ghost, the romantic or legendary touch in "Young Beichan" and "Hind Horn," to sacred legend in "Stephen" and "Judas," and, of course, to the stirring ballads of the Border. In the best ballads of normal type, the two apparently opposite tendencies of lyric and epic only serve to blend emotional interest with the interest in narrative. Repetition, seeming to hold the story motionless, increases the effect; violent "skipping" of detail, and breaks of action, give the sense of rapid pace.

As to style, simplicity is supreme; there are no metaphors, no similes save the traditional stock of phrases, "green as any grass," "berry-brown steed," and the like. The meter is, or ought to be, smooth; for while many ballads are rough to the eye of the reader, the defects are due to the inaccuracy of the scribe, or even, as in the Robin Hood ballads, to the changes in linguistic forms. The power of the ballad in narrative appeal has led to imitation and to forgery. Yet no forgery has had permanent success, and no imitation, however great its artistic value, can be mistaken for a genuine traditional ballad. The best artistic ballads, catching the old spirit, scorn mere aping of structure and phrase; and it is because Scott's "Bonnie Dundee," Tennyson's "Revenge," Browning's "Hervé Riel," Drayton's "Agincourt," and even Matthew Arnold's "Forsaken Merman" (which can be compared with a ballad fragment called "The Queen of Elfan's Nourice"), different as they are, differ one and all from the ballad, that they form an admirable substitute for the old ballad itself. Nor, again, does popularity, in its common signification, make the modern song a ballad. The art is practically lost; and while attempt after attempt has been made to confound a ballad for the people with a ballad of the people, the distinction holds, and should be borne in mind as fundamental by every lover of poetry.

### **ESTIMATES**

By John Elliot Bowman

THE gates of Gaza poised on Hebron's height
To vulgar eyes a giant's power proclaim;
To those who knew his youth, with promise bright,
They tell of naught but shame.

## "LITERARY CENTERS"

By H. W. Boynton

DO not know that any phrase has been worn much thinner than the one I am using for a title, and I shall certainly not venture to put a great deal of strain on what remains of it. Such centers of activity in literature or in other arts as Athens, Florence, or Elizabeth's London can hardly exist under modern conditions, at least under the conditions of our western civilization. Much, very much, in those instances had its obvious source in place. Those were spots in which a special sort of energy was generated and from which it steadily radiated. It was not that men deliberately came together or chose to work alike, but that they worked from the same inspiration. We have plenty of centers of attraction, but few indeed in which a living, peculiar, and steadily-emanating force can be said to reside-so far, at least, as it expresses itself in terms of art. Modern cities are not all alike, but, for the most part, they differ as lodging-houses differ. That is a penalty which fate exacts of our cosmopolitanism: that we should seem to be always paying visits here or there. We meet to barter all sorts of practical benefits, and such commodities of art as we may be able to muster. We swarm toward Paris or London or New York because it is pleasant to be in the market-place where other men are; to see and to be seen, to hear and to be heard, to catch and imitate the fashion of dress and talk which is in vogue. Unfortunately, art, or let us say literature, is neither an industry nor a fad; it is neither something that you can catch by chance nor something that you can make out of whole cloth. It is a growth and an efflorescence; and what can you expect to produce in the flower-pot which adorns the window-sill of your doubtless desirable lodging-house? It is something to be able to carry your garden about in a hat-box, but the fact remains that the best fruit does not commonly grow under such conditions.

Yes, we have plenty of centers of attraction. The city draws to itself young coun-

trymen of literary ambitions as surely as it draws young countrymen who are determined to become Carnegies or Rockefellers. Little, however, has ever been effected in literature by the mere herding together of men who are trying to do somewhat the same thing. Coteries and brotherhoods develop, and much clever journey-work is produced, which may, because of its ingeniously-devised watermark, be valued as "high art" by half-informed persons who are in halfhearted pursuit of the thing known in boarding-schools as culture. Rarely, as in the instance of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, something is actually achieved; but even those brilliant performers would have been already forgotten if the real genius of some among them had not refused to succumb to the tyranny of a convention. Other coteries have been less confined geographically: that, for example, of the modern symbolists. Among the most interesting recent attempts to embody in some form of art the essence of a local character has been that of Mr. Yeats and his fellows of the Neo-Celtic movement. as the experiment has been somewhat loftily called. These clever writers are, it turns out, even more devotedly the members of a cult than of a clan. They are quite as much under the spell of Maeterlinck and Mallarmé as of Celtic tradition. In short, the local impulse is qualified, the mode of expression not purely indigenous. The New-Irish writers therefore bear a far closer analogy to a Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood than to the inspired sons of an Athens or a Florence. Dublin seems hardly more the mother of the later movement than London was of the former.

But does not the London of to-day produce a really distinctive literature? That would be a doubtful assertion. London is the greatest of our cities—that is, the biggest of our caravanseries. It contains more miles of ugly shops and stupid houses than any other city in the world. It "accommodates" more human beings with board and lodging, newspapers, public-houses, ball-rooms, and tin

bath-tubs. It accommodates the literary man with its flavor of ancient days, its birth-places, its professional clubs, above all, its market. But the fact remains that London is a state rather than a local habitation; in many senses it is England. There are to be found the best English publishers, journals, reviewers, and writers of all types, for some part of the year at least. What they produce, however, is of England rather than of London.

Approximately the same thing must be said of New York. The most important part of our publishing, as well as the greater part, is done on Manhattan Island. There are indications that this is not always to be true, but it is undeniably true now, and the number of thriving New York publishers is steadily on the increase. With a few notable exceptions, our best newspapers and magazines are issued there; and the city is full of journalists, semi-journalists, and "popular" authors. Why a writer like Mr. Howells should choose to live in New York City, it is not quite so easy to understand. Certainly his best work can not be said to have drawn its inspiration far south of Boston. So Bryant, most of whose life was passed in New York, was never anything but a New Englander. His services as a journalist, his political energies, were for the city of his adoption, but his purely literary inspiration was drawn, if from any particular place, from a certain village in the Berkshires.

New York's only expression of a distinct literary impulse was in the work of the socalled Knickerbocker school, to which Bryant, though a contemporary, in no sense belonged. Irving is the only one of this group whose work bids fair to stand as classic in its own field. There, indeed, we seem to have a writer who was as much of New York as Dr. Holmes was of Boston, or Horace of Rome. He wrote not merely about Manhattan, but because of it. He gave, moreover, the keynote to the other Knickerbockers, the note of light social satire, upon which they elaborated with some skill, though not with skill enough to make their provincially sophisticated strains carry to this day. Here or there a reader of the present generation may chance to stray upon a volume of his poems; for they once had an excellent sale, and there are a good many copies yet knocking about in the second-hand book-shops. "The Poems, Sacred, Passionate, and Humourous, of Nathaniel Parker Willis," is the none too modest title of the little blue volume you are most likely to come upon in such quarters. If you are wise you will skip the sacred and passionate numbers. You will avoid "On the Departure of the Rev. Mr. White from his Parish, When Chosen President of Wabash College" (which I take to be a sacred poem) and "To Ermengarde" (which is fairly passionate for Willis), and peruse "To the Lady in the White Dress Whom I Helped into the Omnibus," or "To the Lady in the Chemisette with Black Buttons":

"I know not who thou art, oh, lovely one, Thine eyes were drooped, thy lip half sorrowful—

Yet thou didst eloquently smile on me
While handing up thy sixpence to the hole
Of that o'er-freighted omnibus. Ah, me!
The world is full of meetings such as this—
A thrill, a voiceless challenge and reply—
And sudden partings after."

There you have the product of the Knickerbocker school in a nutshell: an amateurish effusion of trifles such as the characteristic literary New Yorker has from that day continued to turn out with an increasing degree of technical skill. I take the late H. C. Bunner to be the most sound and characteristic exponent of the literary gospel according to Father Knickerbocker since Irving. For the rest, New York's best achievement has been to give birth to a distinctive and excellent type of journalism; and Bryant was the physician in charge at that nativity.

In the end, Boston must be admitted to have been the one American city which during the nineteenth century achieved the position of literary center in the somewhat exacting sense which we have given the term. All Americans of the present generation have been reared on a diet provided by that group, or conjunction, of writers who half a century ago made the name of the "Hub" well known if not exactly famous abroad. We grow a little tired, perhaps, of hearing that familiar roll called over; some of the names upon it are steadily losing luster. As for its poets, it is beginning to be suspected even in Boston that Lowell was no more than

a brilliant amateur, Longfellow a poet of commonplace, and Whittier a Burns without the warmth and with but half the music. Three of its prose writers produced work approaching perfection in its kind-Emerson in the speculative essay, Dr. Holmes in the light discursive essay, and Hawthorne in what we have come to call the "psychological romance." Three men more utterly different in temperament and in ability could hardly be near neighbors. Holmes was the only one who lived in Boston; and indeed he is the only one of the group whose work has a characteristically urban flavor. As a whole they were only contained by a greater Boston, with a radius of thirty miles. They adequately expressed a New England which had just then an unchallenged authority in intellectual as well as moral affairs. The quality of its literature was pretty distinctly of the soil, and its value, however cautious we may be in appraising it, we are still waiting to see even approximately equaled by any subsequent group of American authors. Boston continues to be respectably active in letters, but its present function appears to be reflective and judicial, rather than creative. It retains its traditions in favor of reserve and good taste, and some elements of its earlier supremacy as an arbiter in literary matters. It is altogether preeminent in one important literary form which is never very noisy in the world, but has a good chance of making a permanent effect, if it makes any effect at all-the essay. For the rest, no fresh, vigorous and original note can now be said to sound from New England, any more than it can be said to sound from New York. In the far West the desert has found a voice for itself rather than the town. San Francisco has a publisher or two, but they apparently find little of value to publish. During the past few years the writer has chanced to see a good many of the books issued from San Francisco. Only one of them seemed to him to possess any genuinely characteristic merit: a volume of really imaginative sketches and legends dealing with the "Miners' Mirageland," which, years ago, Bret Harte spectacularly brought before us. There are, to be sure, writers moved by a similar inspiration, notably John Muir and Mrs. Austin, whose work is published in the East. To

them the desert evidently possesses a mellow dignity and unity of meaning which the yet crude affluence of the city, Golden Gate and all, has failed to attain. In the meantime the relics and legends of the old Spanish life afford an effective secondary theme, if hardly, as I am inclined to feel, a true sec-

ondary inspiration.

No, we of the East must look to the Middle West, now reaching the full strength of its early maturity, for the signs of a true local inspiration. Good work, if not great work, has already been done there; work which is, at all events, indubitably characteristic and of the soil. Much of it has been sporadic, and expressive of an ambition or a sympathetic point of view rather than of a spontaneous impulse. In two quarters at least, however, there has been an unmistakable manifestation of power; I mean in In-

dianapolis and in Chicago.

Each of those cities has, like Boston and Philadelphia, a single exceptionally successful publisher. Fiction is even more distinctly the staple with which these Western houses deal. They meet the modern issue very squarely: that to most buyers of books literature means fiction. There is, however, an increasing number of books of other types upon the lists of these publishers. Indianapolis, it is hardly necessary to say in this place, has several writers of power, and not a few of distinct promise. It must be said that hitherto a remarkable versatility has been the most striking characteristic of this young group; hereafter a more stable, more original product may, unless all signs fail, be reasonably looked for. This is said in no grudging mood: the writer is able to see in no American city but one a better promise of local achievement. That one city is Chicago. Chicago is now the center of a literary activity so marked and individual as to give it, in my opinion, a better title to be called a literary center (not that the matter is worth squabbling about) than either Boston or New York. For some time the writer has had occasion to keep pretty well acquainted with the current American literary product. It has been his increasingly strong impression that the Chicago "output" has indicated a steady development in local power which is not to be paralleled elsewhere in America. It was not long ago that Chicago was repre-

sented by a single brilliant amateur; a writer whose work, because it loved him as a man, the world—the American world—has thus far kept in mind; yet he is now on the way to oblivion, human as he was, charming as he was, and is likely to take his place, alas, only a little above the not too glorious company of the Willises. That "hustling," burly city is now finding a far more firm and telling mode of utterance; through fiction, it is true, but through fiction of a high order. And a mode of utterance is, when all is said, a very different thing from a mere mode of composition. It appears, further, that this has been an utterance not of detached personalities, but of personalities in some sense under the spell of place. Chicago was for years an object of not always well-timed ridicule on the part of Eastern satirists. The time is certainly past, if it ever existed, when any attempt could plausibly be made to reduce its entire life to terms of pork. It is still, to be sure, a city of unremitting hustle, through which one is tempted by example to leg it at top speed. Its commercial aspect is still hard; men are still self-making themselves there in numbers hardly to be equaled in New York. The business bird of prey there is not refined enough, has not time enough, as he would put it, to lay a flattering unction to his soul, to attempt by grace of manner to conceal his greed even from himself. There is a kind of rough virtue in the type, which the best of our young Chicago writers have not been slow to seize upon. By a somewhat painful irony most of them are connected with an institution, a great institution in many ways, which has been founded and liberally upheld by a man as notorious for his dishonesty and hypocrisy as for his greed.

Chicago University is, whatever its origin, a genuine intellectual center. The remarkable thing is that the young novelists connected with it are not academic; they are of the Middle West, they are of Chicago, even more than they are of the University. Their work seems to me to possess more force and distinction, and, in a subtle but unmistakable way, more unity, which we do not now find equaled elsewhere in America. By distinction I mean not simply excellence of form, but distinctiveness; that rare note of

place which is not a note of provincialism. Mr. Henry James, in his capacity of prodigal son returned home for a week-end visit unrepentant, monocular, and taking notes, is just now telling us in his exquisitely brutal way what we ought to think of ourselves. We shall not, it is to be feared, be as much sadder and wiser for the dressing-down as might be desired. We shall take too much of it as only Henry's way. It is perhaps fair for us, however, to suppose that his absenteeism may have in some ways disqualified him to judge of certain matters. He is not at all a stupid man, but he has grown habituated to the use of the magnifying monocle in a rarefied atmosphere. There is not one of these young Chicagoans, for instance, who writes like Henry James. The earth is under their feet, a single spot of earth, and they feel its currents. They are not insulated from it by cosmopolitanism. Provincial let us admit them in the sense which Mr. James attaches to the term: theirs is, at all events, not an apostate provincialism. None of them approaches Mr. James in power; but their work promises more for American letters.

It is a happy sign for the future that the offensive aspects of our urban provincialism grow steadily less prominent. The threadbare gibes between one city and another, between North and South, between East and West even, are heard less and less frequently, and are heard languidly. Doubtless they will continue to serve as stock in trade for sensational journalists and partizan orators. But the emergence of a true American cosmopolitanism, the emergence, it may be, of a true national literature (a happy result not conceivably to be attained by any zeal in tugging at the boot-straps) will hardly be due to the continent-trotter, the person who can write after the manner of Kipling, in any American dialect, and from any local point of view. Kipling's own inspiration came from India, and, though he has been so clever, his best work remains that in which the source of inspiration is least disguised. More is to be hoped for from the home than from the lodging-house; and America has homes which bid fair to become sound sources of sound and original if not supremely great achievement.



## THE CONQUEST OF CANAAN

BY BOOTH TARKINGTON

NOTHING that Mr. Tarkington has written so clearly shows his gain in power as "The Conquest of Canaan." large way it lies in the same vein as his first story, "The Gentleman from Indiana," that is, both are stories of life in Indiana towns of to-day. Thus an opportunity is afforded for comparisons that are interesting without being in the least degree odious. Even casual readers of the two books must exclaim on the marked advance in literary craftsmanship, on the increased subtlety of the means employed to effect desired ends, must note how much more imaginative is the later story. "The Gentleman from Indiana" had its creditable measure of sheer capturing force and dramatic vigor; "The Conquest of Canaan" is quite as strong dramatically, and it is beautiful into the bargain. All in all, that is, perhaps, the word that best describes it: it is a beautiful story. Mr. Tarkington is too true an artist to spare us either the physical or the social incongruities of Hoosier Canaan; there are the black chimneystacks, the absurd court-house, the decrepit hacks, and the Pike "mansion" with its castiron deer, death-gray, guarding the door without, and inside, plush fringes and lam-brequins of brass. Yet, though the reader is made aware of these things as a matter of truth-telling necessity, he is, after all, invited to view the external crudeness and discord at least, under conditions that veil them in softest purity and harmony. For it is on a white, snow-hushed morning that he first enters the precincts of Canaan, and he has, besides, hardly turned into the local hostelry before old Roger Tabor, the town artist, is deftly introduced, to hint the right point of view,-the old man's words are too fine not to be given, just as they are spoken: "It doesn't seem to me that the town is ugly in itself. It is like an endless gallery which

you can walk through, from year-end to year-end, never seeing the same canvas twice, no matter how much you want toand there's the pathos of it" (one might add, and the Tarkington of it, for Mr. Tarkington keeps close hold on the heartstrings, and "the pathos of it"-no matter what the situation—is never far away). Surely after such vista-opening words as these of Roger Tabor's, he would be a churl who refused to find the town of Canaan beautiful. And there is beauty of character, instantly perceptible in Ariel, latent and gradually developed in Joe, who are the heroine and the hero. From many aspects there is excellent art here. The wrangling of the ancient gossips in the windows of the National House is royal humor; one instinctively pays it the tribute of saying that it could not have been better done. "What proof can you give me," began Mr. Arp deliberately, "that we folks, modernly, ain't more degenerate than the ancient Romans?" Any one who has weathered the provincial town spirit will recognize in the very remoteness of this subject, from all conceivable practical ends, its tantalizing charm for the Canaan chorus. The tug of humor makes itself delightfully felt in many succeeding chapters also, but the prevailing quality of the story is really wistfulness, for it is Ariel, rather than Joe, with whom our deeper sympathies lie, and Ariel, even at the last, in her Parisian raiment and new-found joy, is essentially and by nature wistful. In the dénouement there is given to the reader that sense of dreams come true that is characteristic of Mr. Tarkington's most sympathetic work, and that crowns the whole with the fascinating touch of a fairy-tale. "The Conquest of Canaan" is a beautiful story, and it has the distinction, too, in this day of clamorous and illjudged titles, of possessing one that is exceptionally simple, strong and fitting.

Harper and Brothers, New York Price \$1.50

#### JUSTICE BY CHARLES WAGNER

BOOKS have personalities, like people. Some of them are small and mean, some are large and beneficent, some have distinction and style, others are kindly and placid,-all this they are above and beyond what they say to us on their printed pages. And it is for this which we may call their spirit, this exhalation stealing from them to us, that we chiefly prize them. Monsieur Wagner's "Justice" speaks to us in a large and charitable way; it is simple and benevolent, care-taking and generous. Its personality is that of a benignant, yet watchful teacher, with a firm belief in the wisdom of his own message, such a belief as every man must have whose message is worth uttering. Surely, few who read this book will fail to hear in it in unmistakable terms a clarion call to duty. "Life," declares M. Wagner, "has no other utility or aim than the throwing of one's self heartily into the supreme struggle. Woe to him who folds his hands because of his insignificance; to do nothing is the very worst fashion of doing evil." He admits the difficulties of life, difficulties springing from man's inherent nature and from an environment over which he has slight control. "Man is born to that halflight where ignorance and knowledge struggle with each other like the vacillating gleams and shadows of twilight. Out of the depths of the infinite a voice has cried 'Come!' and he goes-before him the dawn, behind him the night." In a generation whose gravest fault is materialism, this pure spiritual doctrine is sorely needed.

> McClure, Phillips and Company, New York Price \$1.00

#### THE TORCH

BY GEORGE EDWARD WOODBERRY

THROUGH the eight lectures on race power, by George Edward Woodberry, comprehended in his new volume, "The Torch," one increasing purpose runs. This purpose is the thought that there is a racemind which slowly, unfalteringly, grandly, approaches through the centuries its final summation (if finality in this connection be conceivable) through a variety of channels, but chiefly through the treasure-stores of great literature. The philosophy of these

lectures—a product of the author's studies in comparative literature—is profound, and in one aspect, despairing, since it is vitally and essentially sacrificial, and the very death-warrant to all personal egoism. Professor Woodberry does not deny that, as Tennyson mourns in "Locksley Hall," the "individual withers" and "the world is more and more." Rather he affirms and triumphantly iterates this law. "Race-history is a perpetual celebration of the mass. Cross initials every page with its broad gold." But the soul miasma of Tennyson is dissipated in the clear ether of Professor Woodberry's logic, the complaining voice is stilled, and the spirit touched to a finer and a serener issue. The fact of individual loss is incontrovertible, but the definition of loss is here exalted to mean the merging of the old within the new, the absorption of the less within the greater, as opposed to the idea of mere negation. As every parent dies to live again in his child, so every race of men and every achievement of men die that in new births higher types of men and greater achievements may replace them. In all this unceasing mutation, this flux of thought and faith and emotion, one supremely consoling truth remains, and that is, that no jot or tittle of all that is really good, is ever lost. "The race-mind is the epitome of the past. It contains all human energy, knowledge, experience, that survives. It is the resultant of millions of lives whose earthly power it stores in one deathless force." Hardly less consoling is the light that this view sheds on the bloody pages of history. What otherwise inevitably seems but a vast pandemonium, a sickening horror of cruelty and a wanton waste of human strength and love and aspiration, becomes "a stairway of divine surprises," an increasing preparation for the common good of men, an ever enriching inheritance in which all,—the high and low, the black race, the yellow race and the white,-shall at last share alike. This notion of the race-mind as the one thing that endures, as the one thing worthy to endure, and the one thing that God, or Providence or Nature, as we choose to call the Omniscient Force, is careful shall endure, so far towers above the ordinary conceptions of immortality as to make them, for the moment at least, appear petty by comparison. It is expounded in full in the first and basic lecture of the course, "Man and the Race." Naturally superinduced on it, comes the second lecture, "The Language of All the World," plucking out the heart of the poet's mystery by reminding us that "he speaks with the voice of a thousand years." The added meanings that all old and richly serviceable words acquire, Professor Woodberry happily terms overtones. The overtones of every writer will vary according to the manner of life of whose fullness his work is an expression, as those of Pope are the overtones of a highly artificial life, while Wordsworth's are almost entirely those of nature. Without the instancy of effect imparted by words traditionally colored and freighted with meanings other than those etymologically inhering in them, it would be impossible to obtain results of such vividness, depth and universality as are attained in all great poems. The later lectures in the series concern themselves with great and notable contributions to the race-mind: the Titan myth, and the works of Spenser, Milton, Wordsworth and Shelley. These unified, fine and inspirational lectures with their singularly fitting title, leave in the imagination a single striking figure: one generation of men after another "kneels, and fights and fades," but before it fades, it hands on to its successor-like link-boys in the dark streets of eighteenth century London-the lofty torch of human enlightenment and amelioration.

> McClure, Phillips and Company, New York Price \$1.50, net

# LONDON FILMS BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

F OR many years Mr. Howells has given us the opportunity of seeing ourselves as he sees us, and now when we have one of our far too infrequent glimpses of some other where he alone can see and understand it, we find ample justification for the belief that we ourselves have no more skillful interpreter. He views his England with a kindly, and where necessary a reverent, eye, but he gives us a thoroughly American opinion and makes us feel his unquestioned faith in ourselves. He takes a delightfully whimsical, gently satirical, yet admirably sane view of our English cousins. His ap-

preciation is never intemperate, and when his comparisons are unfavorable to King Edward's subjects he is always amiable. He has shrewd and timely observations to make on the friendliness existing between England and the United States and on the American invasion. The many-sided English capital he rambles through with the kindness of an indulgent sightseer who has seen it before but is rather more than merely graciously pleased to be shown it all again. Whatever he touches-whether it be the weather, the scenes of the London streets, the ways of living, the country, the people-he treats with the quiet sureness that makes his work perceptibly authorized. In fact "London Films" is quite the kind of book that we should like to see written about ourselves by a foreign sojourner who sensitively gathered impressions by the way.

> Harper and Brothers, New York Price \$2.25, net

## VISIONARIES BY JAMES HUNEKER

N "Visionaries" we have an even score of improvisations on much the same order as the author's earlier book, "Melomaniacs," with this difference, that the second book is many degrees madder than the first. "Melomaniacs" was mad only in the way that genius seems to be mad, and there have always been touches in Mr. Huneker's work that suggest his possession of positive genius. But "Visionaries" outsteps all bounds of reason, is almost wholly fantastic, esoteric, narcotic. It reeks of stale beer and up-all-night Bohemianism rather too strongly. This does not mean that there are not many purple paragraphs and not a few purple pages in it. Mr. Huneker's astonishing vocabulary includes all of the words that are in the dictionary and some that are not. Words are his colors, and he paints with them with impressionistic fervor and lavishness. Changing the figure, he is onomatopoetic to a degree surpassing any other living writer of English. With him, oftentimes, "sense swoons in sound"-(is not this one of his own sumptuous phrases?). And he is a master of music, down to the last grace note in the least familiar Chopin mazourka. He knows all there is to know, seemingly, about music, old music and new alike, Scar-

latti and Richard Strauss. He has read all manner of strange books and searched out the choice treasures in many languages,the race-rich proverbs, the quaintly-turned phrases, odd bits of lore, which he imports to adorn our plainer English speech, where they shine, "like antique jewels on a modern ballgown." Most of the stories are cleverly conceived, especially the first, "The Master of Cobwebs," with its fatuous American composer, who has made a tone-poem of "Sordello," and its caricature-intentional or not, who can say?-in Rentgen, the music critic, of the author himself. But the treatment of these original ideas suggests an artistic sense run riot. The stories are rich color masses in which we vainly search for line, and the meaning and satisfaction that lines give. They are formless, and in spirit triste, sardonic, impish. They have lain overlong in a heated brain and their flavor is disagreeably high.

> Charles Scribner's Sons, New York Price \$1.50

#### THE DEBTOR

BY MARY E. WILKINS FREEMAN

"FORGIVE us our debts as we forgive our debtors,"—it is from this familiar petition of the Lord's prayer that the fine significance of the title of Mrs. Freeman's new novel is borrowed. The debtor is Arthur Carroll, a handsome, aristocratic, whitehanded Southern gentleman who, through the business treachery of a quondam friend, loses his entire fortune. Were one to rename the book in simple, descriptive style, it might be called "The Fortunes of the Carroll Family," with comments, pertinent and impertinent, by the Banbridge gossips. This novel of Mrs. Freeman's reveals a gain in depth and breadth of feeling over her earlier work and proves that she is by no means a painter only of New England portraits. Her Southern family group is as perfect in its way as anything that one can find in contemporary fiction. The softness of speech, the amiability springing partly from innate kindness of heart, partly from the sheltered conditions of a life whose hardships have for generations been borne by faithful blacks; the chivalry of the father, the exquisite, endearing helplessness of the mother, addressed elder-sisterwise by

her own children as Amy; the high sweet courage of Anna Carroll, Arthur's sister, who alone knows that the house lives daily on the brink of destruction,-these are elements in a picture of rare fidelity to nature. In this family it was the tacit understanding that the best should be saved for home, which was not merely a useful refuge to eat, drink and sleep in, but a haven in which cares were to be forgotten, the prettiest clothes to be worn, and the happiest, gentlest things to be said and done. Mrs. Freeman betrays throughout the story a truly feminine concern that her women characters shall be appropriately attired; it might seem that she had consciously delighted in the change from the simplicity of her New England nuns to the frivolity of Kentucky beauties. However that may be, she has designed a great many beautiful clothes. There are lovely old ladies in lavender silk with clouds of lace about their throats and there are lovely young ladies with pink chiffon hats and violets and bewitching negligées. In its emotional content, "The Debtor" illustrates anew the bent of Mrs. Freeman's literary taste, which takes keen satisfaction in tracing the consequences of long-repressed passions suddenly finding outlet. It would be unfair to her and to the reader to disclose the dramatic secret of her story, which is genuinely surprising, hinting even of the daring of Mrs. Thurston's novel, "The Masquerader." It will suffice to say that this is the most unconventional story that Mrs. Freeman has written, and that the dénouement is at once artistically and ethically satisfying.

> Harper and Brothers, New York Price \$1.50

## ROSE O' THE RIVER BY KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN

A PROPOS of his love for salted almonds, a vivacious dinner guest once said that he hoped for the invention of a clever little machine which should throw them continuously before the willing diner from the beginning of a meal until the end. Sometimes the reader wishes for some such automatic and continuous production of Mrs. Wiggin's books. They are not wonderful compositions, but they have a taste of which one does not grow weary. "Rose o' the River"

is but a bite in comparison with the full meal offered by the ever-pleasing "Rebecca;" yet, in spite of its slightness, the amiable vivacity of this book announces its kinship to "Rebecca." The story is of a rustic New England courtship, the ups and downs of which are prettily managed. Incidentally the reader gains some attractive views of the business of logging and jambreaking. The achievement of the book, however, is a characterization of a typical country-village brag, the grandfather of the heroine. "Got so interested in your listen'n' I never thought of the time," says old Kennebec. The sentence is amusingly indicative of the old man's temperamental quality. The book fills in an idle three-quarters of an hour most agreeably.

> Houghton, Mifflin and Company, Boston Price \$1.25

## THE TRAVELING THIRDS BY GERTRUDE ATHERTON

TO be disappointed by Mrs. Atherton is to be disappointed indeed. It is just to say that "The Traveling Thirds" is disappointing chiefly when is is compared with previous novels by the same author. There is a certain piquancy in the idea of seeing Spain from the windows of third-class carriages and a certain informality in the manner that the story is told that is engaging. But what has become of the brilliant imagination of "The Conqueror" and "Rulers of Kings"? And where is that imperious style with its splendidly large figures and its energy of movement that have made this author's pages swift and strong and sumptuous? Only faint traces and distant echoes of these qualities are to be found in "The Traveling Thirds." The book possesses its author's characteristic faults of hardness and exaggeration; it is almost destitute of sympathy and moderation, while of the unusual virtues of bold plot and suspended creation that we have come to associate with Mrs. Atherton's name, it has scant measure. There are some clever things in it, such as the allusion to the "middle-class fear of the word lady," but the love story is not attractive and the adventures by the way are of slight interest and few and far between. Catalina is not a winning heroine, being much too self-sure, too disdainful, too well pleased to sit in the seat of the scornful. In her

literary emprises Mrs. Atherton never repeats herself, and we have come, indeed, to expect surprises from her, if one may be pardoned an Irishism. But this time the surprise is not, unfortunately, of an agreeable variety.

Harper and Brothers, New York Price \$1.25

#### POEMS

#### BY JOHN VANCE CHENEY

T is a grateful sensation to find in one's hand the fair-sized volume into which have been gathered the poems of Mr. Cheney. Not a few of them have for a considerable time held a place in affectionate memory gained by the direct yet delicate appeal that they have made from the corner of some one of the current magazines. The volume is broadly divided into poems of the heart and poems of nature, with faith and love, life and death, seasonal aspects and changes, and animal friendships as the immediate subjects of the poet's pen. There are also a number of quatrains and sonnets, some early verses in light strain, and a brief drama, "When Love Was Lord," based on Menelaus, Helen and Paris. The tone of these poems is invariably high. They sing of courage and tranquillity and genuine love for na-Their exquisite delicacy of phrase enables them to frame suitably many fugitive, lovely, and often ignored fancies. They are true poet's work, preserving for us in their clear amber thoughts too beautiful to be lost and too fragile to maintain an existence unaided in this knock-about Cheery, most of them are, and none more so than "The Happiest Heart," quoted so many times, yet not once too often.

> Houghton, Mifflin and Company, Boston Price \$1.50, net

## THE RESURRECTION OF MISS CYNTHIA

BY FLORENCE MORSE KINGSLEY

T is a wholly pleasant story that Mrs. Kingsley tells us in "The Resurrection of Miss Cynthia." Mrs. Kingsley long ago, indeed, established herself as a purveyor of cheerful literature. Her characters are invariably transfigured or resurrected or reborn into new conditions of life

more suited to their individual dispositions, as was the Miss Smith, known to posterity as "singular." They are all ugly, or-what is just as bad-plain ducklings which Mrs. Kingsley, by the magic of her art, transforms into swans. A certain small boy, speaking of the characters in a book written by his uncle, once remarked proudly, "Those people are all Uncle's; he can kill 'em or live 'em just as he chooses." Mrs. Kingsley is a kind, optimistic author who chooses to "live" her people and to make the world a cheery place for them. The process is, naturally, much the same in all of her books, and yet, like the unfolding of a flower, it is always new. Miss Cynthia Day, a small, lonely, mouselike spinster of gentle heart and defrauded youth, being confronted with her physician's statement that she has only one year to live, resolves to make the most of that year. She has always believed in the gospel of good gowns, and she now proves to herself the truth of her creed by having beautiful shimmering stuffs made up in the most becoming fashion and wearing them every day. She hunts the pale pink, perfume-laden arbutus when the woods are first green in April, she races down the hill with her neighbors, the jolly Puffer twins, tearing her skirt and never stopping to scold herself. She revels, evening, in a wood fire. She abandons her custom of attending funerals. Of course love comes to crown the work,-the resurrection would not be complete without it. Miss Cynthia's merry heart has, in truth, done her good like a medicine. This is a graceful, human kind of story, and incidentally, at the same time a sensible protest against the theory that life is necessarily a thing of gloom and repression. Miss Cynthia had been brought up to regard it as a vale of tears; she learned to know it as one of sunshine.

> Dodd, Mead and Company, New York Price \$1.50

# THE FLIGHT OF GEORGIANA BY ROBERT NEILSON STEPHENS

HERE is a very pretty comedy in costume, staged in England in the time of Prince Charlie and the Jacobites. Mr. Stephens has already earned his reputation in the field of historical romance and may be counted on to give us only a really good

story. We must, to be sure, content ourselves with somewhat the same plot each time, since romance, going upon stilts, can not avail itself of the infinite variety of movement that realism and life afford, but must stick to the pace conventionally set by tradition. But Mr. Stephens manages to weave into the web of his story colors of such bravery of hue; his characters-gentle and simple alike-fall into their respective parts with such grace and spirit; there is such gallant crossing of swords, such impetuous wooing; there are such good, comfort-dispensing inns at which mysterious travelers consume vast quantities of English ale and many rounds of English beef; there are so many people riding like the devil, and altogether such a steady stir and so much warm, youthful blood, that we like his work, and the pages turn rapidly. Georgiana, with her wide-open blue eyes and drooping plumes, is a charming creature, and Charles Everell will have the sympathy of every reader for taking after her at the first opportunity.

L. C. Page and Company, Boston Price \$1.50

#### LATER POEMS

BY JOHN WHITE CHADWICK

THE readers of Dr. Chadwick's illuminating literary essays in the New York Times, and the congregation to whom he ministered for years, are but a part of his audience, for his poems have carried their message of faith and cheer to other hearts. Many of this posthumous collection are poems of occasion, and hence of more than passing interest. Others, addressed to such friends of his manhood as Robert Collver, Julia Ward Howe, Edward Everett Hale, Furness, and Horatio Stebbins, strike the warmly personal note. The ruddy pimpernel on the Pacific shore, the violets of December, the marriage of a daughter, the death of a little child while the summer birds are singing at break of day, are common experiences and unheeded trifles, touched with tenderness and grace. It is in these simple odes and in the many church hymns that Dr. Chadwick will come nearest to the hearts of his friends.

> Houghton, Mifflin and Company, Boston Price \$1.25, net

# THE BUCCANEER AND THE BOOKS By Wallace Irwin

'Twas anno 1609. The day, of course, was fair.

I sailed upon the pirate ship, the Caterwauling
Claire.

When up spake brutal Capting Pink, "Ye cuttlepated loon, ye,

Put on yer gloves and overcoat—we're goin' to maroon ye!"

"O Capting Pink, what have I did," sez I, "to rouse yer ire,

But spill molasses in yer boots and set yer ship afire?"

"Shove off the boat!" the Capting roars, sardonically smil'n',

And fust I knowed they'd set me down upon a desert isl'n'.

Me shipmates wept in silence as they helped me off on shore

And made me nice and comf'table and murmured, "Aw revore,"

Then as provisions fer me stay, as on the beach I grovels,

They left a keg o' pickled clams and a set o' seaside novels.

For three long weeks upon the beach a-strugglin' to be ca'm,

I'd read a page o' Ouida, then I'd eat a pickled clam,

Until at last one orful morn I seen with pulses strainin'

Wuz only Miss Corelli's works and seven clams remainin'!

While thus I quandered in despair, imagine, please, me shocks—

A gang o' naked savages came troopin' down the rocks:

Jest then a wild, inspirin' thought me fevered temples beat —

I'd trade that stock o' liter'ture fer somethin' good to eat!

A savage chief walked up to me and touched me on the sleeve.

I held a novel out to him (the "Duchess," I believe).

The chief he read a page or so, and then, the first
I knowed,

Jest glued his feechers to the page and muttered, "I'll be blowed!"

In huge delight he went away, but pretty soon returned

With beer and cheese and mutton chops and almonds nicely burned,

And when I'd et enough he said: "If its the same to you,

I'm all wrapped up in that there book—please lend me volume two.

"For years," he said, "I've been the king of this here Gumbo Goo;

But oftentimes it palls on me with nothin' much to do-

But you have come and saved me life and brung me what I need.

Its fun to be a cannibal with lots o' books to read!"

I lent the king the book he arsked and started there and then

A circulatin' library among them savage men;

And soon the tribe got busy as the bees around the hives

To bring me gold and precious stones and vegetables and wives.

And so I built me business up and lived in wealth and pride,

Distributin' me priceless wares until the day I died; And on them drear and barren rocks me sign's still seen, I'm told:

> "TIMOTHY BLUDGEON, BUCCANEER— Books Bought, Exchanged or Sold"



The smith has said that if I try
My very best to do

Arid shoo the flies that by and by
I may shoe horses too.

